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By MAJOR GENERAL LEONARD WOOD.

Chicago, Illinois.
November Eighth.
Nineteen Nineteen.

These young Americans gave their lives in the service of their country and in the war for civilization. They died that our institutions might live.

We must see to it that their sacrifice was not in vain, and stand for a sane, sound Americanism and a government under the Constitution.

Leonard Wood
May God bless

IN MEMORIAM

ALBERT CRAIG FUNKHOUSER

Co. F, 144 Inf., 36th Division

PAUL TAYLOR FUNKHOUSER

Co. B, 7th Machine Gun Bn., 3rd Division

THE PRICE O' DREAMS

We dream; and the mounting vision,
Freed from the reek and stain
Of sin-bound cities, is lifted
To skies that are clear again—
Homes redeemed from the spoiler,
The child at his happy play;
But for every dream we win to fact,
With blood and with tears we pay.

There kindled a dream of freedom,
It burned with a holy flame;
When, slowly, with lips that trembled,
We spelled out that awful name,
Down in the dust of the battle
Our best—our dearest, lay.
We dream, and the dreams come true at last,
But we pay, we pay, we pay.
—Alice Rollit Coe.

The American Legion

Temporary Headquarters, 19 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Charter for *Junkhouse*
(Name of Post)

Post, State of *Indiana*, No.

This is to Certify, that the National Executive Committee of THE AMERICAN LEGION hereby grants a charter to

Paul H. Schmidt
Morris A. Keen
O. A. Dickerson
Dean J. Gross
Walter J. Johnson
Charles Brister
G. F. Lowndes
Ralph W. Blumner
Clarence H. Schmidt

Richard Waller
Kernan W. Hallman
Harvey M. Hays
Edith H. Hays
Albert C. Granette
George J. Van Horn
Henry B. Walker
Charles R. Johnson

for the formation of a Post of THE AMERICAN LEGION at

Evansville

State of

Indiana, under the name of

Junkhouse
(Name of Post)

Post, State of

Indiana

No.

8

The charter is granted on the recommendation of the State Organization and on the following terms and conditions

- 1 All acts heretofore duly and properly taken for the formation of the above-named Post are recognized and confirmed by the National Executive Committee
- 2 The above-named Post shall uphold the declared principles of THE AMERICAN LEGION and shall conform to and abide by the decisions of the National Executive Committee of THE AMERICAN LEGION.
- 3 This charter is subject to revocation by the National Executive Committee of THE AMERICAN LEGION, at any time, if the Post, after the national convention for permanent organization, held November 11, 1919, and after that date by the proper authority established by the national convention

In witness whereof, we have hereto set our hands this

20th

day of

June, 1919.

Wm. A. L. Russell
L. Russell
(State Secretary)

Henry B. Walker
Eric Fosterwick
(National Executive Committee)

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Albert Craig Funkhouser

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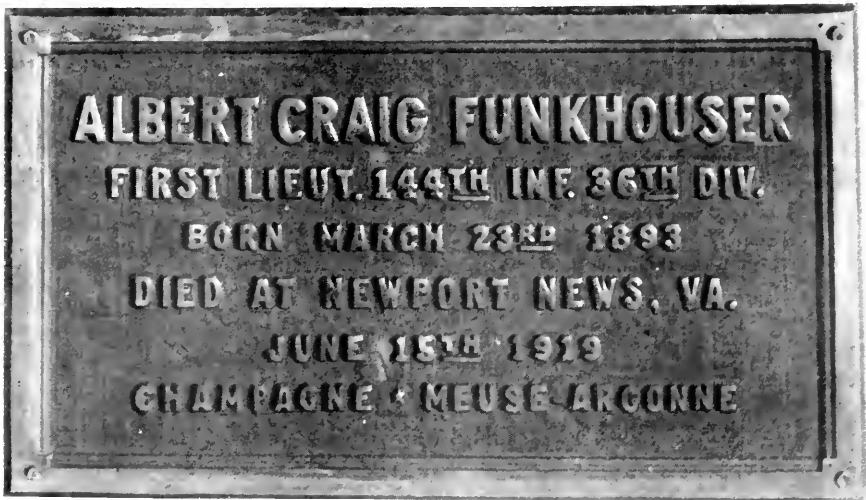
Paul Taylor Funkhouser

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PART ONE



(GEO. HONIG, SC.)

EVANSVILLE (CENTRAL) HIGH SCHOOL



(GEO. HONIG, SC.)



Paul

Albert



Paul

Albert



Paul



a.c.f.

P.F.

"Prince"



Albert

Paul



Paul

Albert



1st Lieut. Albert Craig Funkhouser

ALBERT CRAIG FUNKHOUSER

CHAPTER I.

Historical Sketch

- Born: March 23, 1893, Leavenworth, Indiana.
- Parents: Albert W. Funkhouser and Alta C. Funkhouser.
- Brother: Paul T. Funkhouser (killed in action Claire Chesnes woods, near Cunel, France, Oct. 20, 1918)
- Sisters: Alta Funkhouser and Ruth Funkhouser.
- Home: 920 Washington Ave., Evansville, Ind.
- Schools: Campbell and Chandler (now Stanley Hall) grade schools, Evansville High School, 1908-1912, De Pauw University, 1912-1914.
- Fraternities, etc. Phi Delta Theta, Indiana Zeta Chapter, Bayard Park M. E. Church, Evansville Country Club, Columbia Club, Indianapolis, Evansville Press Club.
- General: Admitted to Vanderburgh County Bar, 14th day of November, 1914. Nominated for representative Indiana General Assembly, 1915.
- Military Record: Applied for admission to Signal Corps, Aviation School, Jacksonville, Florida, April 17, 1917, and to first Officers' Training Camp, Fort Harrison, April 25, 1917. Volunteered as Sergeant Chauffeur, Quartermasters Corps, at Louisville, Ky., June 2, 1917. Sent to Fort Harrison, Sept. 26, 1917, and assigned to Motor Truck Company 134, transferred to Motor Truck Company No. 352.
- Sent to Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas, October 17, 1917.
- Admitted to Third Officers' Training Camp, Camp Bowie, Jan. 5, 1918; graduated April 19, 1918, and assigned to Co. "K", 142 Inf., as Sergeant; honorably discharged to accept commission, and was commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant in National Army, May 18, 1918, and assigned to Co. "B" 144th Inf., Sept. 25, 1918.
- Embarked at Camp Mills, Long Island (N. Y.) for France, July 17, 1918, on U. S. S. George Washington.

Arrived at Brest, France, July 29, 1918.

Admitted to 1st Corps Training School at Gondrecourt, France, Aug. 26, 1918, and graduated Sept. 21, 1918, and re-assigned to Co. "F" 144th Inf.

Commissioned First Lieutenant, Oct. 27, 1918.

His Division (36th) was brigaded with the Fourth French Army, (General Gouraud), and was engaged in the great Champagne advance from Oct. 6th to Oct. 28, 1918.

Moving from the front the Division reached Conde-en-Barrios Area on Nov. 3rd, as a part of the Armies Reserves of the First American Army. From this area the Division moved, Nov. 18th, to the 16th Training Area, Tonnerre, Yonne, Co. "F" being located at Rugny.

The Division on the 18th day of October, 1918, was cited by General Gaulin (Corps Commander) as follows:

"The 36th Division of recent formation, and as yet incompletely organized was ordered on the night of Oct. 6 and 7 to relieve, under condition particularly delicate, the 2nd American Division to dislodge the enemy from the crests north of St. Etienne and the Arnes, and throw him back to the Aisne. Although being under fire for the first time, the young soldiers of General Smith, rivaling in their combative spirit and tenacity the old and valiant regiments of General Lejeune, have accomplished their mission in its entirety. All may be proud of the task they accomplished. To all the General commanding the army corps is happy to address the most cordial expression of his recognition and his best wishes for their future service. The past is proof of the future.

"GAULIN"

Lieutenant Funkhouser was wounded in the right knee and in the right hand in this engagement, but continued in action. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French Republic, for gallantry.

On the 22d day of Nov., 1918, he was appointed Acting Town Major for Cos. E and F, Daillancourt, France.

On the 25th day of May, 1919, he embarked at Brest, France, in charge of Casual Company 875, and landed at Newport News, Virginia, June 9, 1919, ill of lobar pneumonia, and died Sunday, June 15, 1919 at



ALBERT C. FUNKHOUSER

Evansville High School, 1910

Embarkation Hospital, Camp Stewart, from pneumonia and the effects of poisonous gas inhaled on the battlefield.

He was buried from Bayard Park M. E. Church, with full military honors at Oak Hill Cemetery, Evansville, Indiana, June 19, 1919.

IN MEMORIAM

Record of Meeting of the Vanderburgh County Bar, Held on June 18, 1919, Upon the Death of LIEUT. ALBERT C. FUNKHOUSER

The Bar being assembled, upon motion of Mr. Walton M. Wheeler, duly seconded and carried, Judge Robert J. Tracewell was elected chairman of the meeting. Judge Tracewell spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Bar—I suppose you all know the very sad circumstance that has called us together this afternoon? I have no language adequate to express my feelings upon this occasion. To be sure, it is our duty to take catastrophes of this kind as we find them. The Book teaches us that these things are ordered all for the best, but I confess that I can't see it. Why a young man should be stricken down is beyond my ken and comprehension. Why the pangs that these parents should have to undergo, is beyond my comprehension. They have our most extreme sympathy, I know, of every member of this Bar and I only await now your desires and ask your further wishes in this meeting, and suggest that it probably would be proper to have a secretary appointed."

Whereupon, on motion of Judge Lockyear, duly seconded and carried, Mr. Charles E. Harman was appointed secretary of the meeting.

The Chairman—"What is the further pleasure of the body?"

Judge Lockyear—"I move you that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to draft proper resolutions on this occasion."

Which motion, having been duly seconded, was adopted, and the chair appointed as committee Mr. Frank C. Gore, Judge E. Q. Lockyear, Mr. Arthur C. Stone and Mr. Val Nolan.

The Chairman—"Gentlemen: While the committee is in performance of their duties, any remarks that any person has to make on this occasion, I suppose, would be proper now."

Mr. Walton M. Wheeler:

"Mr. Chairman, I presume that we sit in silence because we feel the sadness of the occasion and that that is the attitude more in keeping. As I stand before such a tragedy of life as this presents to us, I feel that we all should stand mute; and I take it that we, most of us, are thinking of the living rather than the dead, because of the ravages that have come into this home, and it is in the face of that that we would say or do, if possible, something to assuage the double grief that these people have sustained. It impresses us with the futility of words and the feebleness of humanity. How impossible it is for us apparently to do anything or say anything to make up the balance of this very unequal equation.

"I first knew this young man when he was a child, shortly after his father came to Evansville. I got acquainted with him, and became acquainted with the two chubby, round-faced, black-eyed boys with whom he was so frequently to be seen. I remember it more clearly, probably, because much of the time I had similar companions, except mine were little girls, and because of that similarity between our families, we probably talked these matters over more frequently than otherwise we would. And because of that fact, I find myself unable to think much of anything else except of that father and of that mother. It is to be hoped that with the lapse of days and months, they may be able to be removed somewhat from the poignancy of their personal grief and be able to be glorified by the fine tribute which their sons have given, and be, in a measure, uplifted by the devotion of the fine sacrifice that they have made and feel the compensation which must come from some other than and higher than any human agency."

Mr. Thomas W. Lindsey:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I knew young Funkhouser, I expect, better than most of the members of the Bar—probably longer. He may be a little closer, because of the fact that he was associated a good deal of the time in school days with my older boys. I feel that on occasions of this kind nothing can be said that changes in the slightest degree the condition of the dead; and at the same time, as Judge Wheeler has said, no human word or human effort can in the slightest degree console the living. And yet, we feel like saying something. That a man living should pass out of existence without ever having performed any service or attracted any notice that would call for eulogies of some kind would be most regretful, and I can

hardly conceive how any man that lived to be the age of young Funkhouser was without having done something that would call forth eulogies on occasions of this kind. As I view it, this man's life is far greater in achievement than that of any member of this Bar. I knew young Funkhouser for the last six years. I saw him when he was in school; I saw him on the football team; I saw him in the athletics; I saw him later not only in athletics but in his school work as the schoolboy displays his athletics; and as he fishes and hunts, and as he plays, so does he work when he does work, and the young man was always at the front. Young Funkhouser was energetic, always ready to do his part, whether he was in a football game or in school. He always carried the banner and never permitted it to trail in the dust. After he had left his school days and undertaken the profession we have all chosen to follow, while it is true he was not in the profession long enough before his departure for the front to demonstrate what was in him, yet we saw him in the beginners' class, and from what we know of him, we believe that if he had been permitted to live and return to his profession that he would have been a leader in his profession. Answering his country's call, he not only goes to the front but crosses the sea and fights the battles of those in whom he had very little personal interest, simply for the patriotism that was in his bosom. Having gone through the battles that he did across the sea, having seen his brother fall by his side, no doubt he felt with great emotion of the day when he would return to his native land with all the honors that a soldier can bring back with him and tell of the trying days he had seen and of the splendid sacrifices that he and his brother had made. And after all that he had passed through, apparently all the danger, for peace had been virtually declared and proclaimed, and after the war was over and peace and harmony prevailed everywhere, as I understand, he was on his way home when he was stricken with the disease that resulted in his death before he could reach home. That brings me then to the thought, my friends, that this Bar has been visited in the last few years most frequently by the grim monster Death, and we naturally wonder what member is coming next, and we naturally wonder, in fact, when we gather about this table and before this bench and bar for the purpose of passing resolutions and eulogizing the life of the departed brother, whether we do it as a mere matter of form, or whether we feel in our hearts the sympathy that we should feel for those that are still living, and mourn and grieve the loss of the dead. As stated, death is a strange condition. What is after life, no human knows. What state we assume after death is a mere matter of conjecture. I don't know, and you

don't know, and we never will know until after we have met death, but death is a strange condition. It is a thing that all have to meet. The living must die, and the living must deal with it, and while we are unable to say in words anything that will cheer those hereaved, still it is fitting for the living to know that we are gathered at this time to add what little we can to the eulogies of the dead, and so far as young Funkhouser is concerned, he is beyond the reach of human power to add anything to the glory that he has already achieved. His soul rests with the God who gave it, and he has played his part well: and may it be said that every member of this Bar may play his part as well and die as gloriously as has young Funkhouser."

Judge F. M. Hostetter:

Mr. Chairman, On behalf of the committee on resolutions, I desire to report as follows:

(Reads resolutions reported by committee.)

Judge Hostetter further spoke: "I know, Mr. Chairman, that both you and I were acquainted with Albert W. and Arthur F. Funkhouser for many years before either of them came to Evansville. You have known them since childhood, and I have known them almost that long. I have seen their struggles and their successes. With Albert W. Funkhouser's wife I went to school thirty-nine years ago. I know the family well, and I have known them more or less intimately many years, but I do not feel in a mood to attempt to say things that come to my mind, and I content myself with moving, on behalf of this committee, the adoption of this resolution."

Judge J. E. Williamson:

"Mr. Chairman, The chairman's remarks in taking the chair, have impressed me, not only today, but the same thought has followed me through life. That is, the mystery of Providence in taking the life of a human being. That means, that a human being falls by the decree of Providence, which is another name for Almighty God, and so that we all, as we pass away are decreed to go that way. That is true or it is not true, and I don't believe that it is true. I cannot bring myself to believe from the evidenced of Nature, from our observation, from our acquaintance with ourselves, from immortality itself, from our impressions of the Divine Character, that any such can be true. I repel it, as a Christian man—a very poor Christian, too, I admit, but nevertheless, I struggle along as best I can, very frequently in the dark, so dark you can't see the daylight. Now then, what is there that differs insofar as life is concerned in an animal, whether we call him man or beast? We know that flesh and blood must be sustained in everything that breathes,

governed by the same general principles of life. If I believed that God, whom I revere, deliberately took the life of young Funkhouser in the way that he did, it would give me thought as to whether such a God is worthy of being followed. Isn't it true that the laws which govern and sustain physical life are alike in all things? Isn't it true that death is simply the result of these laws working out in their alchemy their subtle forces when the disease that sets aside the laws that govern life gets in its work, and that is all there is of it? I remember hearing Henry Ward Beecher, about thirty years ago, in one of his lectures on 'The Wastes of Society,' dealing with this question. Here is a baby in a cradle. The mother says to the father before he leaves the house, 'You better look at the baby; I believe the baby is sick.' So he did, and he said to his wife, 'The baby is certainly not very well; you had better watch him today, and if he does not seem to get along all right, call in the doctor.' The father went home early that night; the baby's cheeks were red with fever, and he says, 'Call the doctor.' The doctor came in and says 'The child is not suffering; his stomach is upset and he will be all right tomorrow.' Morning came, and the child was worse. The father didn't go to work that day, and before night the baby was dead. Crape was on the door, the friends were invited and came to the funeral; the preacher came, and he said, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord.' And it was said 'Had this child sinned or his parents, that his death comes this way?' Now, Beecher says, 'You go down in the cellar and you will find rotten onions and rotten potatoes and other causes that plant the disease germ that that child breathes and goes into its body. That is what killed the baby and God had nothing to do with it.' That is my belief, and I find great consolation in that belief. If we do not believe that way, what are we calling doctors for? Let us reason out of it to take care of our health, keep disease away from our blood, and not charge God with something He is not guilty of. And so, when I pass away if I should be deemed worthy of a meeting of my brethren with whom I have associated all my life, do not say, 'God did it.' I want to die by the laws of Nature; not by the decree of a tyrant. That is some consolation to me.

"Now, we come to deal with this particular death. We all love these Funkhouser boys; they are friends of all of us, and if they have any enemies I don't know it, and I don't believe that any of us have very many when he comes to count them. Away down in our hearts, I don't believe we have many enemies. But how shall we look upon this death. I was thinking of that ship that had the honor of bringing that sick soldier back home.

How it must cheer his father and mother now, to know that he died in his native land; to know that he died in 'Old Virginia.' That is a good place for a man to live—it is not a bad place for a man to die. Well now, I have two boys, one of them got into the Navy, but the armistice came before he sailed; the other had a bad eye and was rejected. So neither of my boys got into the service further than I have said. But how does a father feel when his boys go into the service? I saw one war that was war sure enough, in the 60's, when my brothers, older than myself, were in the service. I stood on my father's front porch one morning and heard the clatter of hoofs and the 'pop, pop, pop' of the gun. I knew the soldiers were coming. I knew the cavalry was on the go, but I didn't know that my brother was being pursued by the enemy and shot at in front of my father's house. He got away that time, but he didn't come home. We live through these sad scenes and come out stronger. Thinking of these Funkhousers, all of them, I thought, 'How can a human heart endure it?' And yet, we do endure. We look back over it when it has gone, and wonder ourselves how it was possible, and yet we come out of the fire tried by it. How then, that home, cheered as it was when the young man's feet turned to the ship and the ship turned to the golden shores of the voyage, a heart beating with the anticipation of a home-coming, and he comes not again? It can't be cured, only endured. It must be borne because it has to be, and we simply get used to our burden and fit it to our back so that it becomes the least oppressive and the more bearable. Closed is the volume of the book of his brief years. We shall not see him more.

“He recks not now of men or things.
He heeds not now the tale they tell.
He slumbers well.’

“So will we all, when the wave of time, like the waves of the sea, pass over us all and we sink down to rest and to sleep.”

Judge E. Q. Lockyear:

“I sometimes feel, Mr. Chairman, that I speak when others ought to have the opportunity, but this occasion I could not pass by and do myself honor, or this young man or his parents justice without saying a word. I thought this morning that this war has brought out but two pieces of literature that have burned into the hearts and soul and minds of the American people. One is the verses entitled ‘Flanders Field’ (‘In Flanders Field the poppies grow’). That little piece of poetry has burned into our hearts. There is another that has moved us very strongly. The other one that comes closest to our hearts is the one written by William Herschel, of Indian-

apolis, called 'The Service Flag.' I read that little poem at a Sunday School one Sunday just after it was written, and someone said that the author at one time lived in Evansville, and I wrote him and asked if that was true, and he said, 'Yes, I lived there with mother and father. Father used to work at the Southern shops.' He said, 'My good old Scotch mother is buried in Oak Hill Cemtery and I have fond remembrances of Evansville and am thankful that someone in Evansville has appreciated my little poem.' That little poem would run through my mind as I walked up and down the streets during this war, and especially when I walked out Washington Avenue and came by the Funkhouser home and saw the two stars in the little service flag.

" 'Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a mother's prayer,
Child of Old Glory born of a star.'

"He goes on with this poem and says: 'Oh, what a wonderful flag you are.' That flag hung in that home throughout the war as a token that that family had contributed more than almost any other family in this community to the war. You and I said when we saved food, we were 'winning the war.' Many of us loaned our money to the government at 4 per cent. to help the government along with the war. The Funkhouser family gave their boys to win this war, and nobody said a greater truth than the fact that, if the boys had not gone to the front we would not have won it with food or money. In deed, these resolutions tell the truth when they say he has laid his all on the altar of his country. The spirit of patriotism that is born in this family is one typical of the patriotism that burned in the hearts of every native born American citizen. It blazes high in those back countries and hills of Southern Indiana, Kentucky and Eastern Tennessee, more so than in a great many other places. More in these than level lands these 'Flesh pets of Egypt.' We know not patriotism like Albert W. Funkhouser knows it. When war was declared against Germany, Albert W. Funkhouser went to war with Germany. Most of us were in sympathy with the government, but we were in it more or less passively. With a father like that, it was impossible for the sons to stay at home. Mrs. Funkhouser said to Mrs. Lockyear when she went out to try help console Mrs. McGrew, when it was known that her son Judson had been killed: 'I wondered whether I was selfish when I was so thankful that my boys had been spared and her boy was taken. My boys, I would be a proud mother—prouder not to have had either of them with me, than to have been slackers and not

have gone.' We know that 'the path of Glory leads but to the grave'; but what more could we have said if these boys had lived fifty or seventy-five years and had gone down, and we were here at a memorial now forty years ahead of this time and were speaking concerning these boys? What more could we say then than we can say here now? Isn't it true that most of the greatest achievements of human life have been accomplished in a few years? Alexander the Great did not take long to accomplish what he did; Napoleon performed his great work within a short span, and Christ Himself only preached three short years. So, these boys have accomplished all that could be accomplished in their short time, and have abundantly lived out their lives in time, and gone up in a glorious death; so we should consider the compensations that come with this awful calamity. I have been in this family often. I have seen these boys rocked in the cradle and seen them put to bed at night. I have seen them on their father's knee. I have seen them come out as graduates from our schools and saw them when they went away, and I trust that in the dusk of life, as it approaches, and as time softens the sharpness of the blow, we will see it all right some day."

John W. Spencer, Jr.:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Bar, I will not presume very much upon your time, but as a young man it is only right that I should say a few words in this meeting. He and I were friends, and have been for years. We entered high school at the same time, went through and went up to school together. We were admitted to the bar within a few weeks of each other, and started in the practice together. I have known him for a long time, and his greatest quality and chief characteristic, as I remember it, was his faculty for making friends. He could make friends more easily and keep them longer and closer than any man I ever knew. As Mr. Wheeler remarked, this is such a tragedy words are feeble, and I cannot say much. Albert Funkhouser answered the call of duty and gave up his life for it. Another blue star has turned to gold."

M. Val F. Nolan:

"Mr. Chairman, I feel it is my duty to rise on this occasion. I never have done so before since I have been at this Bar, and I would rather not today, because I do not feel in a mood to speak; but I knew him so well. I feel that Judge Lockyear expressed this feeling that it is my duty to say just a word. My earliest recollection of Al Funkhouser was in September of 1898, I think, twenty-one years ago. His father took him to Campbell School, and my father took me, and we sat in the same seat. We completed the work there together and

went to high school together. He went to DePauw University and I to the State University, but even the few miles that separated us at that time did not interfere with our seeing much of each other. Often he came to Bloomington and I often went to Greencastle. He was admitted to the bar in December, 1914, and I was admitted to the bar in that month and year. I recall that I saw him a year ago last Christmas and we had dinner together. He was home on a furlough from Camp Bowie, Tex. He was happy and anxious to go overseas. His greatest regret was that he was not over at that time. I have been asked to be a pallbearer tomorrow morning. I have lost a beloved friend, a companion. This Bar has lost a promising member. His family, of course, has sustained the greatest loss. This community has lost a worthy citizen, and our Army, our Nation, has lost a real soldier."

Mr. Henry T. Hardie:

"Mr. Chairman, I am not able to speak much on this occasion, for the reason that I didn't know Mr. Funkhouser very long. I came here in the Fall of 1914, in September, and he and I were admitted to the bar about the same time, within a month or so of each other. From that time on I met him on different occasions and talked with him, not so much on business matters, for the reason that we were both young in the practice—in fact, I am yet—and didn't have much business. Our conversations were those of good fellows, young members of the bar, socially. I learned to like him, and I am sure had he been spared to associate again in the practice of law I would have found a good friend in him socially and in the practice. Whatever we might say would not, of course, assist the parents in bearing their burdens in this grief, except that they might have the satisfaction of knowing that their son, Albert, had friends among the Bar, not only among the older men who were familiar and well acquainted with his father and his uncle, but among the young men who knew him personally. I am sure he would have followed in the footsteps of his father and his uncle and would have made a successful lawyer and would have been a good companion in the practice and otherwise with the young fellows of this Bar."

Judge Philip C. Gould:

"Mr. Chairman, The death of Albert Funkhouser has been a staggering blow to the heart of the city of Evansville. Al Funkhouser had a wonderful disposition. Among his boy friends and among his girl friends, they all loved him and idolized him. I have watched him, time and time again. Lots of times, wearied and worn with the pressure of a day's work, I would come upon young Albert, and the sight of him re-

freshed me. It seemed like that to be with him just a moment or two drove away all the cares and anxieties of the day. He had a charming disposition; that is attested by the fact that he ran on the legislative ticket ahead of the rest of the Republican ticket. Some time in January I was at Indianapolis. His father happened to be there, and I was talking to him about his boys, and I knew the heartaches that he was suffering because of the death of Paul. In the course of that conversation I asked him about when Albert would be home. He said that he thought he would be home some time in July. I said to his father, 'Have you given any thought as to what will be the immediate future of Al when he returns?' He said, 'No, only that he will come into the office and practice law.' I suggested to him that while I had no authority to make this suggestion, I was interested in the boy. I appreciated when Paul had sacrificed and I appreciated what Albert had done, and I appreciated what the family had stood for in this crisis of affairs, and if the suggestion meets with your approval I will lend whatever I possess of influence to try procure for Albert the appointment of deputy prosecuting attorney under Prosecuting Attorney George D. Heilman. The suggestion had never come home to his father. He thought of it a minute and said, 'I will write Albert about it and see what he thinks about it.' A few weeks ago, at Fourth and Sycamore Streets, he called me to one side and said, 'I wrote to Albert about the deputy prosecutorship and he has written back to me that he would be glad to accept the appointment,' and I know, gentlemen, I know that his father and young Albert felt in their hearts that he would be the next deputy prosecutor of Vanderburgh County, and I know what happiness it brought to his father, and I know what a glorious opportunity that place would have been to a boy who came back from across seas with such an honorable record.

"Gentlemen, These meetings are not so much a tribute to the dead as to the immediate members of the family of the dead; but to sit here this afternoon and hear these men pour out the thoughts that gush from their hearts make all of us better men, and I feel that on an occasion of this kind we should not hesitate to take the floor and give expression to those thoughts that are prompted by the sympathies of our hearts."



ALBERT C. FUNKHOUSER
1916

CHAPTER II.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE EVANSVILLE BAR ASSOCIATION

In RE.

ALBERT CRAIG FUNKHOUSER

Albert Craig Funkhouser was born at Leavenworth, Ind., March 23, 1893, and died at Camp Stuart, Newport News, Va., June 15, 1919, age 26 years 2 months and 22 days.

He was the eldest son of Albert W. and Alta Craig Funkhouser. He was three years old when his parents came to Evansville. He was educated in the Campbell Street, Chandler Avenue and high schools of Evansville, and attended DePauw University in the years 1912-1914, where he was an active member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

He was admitted to the Evansville Bar Nov. 12, 1914, and practiced law with his father and uncle, Arthur F. Funkhouser, and Robert D. Markel.

In 1916 he was nominated on the Republican ticket for the General Assembly of the State of Indiana; notwithstanding his youth, he led his ticket.

When a state of war was declared against Germany, the spirit and fire of patriotism, always alive in the breast of the father, lighted two new fires in the breasts of the sons, Albert and Paul. Both of the boys made application to enter the officers' training school at Ft. Benjamin Harrison. Paul was accepted but Albert did not get into the school. Thereupon he joined the motor transport division at Camp Bowie, Tex., as an enlisted man. Here he entered the officers' training school and was graduated a second lieutenant and was later commissioned first lieutenant.

He was assigned to the 144th Infantry and remained with that regiment throughout his service, going to France from Camp Merritt shortly after his entry into the actual service of the regiment. He was attached to Company "F."

The One-Hundred-Forty-Fourth was composed mainly of Texas rangers. He was in many of the battles near the close of the war.

When the One-Hundred-Forty-Fourth was ordered home he remained in Brest for the purpose of closing up some court martial proceedings, and came home as a casual, arriving at Newport News June 9. He had been ill sixteen days of pneumonia, taking ill while at sea.

Lieut. Funkhouser received his training at Camp Bowie, Tex., under Capt. John H. McNeely, who states that he was an apt student and conducted himself in every way as a soldier. He took great interest in his work, and was well liked by the officers and men with whom he came in contact because of his lovable disposition and for the manner he went at his work.

Young Funkhouser was among the first of the officers from the third officers' training school to get to France. He got into action a short time after arriving in France, and was an acting captain.

After Lieut. Albert had been overseas for some time, he looked up his brother, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, then in active service. Both boys were very fond of each other, each writing his parents at the time that he had seen his brother.

"Paul is looking fine and I am certainly proud of him," Albert wrote soon after seeing Paul. Paul also wrote that he was proud of Albert, who, he wrote his father, "was every inch a fighter."

Soon after, Paul was killed in action in the Argonne drive. Lieut. Albert did not learn of his brother's death for several weeks, and when he did learn was grief stricken.

With the death of the younger son, Attorney and Mrs. Funkhouser centered all their hopes on the return of their only remaining and older son, Albert. They rejoiced at the signing of the armistice and made plans for the home-coming of Albert. Albert, too, planned on his home-coming, writing nearly every week to his parents and sisters, telling them of the things he intended to do when he did finally get home.

The latter part of May the Funkhousers received word that their son, Lieut. Albert, was expecting to sail for home.

Before leaving France, young Funkhouser had gone to the cemetery where his brother Paul was buried and had his brother's body placed in a metal casket so that later the body might be sent home, as his parents wished.

A week ago Monday at the same time they received notification that he had landed at Newport News, Va., they received a telegram from Commandant Terriberry informing them that Albert was seriously ill. Both Mr. and Mrs. Funkhouser rushed

to their son's bedside, where they stayed until he died, June 15.

In the death of young Albert C. Funkhouser this Bar has lost a member whose prospects for the future were bright and promising. All that he had is laid on the altar of his country. Another golden star is in the service flag by the side of a brother fallen in action. We can but mourn. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That to the grief-stricken father, mother and sisters, and to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Funkhouser, to whom he was almost a son, we extend our tenderest sympathy. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given to the family, and to the press, and that the same be spread on record on the records of the courts of this county. Be it further

Resolved, That a scroll be engrossed, framed and hung in this court room, containing the names of all the members of this Bar who served their country in the World War, together with a gold star opposite those who died in service. Be it further

Resolved, That the County Commissioners be requested to fly the American flag over this court house, at half-mast, Thursday, June 19, 1919.

Respectfully submitted,
F. M. HOSTETTER,
ELMER Q. LOCKYEAR,
FRANK C. GORE,
ARTHUR C. STONE,
VAL NOLAN,

Adopted June 18, 1919.

Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS EVANSVILLE & OHIO VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY

Whereas, it has been decreed by the Almighty in His infinite wisdom that the family circle of our friend and co-worker, Albert W. Funkhouser, should be deprived of two of its beloved members; and

Whereas, through the supreme sacrifice of their sons in the service of our country, Lieuts. Paul and Albert Funkhouser, whose memory shall be forever honored and esteemed, an irreparable loss has been inflicted upon our friend and his family, we, the officers and directors of the Evansville & Ohio Valley Railways Company, hereby

Resolve, That our hearts go out in profoundest and sincerest sympathy to the afflicted family; that our hands are extended to them in friendship and consolation in these hours of

their deep sorrow, and that our minds are filled with admiration for the heroic sacrifice which their sons and they themselves have brought for our own beloved country and for the good and safety of a world in distress. May the thought that no such sacrifice can be in vain, that no such unselfish loyalty and courage, as personified in their honored dead, can go unrewarded, and that the hearts not only of friends but of a whole community are bound to them in real sympathy and commiseration, help them to find such consolation as time alone, connected with love and faith and hope, may bring.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Evansville & Ohio Valley Railway Company and that a copy of same be transmitted to the bereaved family.

W. H. M'CURDY, Pres.

C. H. BATTIN, Sec'y.

FARRAGUT CAMP NO. 117, SONS OF VETERANS, U. S. A.

My Dear Patriots:

Will you allow this patriotic organization to express to you its heartfelt sympathy in the loss of your two boys in the service of our country.

May the God above be kind to you and yours, is the prayer of our members.

By order of the camp.

WM. V. COOPER, Commander.

HARRY N. HOPKINS, Sec'y.

EVANSVILLE REAL ESTATE BOARD

The Real Estate Board, having been advised of your great bereavement in the loss of your second son, who sacrificed his life on the altar of Liberty and of his country, desires in this manner to express to you and your family its deep and unfeigned sympathy. There are no words in our language that can be used to adequately express our admiration for the son who has just passed over the borderland, nor to say to you and yours in fitting terms how we are trying to think of your burden as ours, although there is no way in which we can tell you how this is, except that you know each member of the board individually is your personal friend, and being that, must try in some manner to aid you as best he can.

Heartfelt prayers are offered that you and yours will be able to bear up under this unexampled bereavement until time has softened grief to a sweet and hallowed memory.

E. L. CRAIG,
J. R. MITCHELL, } Committee.
W. W. ROSS, }

WAR MOTHERS OF AMERICA

Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser and Family:

We, the War Mothers' Chapter of Vanderburgh County, in session at a call meeting, wish to express sympathy and love in the following resolutions:

Whereas, another loved one has passed earth's shadow into Life Divine, be it

Resolved, First—That we greatly lament the demise of a beloved son, but he too awaits to welcome you, where the High and Holy call you again to meet;

Resolved, Second—That we trust in Him whose love enfolds you, and know that God is never so near as when all earthly joys seem most afar;

Resolved, Third—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing family, and that they be placed on the minutes of the secretary.

MRS. A. J. SCHULZ, Pres.

MRS. WM. E. GYMER, Cor. Secy.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES EVANS HALL

The Board of Trustees of Evans Hall have directed me to express to you and your family our sincere sympathy at this time of your great sorrow.

May the thought that you have given two such splendid sons as a sacrifice on the altar of your country help to assuage your grief.

M. H. LOCKYEAR, Sec'y.

PHI DELTA THETA (Indiana Zeta Chapter) DE PAUW UNIVERSITY

(Mr. C. W. Hollingshead, President)

It was only recently that I learned of the death of Albert C. Funkhouser, your son, and a member of your chapter. It is my desire at this time to assure you of the chapter's deepest regret and sympathy in the loss of one whom we knew to be a fearless soldier and a loyal Phi.

BAYARD PARK M. E. S. S. CLASS

(To Alta)

We fail to have words to express our sympathy to you and your family. Our hearts go out to you in love; and, Oh, how gladly would we help to carry your burden if we could.

Lovingly your teacher, MRS. HAYNES;

Edith Youngblood,

M. Harriet DeBruler,

Fern Jones,

Grace Smith,

Mamie Sharp,

Nellie Collier,

Ruth Kemper,

Irma Hicks,

Opal Stucky,

Louise Stork.

Aleen Murr,



LIEUT. ALBERT C. FUNKHOUSER
CAPT. B. J. HORNER
LIEUT. H. H. CHANDLER

CHAPTER III.

(From the Press)

EVANSVILLE OFFICER MEETS VETERAN BROTHER IN FRANCE

The meeting of two brothers, both Evansville officers, in France, is told of in the following letters from Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, the older of the two officer sons of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser.

The parents of the young men infer from the letter of Sept. 4 that both of the officers participated in the St. Mihiel drive.

Sunday, Aug. 25, 1918.

Dear Parents: What do you think? Paul and I are quartered about ten kilometers ($7\frac{1}{2}$ miles) apart, and I talked to him over the telephone this morning. He is to come to see me this afternoon.

I am now attending a school for special instruction in infantry warfare. It is quite a little honor to have been selected and I am inclined to feel just a little bit "puffed up" about it. I am the only "shave-tail" (second lieutenant) in the regiment selected to attend. The school is something like our officers' training schools, and I have a rifle and bayonet, and expect to do a little close order, but I can certainly do it.

For dinner today we had lettuce, radishes, oyster soup, steak, French fried potatoes, pumpkin pie and lots of other good things so you can see I am well fed.

Met some real American girls yesterday—Red Cross nurses. They were some traders and saved me ten francs on the purchase of a little equipment bag from an old French lady.

May not get to write very often, as I expect to be very busy.

Your son,

ALBERT C.

Sunday Evening, Aug. 25.

Dear Parents: Paul came over this afternoon and he and I spent the afternoon together. It sure was fine to see him. He looks a real veteran. He was right there when the big drive

started, as you know. He has seen much real fighting, and I know you are as proud of him as I am. Just felt good and honored to shake his hand, for to me, and I know he is to you, a real soldier and a real hero. He is looking fine, and is with a splendid bunch of officers. I had the privilege and pleasure of meeting his major and his new captain and most of the lieutenants in his battalion.

Don't know much more about my infantry school except that if I make good—and I will—I can be more useful, and probably will merit promotion. Paul and I are hoping to be able to get in the same company. Would very much like to be in his outfit, for they are the prize troops of the United States Army in France. Anyway, we will be together here, and can see each other each week-end for about four weeks. The school will last about that long. Wish I could have shared seeing old Paul T. with all of you. Lots of love,

ALBERT C.

Aug. 26, 1918.

School opened today, and it has been a busy day for me. I have enjoyed every minute of it. Back to carrying a rifle and fighting a bayonet. Most of the students here are two-service stripe men, and they certainly command my respect. They surely have some wonderful experiences to tell, and I wouldn't take anything for my associations and opportunities. I am getting much information and training of real value. The school is the best in the world, for we have the highest class officers as our instructors, the pick in all France. I intend to work my head off, for it is the opportunity of my life.

Funny what a little world this is, after all. This morning at breakfast I ran "slap-dab" into Capt. "Lige" Worsham. He is in the machine gun department of our school here. He certainly is a fine looking soldier, and he is making good, you may be sure. He asked me to send his best regards to you all. Don't know who that I know I will next bump into, but the best thing I know is that Paul and I can be together week-ends for some time. Sending lots of love.

ALBERT.

Sept. 4, 1918.

Dear Parents: Paul and I are separated and I did not get to see him last Sunday. Anyhow we got to spend one afternoon together. Have not written much lately, but haven't had very much spare time. I have been working so hard that I enjoy eating goulash, boiled cabbage, potatoes fried with onions, mutton and everything else I didn't like before. Every time I eat it I think how rotten I used to act when mother had it on the table. She would enjoy seeing me gobble it down and growl because there is not more.

Anyway, I am getting fat, or heavier, and weigh 180 pounds. Will be as big as dad if I keep on. Haven't had any mail from the States since Aug. 22. It seems like years. Hope I have enough when it does catch up with me that I will have to haul it away in a cart, and take two weeks off to read it. Wish you would send me some kodak pictures of all of you; some I can carry around in my pocketbook. I have one of mother, but it doesn't do her justice. Have not been on the immediate front yet, but by the time this reaches you will have a chance to get my Boche. The slogan of the Army is "G. A. B." (get a Boche). Wish I could tell you some of the things that are going on over here, but I cannot, but will say that when you watch American soldiers, you thank God you are an American.

Will try to write oftener and send much love.

ALBERT.

The following letter from Lieut. Paul Funkhouser was received Saturday afternoon:

Sept. 6, 1918.

Dear Parents: I heard from home today for the first time in about three weeks. I have been very busy, and am ashamed of myself that I have not written oftener. I have not had time to write for about ten days. I am now in a new sector. I saw Albert C. Sunday a week ago. Believe me, I was certainly glad to find him. I have moved since seeing him and do not know when I will see him again. I cannot tell you what sector I am in at present. I do not think I should do so yet. Albert is in a school of musketry. He must be thirty pounds heavier than he was when I last saw him at the L. & N. station at Evansville in December. He is certainly looking good and is in fine spirits. I would very much like to be with him during the war, but it does not look like I will be able to do so. We expect to be in action on our new sector before very long. I am about all in, just having finished moving, so this needs must be short. Will write more tomorrow.

PAUL.

—Evansville Journal-News, Sept. 29, 1918.

**FRENCH REFUGEES, LIBERATED FROM HUN SLAVERY,
PRESENT SORRY SIGHT TO TROOPS,
WRITES FUNKHOUSER**

The impression a young officer, just out of the training camps of America, has when he meets his brother, a regular veteran at the game, is typified in the letters of Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser to his parents.

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser has seen some of the hardest fighting on the Western front and was one of the first American

officers to enter Chateau Thierry, when that town was wrenched from the Hun grasp and the tide of battle turned against the invaders of fair France.

Mr. Albert W. Funkhouser, father of the two young officers, queried Gen. March, chief of staff, as to where the divisions in which his sons hold commands were located at the time designated in the letters written by them, and in that way he ascertained that Lieut. Paul's division (Third) was in the Verdun sector and Albert's (36th) in the Champagne.

The letters from Lieut. Albert Funkhouser, in excerpt, follows:

Sept. 14, 1918.

Dear Parents—By the time this gets to you I expect the big show, started yesterday, will be over, with a big victory for the United States. Know you will want to know that Paul is in it and I am hoping and praying that he gets out all right, and I know he will. I am sure proud of him, as I know you are, and we have a right to be. I felt like a young rookie when I was talking to him, and you can bet I was proud to know that he was my brother and I know that I will have all the more reason to be proud of him after the show ends that is going on now.

I don't think I will have the opportunity or the good fortune to get into it, but every evening I go out and watch the big fireworks. From where I am I can see the flash of the guns and see the rockets, etc., sent up; it looks just like a big Fourth of July celebration. The school I am in ends next week. I don't know where I will be sent and the chances are I will be put in some other division.

It has been raining almost constantly here for the past week and a half, and is some muddy and sloppy. Rain or wind, we never stop training, and spend some of the nights crawling around like a worm, learning how to slip up on a Boche.

Sept. 21, 1918.

I am leaving the school tonight, going south, but don't know much more about it myself. Learned a lot here at the school and got worlds of valuable experience. I even got up to the front on a pass and had a little sensation of being under fire, at the same time old Paulie was out in the thick of it, making the place where I was seem like a little Fourth of July celebration. I just had a little taste of it and I could not help thinking of Paul out where they were getting pig iron and lead by the ton. I mean the last big American show which started on Sept. 12, and which Paul took a part in. I don't know where he is now, I have not been able to locate his division, but I hope he and I can see each other occasionally. Believe me, I am sure proud that he is my brother, and know you cannot be too proud of him.

I saw a lot of French refugees released, after four years, by this last American drive, and they were in a horrible shape. Both the men and the women were so thin and every woman carried a small child in her arms. Believe me, I sure am thankful I was born in America.

It is only a question of time until we will be in Berlin, for the Boche are whipped at heart now, and it is the good old U.S. soldier doughboys that are doing it—fellows like Paul. The Boche soldier is simply scared to death of an American, but I don't blame him, for the American doesn't fear a thing.

ALBERT.

—Evansville Journal-News, Oct. 27, 1918.

ENJOYS EXPERIENCE OF CHASING THE GERMANS

Albert C. Funkhouser, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, who is with the American troops in France, writes he has had his initiation chasing the Boche. In two letters, dated Oct. 1 and Oct. 18, he tells his parents he will be a first lieutenant before the letters reached Evansville and that he has been acting as first lieutenant with Company F, 144th Infantry.

"Am well and having lots of fun and am just dropping you a line to let you know about it, he wrote Oct. 1. "I have been transferred to Company F, performing duties of first lieutenant, and will be wearing silver bar before this reaches you.

"I am in a town lately occupied by the Boches and they certainly left their marks. Rode about fifteen kilometers after my mail on a bicycle and was rewarded.

"I have a lot of Boche souvenirs and will send them home the first chance I get. It looks now I will be able to bring them home myself, for the old Boche is sure getting his hands full of Americans.

"I have not seen or heard from Paul since Sept. 15. He and I will run across each other again going in and out of the line."

On Oct. 18 he wrote:

"We are laying up in support. Just came out of the first line for a few hours' rest. I will be a first lieutenant before this reaches you.

"We had some initiation; we chased the Boche thirty kilometers and still on his trail. I am now in support and every time a big gun fires it nearly blows the paper out of my lap. Have been up on the line fourteen days."

He is on the Champagne front with the Fourth French army. Paul Funkhouser, his brother, is just east on the Meuse-Argonne sector.

—Evansville Courier, Nov. 9, 1918.

WILL DIG HOLES AT HOME FOR BED

After fourteen days of "chasing the Boche," during which time they "ran" him thirty kilometers, "my outfit has come through it in fine shape," writes Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser under date of Oct. 19, from the front lines in the Champagne sector, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue.

I am now in the front line sitting in my platoon post command which is about four feet deep, two feet wide and six feet long," Funkhouser wrote.

"After chasing the Boches we feel more like veterans. Have learned many of his tricks but we are always on the lookout for new ones.

"When I get home I ought to be good at digging in the garden, for we have dug holes all over France in double quick time. All of my men, including myself, carry a rifle and shovel, one being just as essential as the other. We are all coated with mud and it will be a great day when I can get a good bath. I am in the best of health and feeling better than ever before in all my life. Imagine me sleeping out on the front lawn in the rain. Well we do that here—and should we do it at home we would die of pneumonia.

"Suppose when I get home and get ready to retire, I get a shovel, go out in the backyard and dig me a hole for a bed! That's what we do here."

Lieut. Albert Funkhouser was, at the time the letter was written, stationed just west of his brother, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, who is with the First Army.

—Evansville Press, Nov. 14, 1918.

LETTERS FROM SOLDIERS—DIDN'T BELIEVE REPORT

Lieut. Albert Funkhouser didn't put much faith in the armistice celebration, according to letters received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue. He wrote on Nov. 11:

"Dear Parents—Still in rest billets, and this is another of my daily letters. It doesn't seem like it does much good for me to write if none of my mail reaches home, but anyway I will keep on giving them more letters to lose.

"The bells and whistles are blowing outside and they say that hostilities have ceased at 11 A. M. today. Somehow I have no faith in it and made a little bet that hostilities would open up before noon tomorrow. Of course, all the soldiers would like to get home, but I don't think we ought to let Germany off so light. It might cost a few more lives to get through Germany—

maybe mine—but it would save far more lives later on. I want to see the Boche crushed worse than Austria was crushed.

"Anyway, the war is over and Paul and I will soon come home, to a home we both love and appreciate more than ever. Lots of love,
"ALBERT."

The other letter received, written a day or two later, reads:

"Dear Parents—Another of my daily notes, some of which may reach you. They say war is finished and now I believe it is, so it won't be long before Paul and I will plant our number 15's under the old table for some sure-enough eats, but best of all, will be getting home to the best mother and father in the world.

"They may have stopped fighting, but our Army is not to be caught napping, and we are working hard every day, keeping ourselves and men in fighting shape. We got some replacements today and yesterday; I am not allowed to tell how many or where from, but I can say I have been on the lookout for Lieuts. Clyde Baugh, Austin Loer and Robert Stilwell, and a few others that we all know.

"I have been appointed, in addition to my regular duties, summary court officer, range officer and instructor in musketry for our battalion, so you can guess I have my hands full, but I enjoy every bit of it, and have never yet found time to grumble.

"I hope to see you real soon, and send lots of love.

"ALBERT."

—Evansville Courier, Dec. 18, 1918.

YOUNG FUNKHOUSER IS COMMISSIONED CAPTAIN

Albert W. Funkhouser is in receipt of some letters from his son, Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, who is still in France, and who will, if he guesses right, remain over there for some months as a part of the Army of Occupation. Albert received a field commission as captain, but is not sanguine that it will be gazetted from Washington, since with the signing of the armistice orders have gone forth that there will be no more commissions issued on recommendations received from the front.

Albert had command of his company through the battle of the Meuse. His division was in the action at the Argonne and in Champagne from Oct. 6 to Nov. 2. His division was with the Fourth French army corps under Gen. Gouraud, and according to newspaper accounts distinguished itself greatly. His division is composed of Texas and Oklahoma guards.

The letters follow:

Dec. 1, 1918.

Dear Parents—We have hiked just about all over France, from Oisne River near Atigny, where I am now billeted, for

how long I don't know. Rugny is seventeen kilometers northeast of Tonnerre and twenty-five northwest of Chatillon and almost directly south of Troyes. The hike was about 175 to 200 miles and we made it in fourteen days. My feet are a little sore, but outside of that I am all right and gained flesh on the trip. I don't know what our future will be over here, but I hope they send us into Germany. As you know, we are in the First American Army (of which I am proud) and a part of the First is in Germany now. I think Paul's outfit is there.

It is getting cold over here and lots of rain, but being out in the weather all of the time I have gotten used to it and don't mind it. Haven't even a slight cold.

I am billeted with an old Frenchman and his wife, and today my striker, who is a Frenchman, fixed me up for my first bath in many weeks. Yesterday I hired a two-wheel cart and drove seventeen kilos to Tonnerre and got myself a new outfit, so I now feel pretty keen.

I am still in command of my company and was in command during the scrap on the Meuse River front. Just when they were ready to give me captaincy commission the war stopped and promotions stopped also. They are issuing no new commissions unless the recommendation reached Washington before Nov. 11. Mine left France Oct. 27, so it will not arrive in time. Anyway, "I should worry," for I hope to get home soon. Sending lots of love,

ALBERT.

P. S.—Have not had any mail from the States for nearly three weeks. Here's wishing you all a Merry Christmas, and wish Paul and I were there to be with you.

Dec. 8, 1918.

Dear Parents—Received two letters from you today, postmarked Nov. 5 and 7, the first ones from the states for a long time, and you may be sure I was glad to get them. I am still stationed at Rugny. Sent Ruth and Alta some postal card pictures of the town. If they arrive you can get some idea of a typical small French village.

I don't know any more when I will get to come home than you do, but it cannot be too soon for me. It looks now like I will spend Christmas in France.

Have not heard from Paul lately. You have heard later than I have. He was up in the worst of the fight and I hope he is lucky as myself. I got one little scratch (enough to entitle me to a wound chevron which I am not wearing) but that is all. If I don't get home I hope old Paulie does, for he is more entitled to get home than I am.

This will let you know that I am well. Love to all,

ALBERT.

Dear Parents—It has been raining here for nearly five days and nights straight, but we play just like the sun was shining all of the time and drill from daylight to dark. Whoever hung "sunny" onto France had a glorious dream.

I thought yesterday I would be able to come home real soon, but I saw an order today that leads me to believe I will be here quite a few months, at least it looks that way, but you never can tell what will happen over here. With lots of love,

ALBERT.

—Journal News, Jan. 5, 1919.

FUNKHOUSER'S REGIMENT ORDERED TO PROCEED HOME

Albert W. Funkhouser is in receipt of a letter from his son, Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, dated at Rugny, near Switzerland, in which it is stated that the 36th division, to which his regiment is attached, has orders to move to LeMans, France, where it will be quartered until ordered home. The letter is accompanied by the newspaper printed by the division called "The Arrow," in which there is notice that the division will be ordered to Brest for sailing so that the troops will arrive home about the first of July. The 36th Division is composed mainly of Texas and Oklahoma troops, and it is possible that Lieut. Funkhouser will have to go to Ft. Worth and be mustered out. If that be true, he will not reach home until the middle of July.

—Evansville Journal-News, March 2, 1919.

LIEUT. FUNKHOUSER IS SERIOUSLY ILL

Parents Who Lost One Son in France are Called to Newport News, Va.

After losing one son, Paul, on a Fench battlefield last October. Attorney and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue, received a telegram last night from the adjutant general telling them that their only son, First Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, is seriously ill with lobar pneumonia, at Newport News, Va., where he arrived yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Funkhouser left immediately for their son's bedside on receiving the telegram.

Lieut. Funkhouser came home from France, where he saw several months' active service with the 36th division, in command of casual company No. 875. He was commanding officer of the company. He was taken seriously ill and is now at the Embarkation hospital at Newport News.

The two sons volunteered their services early in the war and both received commissions as second lieutenants. After

some months of fighting, Paul was killed in action, Oct. 20, 1918, near Cunel, France, one of the first American officers to lay down his life for his country during the World War. The boy's death was a hard blow to the parents and they have hoped for the return of their other boy daily. Yesterday came the word of his serious illness. —Evansville Courier, June 10, 1919.

LIEUT. FUNKHOUSER IS SERIOUSLY ILL

Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, brother of Lieut. Paul Funkhouser who was killed in action, is seriously ill at Newport News, Va., with lobar pneumonia, a telegram to his parents from the adjutant general stated.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser left Monday night for their son's bedside. Lieut. Funkhouser had just arrived from overseas after several months' active service and was taken ill before receiving his discharge.

—Evansville Press, June 10, 1919.

REPORT FUNKHOUSER IN SAME CONDITION

Reports received here late Tuesday from the physician attending First Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, of Evansville, who was stricken with pneumonia on reaching Newport News, Va., from France, indicated there has been no change in the officer's condition. It is feared he is dangerously ill. His father and mother, Attorney and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, have gone to him. The lieutenant was seized with the attack while crossing the ocean. He returned with the 36th division and was in command of the 875th casual company.

—Evansville Journal-News, June 11, 1919.

CONDITION OF LIEUT. FUNKHOUSER UNCHANGED

There has been no change in the condition of Lieut. Albert Funkhouser, who lies very ill at Newport News, Va., having been seized with pneumonia on landing there, after his return from France. His parents, Attorney and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, have gone to Newport News, as it is feared the officer's condition is critical. —Evansville Courier, June 12, 1919.

FUNKHOUSER BETTER

Lieut. Albert Funkhouser, who is seriously ill at Newport News, Va., was slightly improved yesterday, according to a telegram received from the young man's father, Albert W. Funkhouser, by his uncle, Arthur F. Funkhouser. Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser were called East Tuesday.

—Evansville Courier June 13, 1919.

(EXTRA)

LIEUT. FUNKHOUSER DIES

Pneumonia Claims Young Officer at Newport News; His Brother Was Killed in War

Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, 26, died at 9 P. M., Sunday, at the Embarkation hospital at Newport News, Va.

In his death Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser 920 Washington Avenue, have lost their second and only remaining son in the war.

Their younger son, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, was killed in action in the Argonne.

Both parents were at Albert's bedside. Lieut. Albert Funkhouser had been ill nine days. He became ill on the transport on which he returned. He landed just a week ago.

His regiment, 144th Infantry, had come back before him. Because Lieut. Funkhouser was a court martial officer as well as a line officer, he was held in France longer for court duties.

Lieut. Funkhouser did not make the first officers' training camp, from which his younger brother, Paul, stepped into the Regular Army. He enlisted in the motor transport corps at Louisville, and was sent to Camp Bowie, Tex. There he made the third officers' training and was soon sent overseas.

—Evansville Journal-News July 16, 1919

PNEUMONIA TAKES LIEUT. FUNKHOUSER

Young Officer Is Second Son of Local Family to Fall Victim to War

Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser died at Newport News Sunday night at 9:30 o'clock, following an attack of pneumonia that developed on his return from France. The officer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, were at the bedside at the time of his passing, and Arthur F. Funkhouser, the young officer's uncle, left at 11 o'clock to be with his brother in his distress.

The passing of the young officer marks the second death in the Funkhouser family, Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser having been killed in battle. Two daughters remain, after both sons fell victims to the ravages of war.

Lieut. Funkhouser grew restive in the law offices of his father, the law firm of Funkhouser, Funkhouser & Markel, of which he was a member, as the spirit of the war grew, and made application to enter the officers' training school at Ft.

Benjamin Harrison. He did not get into that school, and thereupon joined the motor transport division at Camp Bowie, Tex. Here he entered the officers' training school, and was graduated a second lieutenant. He was assigned to the 144th Infantry, and remained with that regiment throughout his service, going to France from Camp Merritt shortly after his entry into the actual service of the regiment. He was attached to Company F. The One-Hundred-and-Forty-Fourth was composed mainly of Texas rangers. He was in many of the battles at the close of the war.

When the One-Hundred-and-Forty-Fourth was ordered home he remained in Brest for the purpose of closing up some court martial proceedings, and came home as a casual, arriving at Newport News this day a week ago. He had been ill nine days of pneumonia, taking ill while at sea.

Lieut. Funkhouser was a graduate of De Pauw University, and had studied law in the offices of his father, where he later became a junior partner. He was well known among the younger men of the city, and was liked because of his splendid disposition, his kindness of spirit and frankness of manner.

The remains will be brought to Evansville for interment, announcement of the time to be made later.

Immediately upon receipt of the news of the death of Lieut. Funkhouser, John Wyttenbach, commander of La Valette Commandery, No. 15, Knights Templar, wired the sympathy of the commandery to Albert W. Funkhouser, a fellow member, and offered the services of the commandery in any manner needed.

Lieut. Funkhouser received his training at Camp Bowie, Tex., under Capt. John H. McNeely, who states that he was an apt student and conducted himself in every way as a soldier. He took great interest in his work, and was well liked by the officers and men with whom he came in contact because of his lovable disposition and for the manner he went at his work.

—Evansville Journal-News, June 16, 1919.

FUNKHOUSER DIES IN EAST

**Attorney and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser Lose Their Second
and Only Remaining Son in the War—Other Son
Had Been Killed in Action**

SISTER'S COMMENCEMENT WEEK

News of the death of her older brother, Albert, came to Miss Alta Funkhouser in her commencement week. She had received a number of graduation presents on the

morning mail, before going to her classes at the Central High School, where she was called out of her first period class to learn that her brother had died.

Miss Ruth Funkhouser, the youngest child, was called home from Stanley Hall School about 9 o'clock to learn her "big brother" had died while en route home.

Lieut. Funkhouser in frequent letters from France to his sisters showed his fondness for them. In one letter to Ruth he wrote:

"My Dear Ruthie—I'm going to be through over here some of these days. Then I'm coming back to be your best beau. And I don't want any of the other boys to cut me out. I'm going to hold you on my knee and paddle you again."

Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, 26, died at 9:30 P. M., Sunday, of pneumonia, at the Army hospital at Newport News, Va.

In his death Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue, have lost their second and only remaining son in the war.

Their younger son, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, was killed in action in the Argonne.

Both parents were at Albert's bedside. Attorney Arthur F. Funkhouser, his uncle, left Sunday night for Newport News.

Ill Nine Days

Lieut. Funkhouser had been ill nine days. He became ill on the transport on which he returned. He landed just a week ago.

His company, 144th Infantry, had come back before him. Because Lieut. Funkhouser was a court martial officer, as well as a line officer, he was held in France longer for court duties.

Lieut. Funkhouser did not make the first officers' training camp, from which his younger brother, Paul, stepped into the Regular Army. He enlisted in the motor transport corps at Louisville, and was sent to Camp Bowie, Tex. There he made the third officer's training and was soon sent overseas.

Young Funkhouser was among the first of the officers from the third officers' training school to get to France. He got into action a short time after arriving in France, and was an acting captain.

Looked Up Brother

After Lieut. Albert had been overseas for some time he looked up his brother, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, then in active service. Both boys were very fond of each other, each writing his parents at the time that he had seen his brother.

"Paul is looking fine and I am certainly proud of him," Al-

bert wrote soon after seeing Paul. Paul also wrote that he was proud of Albert, who, he wrote his father, "was every inch a fighter."

Soon after that Paul was killed in action in the Argonne drive. Lieut. Albert did not learn of his brother's death for several weeks, and when he did learn, was grief stricken.

Had Centered Hopes

With the death of the younger son, Attorney and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser centered all their hopes on the return of their only remaining and older son, Albert. They rejoiced at the signing of the armistice and made plans for the home-coming of Albert. Albert, too, planned on his home-coming, writing nearly every week to his parents and sisters, telling them of the things he intended to do when he did finally get home.

The latter part of May the Funkhousers received word that their son, Lieut. Albert C., was expecting to sail for home.

Before leaving France, young Funkhouser had gone to the cemetery where his brother, Paul, was buried and had his brother's body placed in a metal casket so that later the body might be sent home, as his parents wished.

Notified of Illness

A week ago Monday at the same time they received notification that he had landed at Newport News, Va., they received a telegram from Commandant Terriberry informing them that Albert was seriously ill. Both Mr. and Mrs. Funkhouser rushed to their son's bedside, where they stayed until he died.

Relatives Monday expected that the parents of the young officer would accompany his body back here some time this week. Funeral services probably will be held from the Funkhouser home.

Attorney Arthur F. Funkhouser, uncle, and Dr. R. M. Funkhouser, cousin of the young officer, with several out-of-town relatives, survive him.

Attorney Arthur Funkhouser, Monday, who was on his way Sunday night for his nephew's bedside, was reached by telegram at Cincinnati with the news that Albert had died, and will wait for his brother there.

Lieut. Funkhouser was a graduate of the local high school and attended law school at De Pauw University.

When he enlisted, Albert was a junior member of the law firm of Funkhouser, Funkhouser, Markel & Funkhouser. He was a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

The elder Funkhouser was a leader in patriotic work during the war. He was eager to have his sons enlist.

—Evansville Press, June 16, 1919.

ALBERT C. FUNKHOUSER DIES IN VIRGINIA

Is Second Son Given to Nation by Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser During War

Returning from French battlefield, Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, popular young Evansville man, in his last fight met defeat Sunday night. Death was the conqueror. Lieut. Funkhouser, after being ill nine days of pneumonia, succumbed at the army hospital at Newport News, Va.

His brother, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, died some time ago fighting in the Argonne forest. Death claiming the second and last son has broken the hearts of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington ave.

Last week they went to his bedside after learning that he was ill. They remained there constantly till the end. The community shares the blow, and sympathizes with them in their bereavement. Anxiety has been felt here since the news spread that Lieut. Albert was critically ill.

Upon all sides Monday sympathy was expressed for the young soldier's parents. He was taken ill on a ship while returning from Brest where he had remained after his company sailed so that he could close up some court martial proceedings. He was with Company F of the 144th, which was composed mostly of Texas rangers.

He enlisted in the motor transport corps at Camp Bowie, Tex., later securing admission to an officers' training school.

His parents were much encouraged over his condition until Sunday when the lieutenant suffered a relapse. A telegram received Sunday night by Arthur F. Funkhouser, an uncle, summoned him to the army hospital.

His loss is especially felt by a sister, Miss Alta Funkhouser. She is to graduate this week. Miss Funkhouser has looked forward to his home-coming and the news was broken to her yesterday shortly after she reached high school.

In writing to the youngest sister, Ruth, some time back, Lieut. Funkhouser said:

"My Dear Ruthie: I'm going to be through over here some of these days. Then I'm coming back to be your best beau. I don't want any of the other boys to cut me out. I'm going to hold you on my knee and paddle you again."

The last thing Lieut. Funkhouser did before leaving France was to look up his brother Paul's grave and decorate it. He made arrangements for placing the body in a metal casket to be brought here for burial.

He was a graduate of DePauw University and practiced law

with his father. When he enlisted he was a junior member of the firm of Funkhouser, Funkhouser, Markel and Funkhouser. He was 26 years old.

The body, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Funkhouser and Arthur Funkhouser, left at 4:45 o'clock Monday afternoon. A military funeral will be arranged.

—Evansville Courier, June 17, 1919.

LIEUT. ALBERT FUNKHOUSER

The heart of Evansville is, indeed, bowed with the bereaved parents of Lieut. Albert Funkhouser, dead after a glorious career in the face of the enemy. It is particularly bitter, that after having safely passed the perils of sea and land he, the second of two promising sons, should be taken literally from under the care of his mother and father.

The Courier joins with sorrowing fellow-citizens in proud mourning for our hero dead.

Albert Funkhouser followed his soldier brother with a high heart and noble singleness of purpose into that bourne from which there is no return. Let the glory of their passing in some measure lighten the burden of his parents that, indeed, is greater than human strength can bear.

He gave and in His wisdom has demanded again. Would that it be given to each of us to meet our Maker in the same righteous panoply of a duty done.

—Editorial, Evansville Courier, June 17, 1919.

ANOTHER SACRIFICE

Evansville has made another sacrifice of its young manhood to the God of War.

A loving mother and father have given up a second son in their country's behalf.

After braving the terrors of the German machine guns, after plunging forward through the roar and hell of artillery bombardment, after escaping death upon the battlefield, Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser is no more. He died upon the very eve of his return to his home and friends in a hospital at Newport News, of pneumonia, after serving almost a year in France.

His death threw a pall of gloom over the city. There never was a more popular young man lived in Evansville than Albert Funkhouser. He had a winning smile and magnetic manner that drew his friends to him.

Lieut. Funkhouser was a good soldier. This is the highest compliment that can be paid any person in the service of his country. He was uncomplaining, self-sacrificing and thought of the men in the ranks first and himself afterwards. The

writer had the pleasure of serving with Lieut. Funkhouser for many months. Although he came out of civilian life and entered the army as a private, he "played the game" from the very start. There was no task too disagreeable nor was there any duty too arduous that Lieut. Funkhouser did not willingly perform.

The whole city of Evansville sympathizes with the parents of Lieut. Funkhouser, who have already sacrificed another son, killed by a German machine gun bullet in the Argonne forests of France. They have more than done their share that Old Glory shall continue to wave.

—Editorial, Evansville Journal-News, June 17, 1919.

MILITARY FUNERAL FOR FUNKHOUSER

The body of Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, son of Attorney and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, who died of pneumonia at Newport News, Va., Sunday night, will arrive in Evansville some time Wednesday, relatives Tuesday learned.

The young officer's parents and uncle, Attorney Arthur F. Funkhouser, are accompanying the body home.

A military funeral will be arranged.

A meeting of the Bar Association for Thursday at 9 A. M., to express sentiments of sympathy to the Funkhouser family, was called Tuesday by President Walton M. Wheeler. Attorneys will assemble in the Superior Court room.

—Evansville Press, June 17, 1919.

LIEUT. FUNKHOUSER TO BE BURIED TOMORROW

Body of Army Man Who Died in the East Due to Reach Here Today

The body of Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, whose death occurred at the Army hospital at Newport News, Va., will be brought here this morning. Accompanying the body are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, and an uncle, Arthur F. Funkhouser.

Funeral services will be conducted at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning at the residence, 920 Washington Avenue. Dr. J. Ed Murr of the Bayard Park Church will officiate, assisted by Dr. C. C. Edwards of Boonville, formerly of the Bayard Park Church. Lieut. Funkhouser was a Sunday School pupil of Dr. Edwards.

A military funeral will be held. Noble Johnson, president of the local post of the American Legion, has asked all ex-service men to meet at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning at the Serv-

ice Club, Second and Locust Streets, in uniform to attend. Burial will take place in Oak Hill Cemetery.

Among Lieut. Funkhouser's uncles who are expected from out of town are Frank Tyner, Westport, Ind.; Hugh C. Funkhouser, Indianapolis, and Dr. Will H. Funkhouser of Madison.

—Evansville Courier, June 18, 1919.

ATTORNEYS HONOR LIEUT. FUNKHOUSER

Ask County Commissioners to Fly Flag at Half Mast; Hang Memorial Scroll

Honoring the memory of the late Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, members of the Vanderburgh County Bar Association met at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon and adopted resolutions, which were ordered spread on the minutes of the courts.

A resolution which was also adopted orders that a scroll with the names of those members of the Vanderburgh County Bar who served in the World War be engrossed and hung in the Circuit Court room, and a gold star be placed opposite the names of those who died in service.

The county commissioners were asked to fly the American flag at half-mast Thursday, the day of the burial of Lieut. Funkhouser, who was a member of the Vanderburgh County Bar.

—Evansville Journal-News, June 18, 1919.

FUNKHOUSER FUNERAL AT BAYARD PARK M. E.

Funeral services for Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, whose death occurred in Newport News Monday, will be held at 10 o'clock Thursday morning, according to an announcement made by the family Wednesday. Owing to the fact that a military funeral is planned, services will be conducted at Bayard Park M. E. Church, with Rev. C. C. Edwards, the former pastor, in attendance. The earlier announcement declared the funeral services would be held at the home.

The body of the young officer, accompanied by his parents and uncle, arrived at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning and was taken to the Funkhouser home, 920 Washington Avenue. Interment will be at Oak Hill Cemetery.

President Noble Johnson and Secretary Paul Schmidt of the local chapter of the American Legion have issued a call to the service men of the city to attend the funeral of Lieut. Funkhouser. Men of all branches are requested to wear their full uniforms, former sailors to wear white with white leggings.

—Evansville Journal-News, June 18, 1919.

WOULD NAME LEGION POST "FUNKHOUSER"

The death of the second Funkhouser son has given an impetus to the plan already favored for the naming of the Evansville post of the American Legion the "**Funkhouser Post.**" A number of names were being considered by the committee, headed by Morris Levi, but it was understood the Funkhouser name was most favored.

In naming the post the Funkhouser chapter, a triple recognition would be paid the family—first, in honor of their son, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, killed in action in the Argonne drive; second, the death of their only remaining son, Lieut. Albert; and third, in recognition of the patriotic work of the boys' father, Attorney Albert W. Funkhouser.

The body of the young officer arrived in the city at 8 A. M. Wednesday, accompanied by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, and his uncle, Arthur F. Funkhouser. It was taken to the home on Washington Avenue, where crowds of friends thronged the house all day and until late in the evening.

The military funeral will be held Thursday. Funeral services will be held at 10 A. M. Thursday at the Bayard Park M. E. Church, Rev. C. C. Edwards, former pastor of the church and Sunday School teacher of the young officer, officiating.

Members of the American Legion have been asked by their president, Noble Johnson, to meet at the Service Club at 9 A. M. Thursday to attend the funeral in a body. Members are asked to wear their uniforms, all sailors to wear their "whites."

Frank Tyner of Westport, Ind.; Hugh Funkhouser of Indianapolis, and Dr. Will Funkhouser of Madison, uncles of the young lieutenant, were here for the funeral.

The Evansville Bar Association assembled in Superior Court room at 2 P. M., Wednesday, to do honor to their departed fellow-member and his father, Attorney A. W. Funkhouser. Several attorneys are booked to make speeches.

The committee in charge of the resolution presented for approval consisted of Judges E. Q. Lockyear and F. M. Hostetter.

—Evansville Press, June 18, 1919.

FUNKHOUSER FUNERAL WILL BE HELD TODAY

**Services for Army Man Will Be Conducted at the Bayard Park
M. E. Church**

Funeral services for Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser will be held at 10 o'clock this morning at the Bayard Park M. E. Church. The funeral will be marked for its military honors.

All ex-service men are asked to meet promptly at 9 o'clock at the Service Club to march to the church. The body of the young soldier was brought here yesterday morning and taken to the family home, 920 Washington Avenue.

It was first planned to hold the services at the home. Rev. Dr. C. C. Edwards, Boonville, formerly of the Bayard Park Church, will be in charge and will be assisted by Rev. J. Ed Murr, the pastor.

Pallbearers will all be service men. They are: Roy Foster, John H. McNeely, Bert Horn, Val Nolan, Walter Weber and Louis Legler.

Adopt Resolutions

The Bar Association met at Superior Court room yesterday afternoon to pay respects to the memory of Lieut. Funkhouser, a departed member and friend. Resolutions of sympathy signed by F. M. Hostetter, Elmer Q. Lockyear, Frank C. Gore, Arthur C. Stone and Val Nolan were passed. It was resolved that a scroll be engrossed, framed and hung in the Superior Court room, containing the names of all the members of the Bar who served their country during the war and that a gold star be placed opposite the name of those who died in the service.

At the suggestion of the Bar Association, the court house flag will fly at half-mast today, the day of the funeral.

Speeches were made by several members of the Bar, including President Walton M. Wheeler, Judge E. Q. Lockyear, Judge Philip Gould, Henry T. Hardin, Judge J. E. Williamson, John W. Spencer, Jr., and Val Nolan, who were schoolmates of the dead soldier. Judge Gould said Funkhouser would have been made deputy prosecuting attorney under George D. Heilman. His schoolmates told in choked voices Albert's characteristics of making friends and of being a loyal, likeable, young, and promising attorney.

Evansville Courier, June 19, 1919.

LOSE TWO SONS IN WAR

Second Son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser Dies

The following dispatch bears sad news to the relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser in Harrison County. Mr. Funkhouser, who is a native of this county, was formerly prosecuting attorney of this circuit:

Evansville, Ind., June 16. Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, 26 years old, son of Albert W. Funkhouser, formerly city attorney of Evansville, died today at the Army hospital at Newport News. He was the second and only surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. Funk-

houser to give his life for his country. Their younger son, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, was killed in action in France, Oct. 20, 1918. The parents expect to have his body brought here, and the two brothers will sleep side by side in Oak Hill Cemetery.

Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser arrived at Newport News a week ago. His parents were with him when he died. Lieut. Funkhouser was in Company F, 144th Infantry, 36th Division, and participated in several of the fiercest battles in the World War. He was a graduate of De Pauw University and was associated with his father in the practice of law before entering military service.

Besides his parents, he is survived by two sisters, one of which will be graduated from the local high school this week. In the Fall of 1916 Lieut. Funkhouser was the Republican nominee for state representative from Vanderburg County.

Corydon (Ind.) Republican, June 19, 1919.

PAY TRIBUTE TO FUNKHOUSER

Throngs at Church and Grave Also Honor Mother Who Bears Up at Funeral of Second Son to Die in War

Hundreds came to the Bayard Park M. E. Church Thursday morning to pay tribute to an American soldier, Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, who gave his life for his country. They went away from the grave at Oak Hill Cemetery paying tribute to the mother of this soldier the mother who bore bravely the giving of her second and last son to her country.

All eyes were turned upon the little family group standing in back of the open grave at Oak Hill Cemetery, as the military funeral procession headed by a firing squad and a bearer of the colors in mourning rounded the curve and stopped. Holding on to the arms of her husband and daughter, Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, the mother, forced tears back from her eyes and watched the flag-draped casket carried to the grave. She proudly held up her head as the flags were removed from the white casket and it slowly descended into the grave.

Friends Weep

Not until the first volley of shots were sent out over the grave by the firing squad, did the mother show signs of breaking. She held up heroically, bravely until the end, until taps had been sounded, then she leaned against her husband's shoulder and wept, as hundreds of relatives and friends had done all through the service.

Former service men, heretofore hesitant to appear in uniforms for parades and celebrations, gladly donned their khaki and blue to honor their dead comrade.

Flag at Head

Heading the procession which made its way from Bayard Park Church to Oak Hill Cemetery a little before noon Thursday was the color bearer in khaki followed by two color guards in sailor's "blues."

Next came the firing squad of eight under command of Lieut. Morris R. Levi. Other former service men marched in rank formation.

Walking on either side of the hearse were the six pallbearers, Lieut. Val Nolan, Capt. John McNeely and Lieuts. Bert Horn, Roy Foster, Walter Weber and Louis Legler. Automobiles numbering into scores followed the family car in the procession.

Church Filled

College and fraternity friends both of the young officer and his father, law associates of the father and uncle, club friends of the mother and father, friends of the two sisters, besides the scores of service men filled the church and Sunday School rooms. Many had to be turned away, and many stood in the vestibules, close enough to hear but not to see. The long line of friends which slowly wound its way down the church isle to see the body of young Funkhouser moved continuously by the casket for nearly half an hour.

Lieut. Funkhouser's body was clad in his overseas first lieutenant's uniform, his overseas cap with its silver bar held in one hand.

Many Flowers

The casket stood just below the altar filled with flowers, which including an emblem of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity of which Funkhouser was a member. A large national emblem of red, white and blue roses and carnations, and an emblem bearing a lieutenant's bar which was sent by the Columbian Literary Society, of which the parents are members, were especially noticeable among the numerous wreaths, emblems, baskets and hugh bouquets of all kinds and colors of flowers sent by friends of the family.

Just at the right of the altar hung the church service flag with its gold star, added for the young officer. At the side of the new star was the only other gold star of the thirty-four on the flag, representing Albert's brother, Lieut. Paul, killed in the Argonne drive.

Foresaw Death

That young Funkhouser knew he was going to die and predicted almost exactly the hour of his death, was the subject of the impromptu obituary by Rev. J. Ed Murr.

"Lieut. Funkhouser was conscious and was eagerly awaiting his parents when they came to his bedside," said Rev. Murr.

"Soldier that he was, he fought until the end, knowing all the time he was fighting a losing battle."

Lieut. Funkhouser before his death told his parents how he had his brother Paul's body placed in a metal casket and gave them directions for bringing his brother's body home.

Acting Captain

He also told them that he fought in the Argonne drive when Paul was killed. He told them the story of how, when his captain was killed, he took charge of the men and led them on.

Rev. C. C. Edwards of Boonville, former Sunday School teacher of Funkhouser, felt too deeply the young man's death to preach a sermon, he said.

"Why Albert used to call me 'Daddy Edwards,'" he explained in telling why he felt like joining the family in their grief. He paid high tribute to the parents of the young man and to their sacrifice.

Mrs. E. E. Hoskinson sang "Some Day We'll Understand" and "Some Sweet Day." — Evansville Press, June 19, 1919.

MILITARY BURIAL FOR FUNKHOUSER

Solemn Service Over Remains of Officer at Bayard Park Church

Civic as well as military honor was paid the memory of Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser at his funeral at Bayard Park Church, Thursday morning. The church was filled with friends and to accommodate those who came it was necessary to throw open the large Sunday School rooms that adjoin. Men of prominence, members of the Bar Association, and many soldiers and sailors, together with a great number of women, attended.

Two gold stars in the center of the service flag of the church, which contained thirty-two other blue stars, represented the sacrifice of the two brothers, Paul and Albert Funkhouser.

Fifty or more service men of all grades and representing every service in defense of the country followed the flag-draped casket into the church, which was preceded by Dr. C. C. Edwards of Boonville, who came to minister comfort to the family because he had been pastor of the church when Albert was a member of the Sunday School.

Reads Same Service

There then filed to the right of the auditorium the firing squad, led by Maj. Pond of the army recruiting station. They stood at attention as they came to a halt.

The funeral march was played upon the organ by Miss Martha DeBruler as the cortege entered the church, and there was a deep hush as the last notes died away. Mrs. Eldon E. Hoskinson sang "Some Day We Will Understand," and Rev. J. E. Murr, pastor of the church, arose to begin a service that was filled with emotion. He read the same lesson from Holy Writ he had read at the memorial service for the brother, Paul Funkhouser, saying it was most fitting that it should be repeated at this time: "Let not your hearts be troubled. If ye believe in My Father, believe also in Me. I go to prepare a place for you. In My Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would not have told you." Rev. Murr followed the reading of the lesson by a touching prayer designed to assuage the grief of the gather and mother and the two sisters, who had been plunged for a second time into the depths of human bereavement.

Touching Sermon

In his remarks, Dr. Edwards said that there are times when human speech is inadequate to express human emotion. He declared that he felt as one who should be with the sorrowing family rather than to occupy the place that had been chosen for him. He called attention to the two gold stars on the service flag, and the strange fatality that had come to a single family, and that all the others had been spared. Two of the stars represented two of his own sons who had been spared. He knew, he said, what it meant to say to two boys, "Your country needs you; go, and God bless you." But no one can understand what this father and mother are passing through. He recounted the noble sacrifice of the brothers and how that they had merited the great reward that was sure to come to them in the eternal life.

Dr. Murr spoke tenderly of the affliction of the parents and in glowing praise of the two sons who had gone forth to war and had laid down their lives that others might have life more abundantly.

Following the services at the church, the cortege moved to Oak Hill Cemetery, where the interment took place with all the military honors accorded a soldier, with taps following the firing squad.

The pallbearers selected were Capt. John H. McNeely, Lieut. Roy Foster, Bert Horn, Lieut. Val Nolan, Walter Weber and Lieut. Legler. —Evansville Journal-News, June 19, 1919.

HONOR FOR FUNKHOUSER

Evansville, Ind., June 18.—The body of Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, who died Monday in a government hospital at Newport News, Va., arrived today and will be buried tomorrow. The service will be held at the Bayard Park Methodist Episcopal Church. By order of the county commissioners, the flag will fly at half-mast over the court house during the time the funeral is held. The Vanderburgh County Bar Association today passed resolutions on the death of Lieut. Funkhouser, who was a member of the local Bar. The death of Lieut. Funkhouser, following that of his brother, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, who was killed in action in France, has given impetus to the move to name the Evansville post of the American Legion of Honor the "Funkhouser Post," out of respect to the memory of the two brothers who gave their lives for their country.

—Corydon (Ind.) Republican, June 20, 1919.

CHURCH FILLED AT FUNKHOUSER FUNERAL

Friends Attend Final Services for Army Officer Who Passes Away in the East

The Bayard Park Church yesterday was the scene of one of the most solemn funerals ever held. There, services were conducted over the body of Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, whose death occurred at the Army hospital at Newport News, Va., while the young soldier was returning home from the French battleground. His brother, Lieut. Paul, lost his life fighting in the Argonne Forest, and Lieut. Albert was the last of the two sons.

Many were unable to get into the edifice even after the spacious Sunday School rooms adjoining had been thrown open. Approximately fifty soldiers in uniform were present, having marched from the Service Club at Second and Locust Streets.

Rev. C. C. Edwards of Boonville, formerly of the Bayard Park Church, and Rev. J. E. Murr officiated. They spoke in affectionate terms of the dead soldier. The pallbearers were: Lieut. Val Nolan, John McNeely, Bert Horn, Lieut. Roy Foster, Walter Weber and Louis Legler. Burial was in Oak Hill Cemetery.

—Evansville Courier, June 20, 1919.

FUNKHOUSER HID FACT HE WAS WOUNDED

Death of Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser Was Brought on by Gassing—Only Lynn McCurdy Knew Facts

That Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, son of Attorney and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue, who died at Newport News Monday of pneumonia, had been wounded three times and that he wore two gold wound chevrons, did not become known until Friday—the day after the young officer had been buried with full military honors.

His death was brought on by a severe gassing which he received in the last days of the war. Young Funkhouser had been in a French hospital for some time, convalescent from the gassing when he started for home. He was eager to get home, started while his lungs were yet weak, and contracted double pneumonia on the transport, from which he had no hopes of recovering.

Bullet in Knee

"I wasn't exactly sick when I left France for home; I just ached all over," Lieut. Funkhouser told his parents who were constantly at his bedside until his death.

On the young officer's overseas uniform were two gold wound stripes—one for the gassing and the other for a machine gun bullet wound in one knee, his parents learned.

Never in all his constant correspondence with his parents, sisters and relatives through the war, did he mention the fact that he had been severely wounded.

Once he sent his mother a snap-shot of himself in which he carried a cane.

Explains Away Cane

But he assured her that he did not need it and "only wore a cane because all overseas men did."

"And it's better to get around over here with a cane too," he apologized to his mother. That was just after he had partially recovered from the knee wound.

The third wound—a minor casualty—was the loss of the end of one thumb, for which he did not receive a chevron.

"Well, mom," he wrote his mother once, "I got a little wound—enough to wear a wound stripe anyway."

Lynn McCurdy Knew

His constant correspondence and his care-free letters even at the time he was in the hospital never let his parents suspect how badly he was wounded.

Only one of his friends, Lynn McCurdy, knew that he had been gassed.

"I've only one favor to ask of you, Lynn," he told his college chum and fraternity brother when writing of his wounds, "don't tell my parents."

Arranged Body Return

He made the fullest arrangements for the return home of his brother, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, he told his mother.

"Don't worry, mother," Lieut. Albert said. "I put Paulie's body in a metallic casket. I know it was he because I looked at him. The casket is marked so plainly that there can be no mistake." Lieut. Paul Funkhouser's body probably will be one of the first returned home.

—Evansville Press, June 20, 1919.

GRADUATION EXERCISES NO LONGER STIFF

* * * Each graduate received an ovation as he or she walked across the stage to accept the diploma from Mayor Bosse. But the clapping ceased suddenly and there was a hush, followed by a low murmur of sympathy, from the packed house when the mayor called the name of Alta Funkhouser. She was absent. Her soldier brother, Albert, had been buried only that morning.

—Evansville Press, June 20, 1919.

"FUNKHOUSER," NAME SLATED FOR LEGION

The naming of the local post of the American Legion the Funkhouser post—honoring Lieuts. Albert and Paul Funkhouser who died in the World War, and at the same time paying tribute to the patriotic work of the young officers' parents—was slated by leaders as the main part of the program of the meeting of all former service men of the city, at 8 P. M. Friday, at the Service Club at Second and Locust Streets.

"Everbody who wore the uniform be there, please," urged the president, Noble Johnson, Friday.

—Evansville Press, June 20, 1919.

PROPOSES NAME OF "PAUL AND ALBERT"

The ship which Evansville was given the honor of naming for Victory loan work may be named the "Paul and Albert" in memory of the two Funkhouser brothers who gave their lives in the war.

The name "Paul and Albert" was sent by Loan Chairman Nolan Saturday to the Eighth Federal reserve headquarters following receipt of a letter from the shipping board which rejected

the name of "James Bethel Gresham" for the ship because a shipping board order prohibits the naming of any craft after an individual.

Nolan stated that he did not think the "Paul and Albert" name would be considered as individual because both names are common.
—Evansville Press, June 21, 1919.

NAME LEGION POST FOR FUNKHOUSER

Funkhouser Post was selected as the name of the local post of the American Legion at the Service Club Friday night. The name was chosen by the legion in honor of Lieuts. Paul and Albert Funkhouser, both of whom died in the service of their country.

President Noble Johnson announced Friday night that admission to the legion can be gained by applying to Paul Schmidt, treasurer, at his office in the Old State Bank, or by mail. The initiation fee is \$1 and annual dues are \$1. Nine new members joined Friday.

—Evansville Journal-News, June 21, 1919.

LEARN LAST RESTING PLACE OF HERO SON

Funkhousers Hear Body of Paul Buried in France to Be Brought Home

That the body of Lieut. Paul Funkhouser is buried in the American Cemetery at Sur-de-Meuse, France, has been learned by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Funkhouser through a letter from Lieut. E. A. Caswell, in the graves department of the A. E. F. The body is interred alongside that of three officers who are buried there, all killed by the same shell, one of them being a nephew of J. Pierpont Morgan.

Prior to this final interment, Lieut. Albert Funkhouser told his parents after they had reached his bedside at Newport News, that when the armistice was signed he obtained a leave of absence and went to hunt up his brother's grave. He could get railway transportation only as far as Verdun, but as he stepped off the train there he met Lieut. William E. Barton, a young attorney of this city, and after greetings had been exchanged Lieut. Funkhouser informed Lieut. Barton of the object of his visit. Lieut. Barton was in charge of transportation trucks and volunteered to take men and go with Lieut. Funkhouser, which was done and the body of Lieut. Paul Funkhouser was found and reinterred at Ferm de Madaleine. Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser went fifteen miles to the nearest town and procured a heavy oak casket lined with metal, and the body was

placed therein and interred. The reinterment was finished at night with the rain falling, and by candlelight. The body was later removed to its present resting place in the American Cemetery at Romagne.

Mr. Funkhouser has been informed by the War Department that the bodies of all soldiers will be removed to this country after peace has been declared unless relatives desire that they remain buried in France.

Lieut. Albert Funkhouser's death was superinduced by being gassed, a fact not known by the family until his father and mother visited him at Newport News. He then told his father, and also told him that there would be no hope for his recovery, as the surgeons in France had warned him to keep clear of colds because the kind of gas he had inhaled would be fatal if his lungs became affected.

—Evansville Journal-News, June 24, 1919.

LISTING ATTORNEYS WHO SERVED DURING THE WAR

A list of all the members of the Vanderburgh County Bar who served in the great war is being prepared by Judge E. Q. Lockyear, pursuant to a clause in the resolution passed by the Bar Association at the time of Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser's death. The judge has the names of thirteen men who served. The names will be placed on a scroll and hung in the Superior Court room.

"Every one of the members of the Bar who went volunteered," said Judge Lockyear. These are the members who went:

Walter E. Barton, Albert C. Funkhouser, Theodore T. Hull, Charles H. Miller, Val F. Nolan, John W. Spencer, Jr., Arthur C. Stone, Paul H. Schmidt, Henry B. Walker, Richard C. Waller, W. Lee Smith, Louis L. Roberts and Edward E. Meyer.

Most of the lawyers were commissioned officers. Lieut. Funkhouser was the only one who met his death in the war.

—Evansville Courier, June 26, 1919.

WAS RECOMMENDED FOR CROIX DE GUERRE

Captain Tells of Record Made by Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser on Western Front

Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, who died at Newport News, Va., after passing through the varied experiences on the Western front, had been recommended for the French croix de guerre, according to a letter from his captain, B. J. Horner, San Antonio, Tex., received by his father, Albert W. Funkhouser. The letter follows:

"Dear Sir—It was with great sorrow that I learned of the death of a true friend and comrade in arms, your son. Brave, generous and self-sacrificing, he was greatly beloved by all and in the name of his brother officers and men of his regiment let me offer you our heartfelt sympathy in his loss.

"Shortly after the regiment's arrival overseas, Lieut. Funkhouser was sent to the corps school at Gondecourt and on his return was assigned to Company "F" and it was largely through his untiring efforts that this organization was made into the splendid fighting machine that it proved itself to be.

"On duty with Company "F," 144th Infantry, which on Oct. 10 as part of the 72nd Brigade passed through and relieved the 71st Brigade and advanced thirteen and one-half miles to the Aisne River, Lieut. Funkhouser repeatedly distinguished himself in the severe fighting against the rear guard action of the Germans and proved himself to be a brave, efficient and resourceful officer, and was recommended for the French *croix de guerre* for his gallantry. At all times cheerful and uncomplaining he did much to keep up the morale of the organization.

"Allow me once more to extend to you and your family my sympathy in the loss of your son and assure you that I will gladly render any assistance or give any information that I am able to do. I beg to remain, "Sincerely yours,

"BERNARD J. HORNER,

"Captain, U. S. A.,

"705 Camden Street, San Antonio, Tex."

—Evansville Courier, July 9, 1919.

DEAD SOLDIER'S WAR CROSS COMES

'Trunk Brings French Military Decoration Bestowed on Lieut. Funkhouser

Personal property of the late Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser arrived in Evansville Saturday and was received by his father, Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue. A *croix de guerre* awarded Lieut. Funkhouser for services with the Fourth French army was among the relics and is highly prized by the family. Lieut. Funkhouser died at Newport News from complications brought on from gas sustained in France.

—Evansville Journal-News, July 13, 1919.

WAR MOTHERS PLANT REMEMBRANCE GROVE

Ambassador and Mrs. Jusserand, Governor and Mayor at Impressive Ceremonies

Organization Changes Its Name and Makes Plans for Expansion—Cardinal Makes Address in Druid Hill Park—Many “Gold Star” Mothers at Dedication

Amid silence broken only by the sobs of the “gold star” mothers, and in the presence of a distinguished company, including Ambassador and Mrs. Jusserand of France, Governor and Mrs. Emerson C. Harrington, and Mayor Broening, a grove of trees in Druid Hill Park was dedicated yesterday to the fallen heroes of the World War by the visiting delegates to the convention of War Mothers of America, which is being held at Hotel Emerson.

Shortly after the “Grove of Remembrance” * * * had been dedicated by the War Mothers, resuming their business session at the hotel, voted to change the name of the organization to the Service Star Legion. * * *

Ceremony Was Impressive

The ceremony was not only deeply impressive, but it was one of the most beautiful ceremonies ever held in Baltimore * * * the ceremonies were carried out without a hitch, and so inspiring was the scene that Cardinal Gibbons, who came only to pronounce the benediction, was moved to make an address, paying tribute not only to the Grove of Remembrance but to the motherhood gathered at its shrine. * * *

At the head of the parade marched 1,000 school children * * * each carrying an American flag. Behind them came twenty War Mothers * * * carrying the flags of the Allies. * * *

Delegates from the states followed, carrying their state flag or banners * * * Indiana headed the delegates. * * *

A detachment of Grand Army of the Republic veterans * * * was next in line. It was followed by a group of Red Cross workers. * * * At the end of the procession were automobiles with twenty men from Fort McHenry, serious faces bespoke remembrances of comrades asleep. * * *

Following the reading of the poem by Joyce Kilmer, “A Tree,” by Mrs. Boaz Crawford of Evansville, Ind., who is a “war sister,” the procession continued to the memorial grove, where the French ambassador threw a spadeful of earth upon the tree planted in memory of the dead of France. * * *

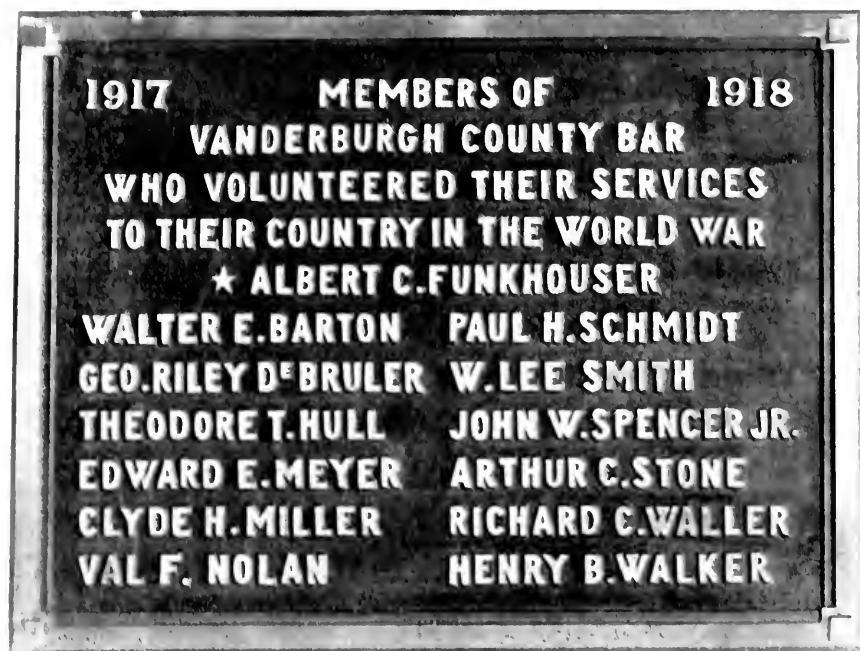
For the tree planted in memory of Indiana’s dead, Mrs. Al-

bert W. Funkhouser (chairman of the constitution committee of the national convention) of Evansville, cast the first spadeful of earth. She wore gold stars for two sons. First Lieut. Albert Craig Funkhouser of Company "F," 36th Division, and Second Lieut. Paul Taylor Funkhouser, Company "B," Seventh Machine Battalion, Third Division. Mrs. W. E. Gymer also participated in the ceremony in memory of her son, Lieut. Alfred K. Gymer, 335th Infantry, 84th Division. * * *

The program concluded with "A Gold Star" by Sousa, which was dedicated to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt in memory of her son Quentin. * * *

Baltimore Sun, October 9, 1919.

DEDICATE TABLET ARMISTICE DAY



The above tablet, surrounded by an American flag, to the young attorneys of Evansville who participated in some way in the great World War, was dedicated with ceremonies Tuesday morning in the Superior Court room and with a program that called forth a fine spirit of patriotism. American flags were draped about the bench and upon the walls.

Judge Azro Dryer was called upon to preside, and in his

address reviewed history in its warlike aspect and spoke of the entry of our own country into the world cataclysm brought upon his neighbors by the German emperor. He spoke of a visit to Germany in 1900, and said that even that far away the German nation shadowed forth its intent in the militaristic atmosphere that prevailed. * * *

Judge Dyer paid a tribute to the young men of the bar who had gone out to answer their country's call, and said that it was unfortunate that Judge Alexander Gilchrist, the only living member of the bar who is a veteran of the Civil War, was not able to be present at the meeting.

Judge Elmer Q. Lockyear of the Probate Court responded for the bar, and paid high tribute to the spirit of patriotism of the young men that had impelled them to go forth in the cause of their country. * * * In speaking of the gold star member of the group, Albert C. Funkhouser, he said that his name will remain imperishable as one who had given his life in the cause of his country in her hour of peril, and that while honor was due all who had gone, he had paid the supreme price.

Walter E. Barton, who spent several months in France, responded for the young men who had been honored by the bar with the imperishable tablet. * * * He believed that a great work is yet to be done before this country can be made to understand the blessings of free government. He declared that the immigration laws should be made so that people who come to make their homes within our hospitable shores should be made to learn to read, write and speak the language of the country before they be admitted to citizenship. The American Legion, he said, is taking up the problem of Americanism and proposes that the propaganda shall be so widespread that it will mean all that is demanded. There are eight million people in this country who neither read, write or speak the American language. These must be taught that they are in a country that demands that they shall know the country, and its laws, and its manner of living. Two thousand men are known who tore up their first papers to prevent their being called to the colors. These, he said, the American Legion is going to demand be deported. Attorney Barton closed by paying a tribute to the young men whose names are inscribed on the tablet. In attempting to speak of the gold star name, Albert C. Funkhouser, he broke down, and it was for several minutes he could not speak. Tears streamed from his eyes as he attempted to relate his personal experience with his comrade, and was forced to desist.

The scene was most dramatic and there were many of the large number of attorneys present who joined with young Barton in the fullness of his heart, and shed tears with him.

Following a few moments of silence the meeting adjourned.
—Evansville Journal-News, Nov. 11, 1919.

GRIEF HALTS RECITAL OF HERO'S FUNERAL

Attorney Walter E. Barton began to tell members of the Vanderburgh County Bar Association Tuesday how he had helped Lieutenant Albert Funkhouser bury his brother, Lieutenant Paul Funkhouser, in France. But he could not finish. He was too deeply moved. Lieutenant Albert, a member of the bar association, died in the service later. Their father, Attorney Albert W. Funkhouser, was in Barton's audience.

The occasion was the dedication of the bar's bronze tablet bearing the names of service men.

Barton was replying to Judge E. Q. Lockyear's presentation.

Judge Azro Dyer presided. Superior Court room was decorated with flags for the service.

Evansville Press, Nov. 11, 1919.



Lieut. JOE JAMAR

Lieut. ALBERT C. FUNKHOUSER

Lieut. LESLIE W. JOYCE

Lieut. SANDERS M. C.

CHAPTER IV.

LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS

TELEGRAM

Newport News, Va., June 9, 1919.

First Lieutenant Albert C. Funkhouser, 875th Casual Company, Infantry, arrived from overseas, this hospital, today, and is now seriously ill with lobar pneumonia.

CAPT. REPP,

Adjutant's Officer Embarkation Hospital.

MAJOR GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, Chicago

* * * I cannot tell you how deeply I sympathize with you in the great loss which has come to you. * * *

FROM COMRADES IN ARMS

COLONEL CLARK M. MULLICAN, 144th Inf., Dallas, Tex.

Please allow me to express to you and yours my very deep sorrow in the death of your son and my comrade, 1st Lieutenant Albert C. Funkhouser. No expression of my sympathy can heal your wounded heart but perhaps you can find a measure of comfort in the fact that the sufferings of your bereavement strike a responsive chord of pain and sadness in the breasts of the many friends of your soldier son.

Lieutenant Funkhouser served the whole of his assignment to the 144th Infantry in the 2nd Battalion. He served with Companies "H" and "F" during the period from October 10th to 28th 1918, inclusive, when the Regiment was in action. In the memorable advance from Blanc Mont Ridge to the River Aisne in the Champagne where the 2nd Battalion was the Front Line troops, it was my privilege as Battalion Commander, in each successive engagement, to observe personally the conduct of Lieutenant Funkhouser and it is a pleasure and a pride to state that he exhibited, at all times, an utter disregard for personal danger and hardship and by his gallant example greatly inspired his men to deeds of heroism.

The ties of friendship that bind together those who have faced a common danger and undergone a common hardship cannot be severed by death. Vivid will ever be my recollection of the fact that he who is gone and I have shared the same canteen. 'Neath the dripping leaves of a little rain-soaked, shell-torn woods in far off France we once shared our coffee and the same



Colonel CLARK M. MULLICAN, 144 Inf.

mess-kit while he told me of his home in Indiana. Innumerable are the jottings of memory could I but here make them of record. But you, who knew him better than I, know too well the pleasant smile and genial nature of your stalwart young son. His death is a distinct personal loss to me. In his death you have lost one beloved, but in the loss in a cause so noble you have achieved a distinction and have suffered the supreme sacrifice. The everlasting gratitude of your country and his will stand out in reward to you and to the many other fathers and mothers who gave their all for what they knew was right.

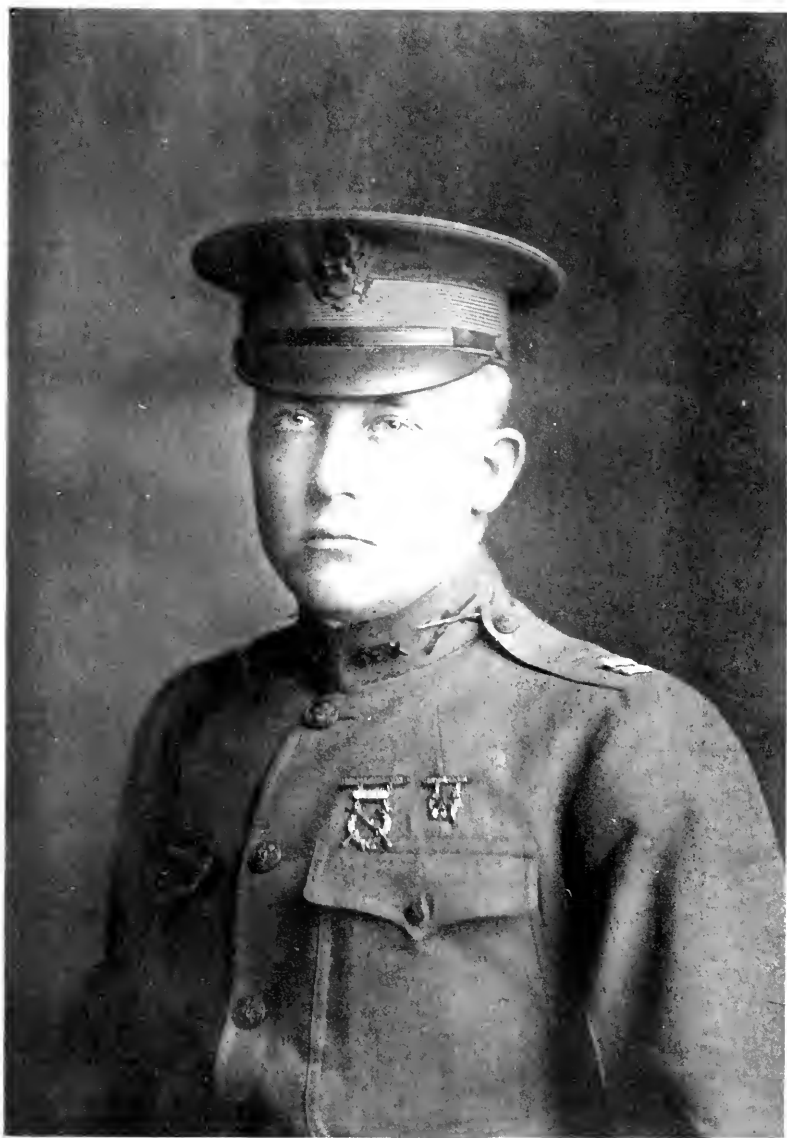
Allow me again to express my deep sympathy for your sorrow. It may seem a doubly cruel cross is yours when he was permitted to return safely from the dangers of war only to be snatched from your arms as his feet touched his native soil, but I have found all the works of Divine origin are strange and hard to understand. His sleep is but for a time and when God wills a fitting reward to those who chose to give their lives in the faithful discharge of duty, and He causes to be sounded the "Reveille" that shall awake those whom he loves, be consoled with the consolation of his many friends that among those first to answer the call will be he, among us, who was first to die, your soldier son, Lieutenant Albert C. Funkhouser. * * *

It was not my fortune to know your other son, Paul, but the same parentage that gave Albert to his country must have found a counterpart in Paul. To have lost both your sons was indeed a hard blow. You truly have "Given until it hurts". If the Mother of two such boys lives, please convey to her my heartfelt sympathy.

MAJOR HARRY M. HENDERSON, Eastland, Texas.

* * * * Words cannot express my surprise and grief at the news of the death of your son, Albert Funkhouser. This was the first information I had had of Al since leaving the Division in France. Allow me to extend to you and your family my sincerest sympathy.

I always considered your son to be one of the very best officers in my battalion. Shortly after assuming command of the battalion I became intimately acquainted with Al, and he soon became one of my favorite officers, in fact, for a period of over six months he was a member of my staff in the capacity of Battalion Liaison Officer. My attention was first drawn to him by his soldierly traits, and the fact that he possessed all the qualifications of an officer and a gentleman. He was tireless in his work, absolutely loyal, and possessed that one thing which all real officers aspire to, the confidence of the men under his command.



Major HARRY M. HENDERSON, 144 Inf.

The battalion was in support positions when I assumed command and never went up on the front line again, consequently I did not have the opportunity of observing your son under fire. However, in the many trying conditions incident to marching troops from the battle zone, of maintaining discipline and training troops in the back area I can truthfully state that your son was never found wanting.

One marked characteristic was his devotion to his deceased brother—After the armistice was signed he secured two leaves of absence, one to find his brother's grave, and the other to place a suitable monument thereon.

Al possessed that rare trait of making every one like him. He was one of the best liked officers in the regiment and the best proof of that is that nearly every officer called him "Al."

Mr. Funkhouser, you have certainly suffered, and have paid more than your share. Your son was a man that any father would be proud of. However, the sacrifice has not been in vain, if it were otherwise, I know you would not be able to bear your grief.

I again assure you of my deepest sympathy, and kindest personal regards.

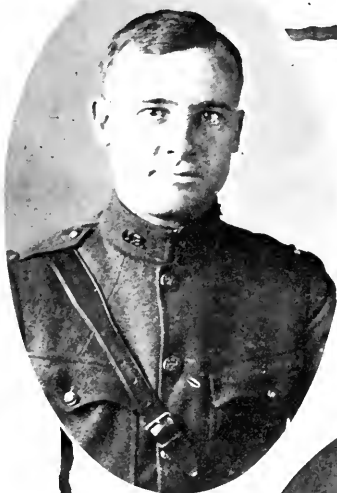
LIEUT. W. B. MERSHON, Co. F, 144th Inf., Saginaw, Mich.

The news of your son's death was a great shock to me. Albert was one of the closest friends I had in the army and I had looked forward to many years more of friendship with him. I have been with him since last September, including the time we were together on the front. At different times we shared billets together and in that way learned to know and admire him as few people have had this most intimate chance. The exposure of last fall's campaign and the shock of his brother's death seemed to have affected his health, as he was not overly well all winter and spring. * * * * *

The 144th Infantry reached France on July 30, 1918, and at once went to the training area in the department of the Aube. Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser was then serving with "H" Company, which was stationed at Fuligny. Shortly after reaching this place he was sent to Gondrecourt to take a course in advanced military science. Here he met his brother, who was likewise at school. He rejoined the regiment about September 24 and was assigned to Company "F." We were then getting ready to go to the front and I was absent on advance billeting work. I first met Lieut. Funkhouser at Vreaux, just west of Chelons sur Marne, where we were in reserve. I and he shared the same billet and began our friendship. After a few days we moved forward into the Champagne sector. On the way up

to the front, Albert and I shared the same "pup tent." He was commanding the First Platoon and I the Second. Lieut. Sadler was in command of the company and Lieut. Jamar was second in command. On the ninth we marched up to the Blanc Mont Massif, which had been taken only a few days before by the Americans. We were then under shell fire. The next day I was assigned to Battalion H. Q. as munitions officer, and for the next few days was rather out of touch with the company, though with them most of the time and close all the time.

On the evening of October 10 we went over the top to relieve the front line, then held by the 142d Infantry of our division. We were in regimental support and were subjected to heavy shell fire and gas. We did not advance far owing to the confusion of darkness and ignorance of the terrain, so took up a position just south of St. Etienne to await daylight. When daylight came it was easy to see that Lieut. Funkhouser had proven the stuff he was made of as his platoon was well organized and in hand ready to advance. This advance was soon taken up and with our battalion in the assault. "F" Company was in battalion support and on the left flank of the division and next to the French. An advance of two kilometers was made with no opposition. After crossing a timber ridge north of St. Etienne and upon coming to an open plat, we were met by machine gun fire accompanied by artillery. It fell to Company "F" to make a flanking movement, which it accomplished, and in a short time the position was captured. In this action Lieut. Funkhouser handled his men with ease but had no opportunity to do anything spectacular. He himself, however, had a rather close call as he took up a position unnoticed just to the rear of a pile of German gas-shells. A stray bullet coming in contact with these would have been fatal. The advance was soon taken up and ran into resistance at Machault. This was soon overcome, but the shell fire was terrible. We "dug in" north of the town for the night. The next day the advance was resumed and we took the towns of Dricourt and Vaux Champagne without resistance. We camped for the night near the latter town. The next day the first battalion of the regiment "leap frogged" us and took up the assault while we stayed back 1,000 meters as support. Close to the Aisne River the Germans put up a spirited resistance as we were in the tip of a salient we organized our position and remained where we were. About this time Lieut. Sadler was sent to school, leaving Lieut. Jamar in command of the company with Lieut. Funkhouser as his only officer. However, Lieut. Funkhouser was able to give all the needed assistance and this trying time was passed very successfully.



LT. HANNIBAL H CHANDLER



CAPT. B.J.

HORNER



LT. WILLIAM D. MERSHON

It frequently happened that Lieut. Funkhouser with his platoon would be holding a wide sector on the extreme front, and this he did under constant sniping, machine gun fire and artillery fire. At one time he was hit by a shell fragment, but never left the line. On the 21st of October I left for the hospital and did not rejoin the regiment until Christmas. The regiment was relieved on October 28, and went back to rest and was getting ready to leave for the Argonne when the armistice was signed.

The regiment was ordered to the training district in the department of Yonne, and marched a distance of over 200 miles to reach it, and Company "F" was located at Rugny for the rest of the time Lieut. Funkhouser was with it. While at the latter place he gave valuable service as battalion liaison officer and teacher of civics at the post school. This was in addition to his regular company duties.

Upon hearing of his brother's death in battle he obtained permission to hunt for his grave. In this search he was successful, but the shock of this and the exposure of the campaign left him in a run down condition and made him an easy prey to the pneumonia which carried him away.

Lieut. Funkhouser was very popular with both officers and men, due to his cheerful disposition and marked ability in many lines. He died as much from the war as if he had been killed in battle, and his memory will long be cherished by the 144th Infantry.

SERGT. L. H. BELLAH, Hollis, Okla.

The news of Albert's death came to me as a great surprise and as a real shock. I cannot realize it after seeing Albert a perfect soldier on May 10.

I really cannot give you a full account of Albert's service in the lines, for I was not with him up there. We have talked many times of the days under fire, and I have from him most of his experiences.

I first met your son in Ft. Worth when he was a Q. M. sergeant, of a truck company, but did not come to know him intimately until last winter in France. I was sergeant in F. H. 140, 111 Sanitary Train, 36th Division. I was billeted in Epineulin, Tonnerre Department of Yonne. Albert was on detachment service in our village and I was with him constantly. He accompanied us up to Le Mans in May, and there I saw him last. * * *

Generally I can give you the action of the regiment. The 144th slipped into the lines the night of October 9, via Chalons-sur-Marne, Attigny highway. On that date the Boches were

holding between Somme Py and St. Etienne. Between the 9th and the 14th of October the Germans put up their stubbornest resistance against the 36th, when we were relieved it was a running skirmish.

Up to Ainse Rivyer we were doing little but jump from one fox hole to another and it was there Albert received his shrapnel in the hand. * * *

Albert was one of the very small per cent. of officers of the 144th to go through the twenty-three days with his command, never once quitting it. He was recommended for the French War Cross (Croix de Guerre) to my certain knowledge. * * *



Sgt. L. H. BELLAH, Co F, 144 Inf.

We spent many evenings last winter playing a southern game (coon can), and talking of home, of civil life and longing for our day of release from the service.

As an enlisted man in the Army I can truthfully say that Albert C. Funkhouser was the "whitest" officer I met during my three years of service.

Since my discharge I have been trying to forget the war and everything, but it is impossible—too many of my best friends have given their lives—now that Albert is added to

that list. You have given two sons, Mr. Funkhouser, I sincerely sympathize with you for the loss of one and join you in mourning for the other—one I knew and loved so well.

It seems to me—I have spent the summer alone—no one at home understands an A. E. F. returned man, and few you meet from over there appreciate the meaning of the service. * * *

Your letter brings to my mind a prayer I have heard, uttered at the grave of the ancient master, Hiram, the widow's son. From Albert I know you will understand my meaning, and are in possession of that prayer. * * *

If ever I can be of service to you do not hesitate to call upon me, for I will gladly do my best for you.

LIEUT. LESLIE W. JOYCE, Columbia, Tenn.

* * * I was indeed sorry to learn of Albert's death, and you may be sure it was a surprise to me as he looked so well the last time that I talked with him and that was only a few days before I sailed for the states. He had been on duty at division headquarters for a week or so.



Lt. L. W. Joyce, Lt. A. C. Funkhouser
Rugny, France

You ask about his service in France. As you know he went to France with the National Guard troops of Texas and Oklahoma, the 36th Division. All of these men were volunteers and were the pick of the two states, so we were all proud of our division. We landed at the port of Brest, France, on the 31st of

July, '18, and moved from there to the department of Aube, where we went through our final training before going to the front. We were located near the town of Bar Sur Aube; on the 26th we started for the lines marching a great deal of the way, and on October 6 the first of the division went into the fight; then, on the night of the 9th, the balance went into the lines. We had three days of fighting and advancing all the time. Albert was in this fight; he was with Company F, 144th Infantry. We made a total advance of twenty-one kilometers; we then took up position and held that for eighteen days longer, when we were relieved by the French.

Albert was with the regiment all through this and come out without receiving any wounds and was recommended for a Croix de Guerre or French War Medal. * * * During the month of January he had a twelve-day leave and visited different cities of France.

SERGEANT HARRISON A. THOMPSON, Sherman, Texas.

* * * Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser * * * was a man. * * * I never asked him for a favor that he did not grant if he could * * * he did me many favors. He did his duty as faithfully as any man in France. * * * He was my friend indeed. * * * I was a member of his company. * * * We marched together when we came back from the front. He handled the company properly all the time, and was always THERE. * * * He always gave us as much freedom as he could.

SERGEANT WM. REED, Los Angeles, Cal.

* * * Lieutenant Funkhouser and I went through the third officers' training school together and were fast friends for practically two years afterwards. We were in the same regiment and battalion but not the same company; therefore, I was not with him when in the lines, but was with him very soon afterwards. I was transferred to his company but never reported, as I was sent on special duty to Paris and was a casual when he was and met him in Brest.

He was in command of Casual Company No. 875 when I was first sergeant of the same casual company. I last saw him as he was carried from the boat on a stretcher, but was unable to see him later as no one was allowed to see him in the hospital. When he became ill he turned the casual company No. 875, over to me, and the company was discharged.

I regret that I cannot give you any personal details of his service at the front, except that I know he served for twenty-

six successive days in the Champagne sector, the division being brigaded with the French. * * *

I know that Lieutenant Funkhouser was the best liked officer in the battalion, being popular with both officers and men. He stood by his men, having their best interests at heart always. * * * I have the highest regard for Lieutenant Funkhouser's memory.

CAPT. ULEN G. MEDFORD, Lufkin, Tex.

I was surprised and deeply grieved to hear that Albert had died. To think that he went through all those dangers and sufferings that one had endured upon the front, and had had that long, dreary wait in Rugny, France, for orders to sail for home and then to die in the home port, is indeed sad.

I wish to congratulate you upon rearing a son of Albert's worth and ability, for he was indeed a man. One never had a better or truer friend than he, and no one could ask for a higher eulogy than that his friends considered him all that could be desired in friendship.

My first acquaintance with Al was in September, 1918, when I was transferred to Company E, 144th Infantry, which company I commanded throughout all the action in which the 36th Division participated. After the armistice I was made battalion adjutant, and served in that capacity until I was discharged, July 7, 1919, Albert serving upon Major Henderson's staff with me in the capacity of liaison officer. Al was a splendid officer and man, and the men of his company (Company F, 144th Infantry) sure did love and appreciate him.

If you have not heard from Lieut. Joe Jamar, of Creedmoor, Tex., please write to him, as he and Al were almost inseparable. * * *

In closing, I wish to say to Al's father and mother that my heart goes out to you in your sorrow, and I would that there was something that I could do to help allay your grief and to help you. If there is anything in which I can be of service to you do not hesitate to call upon me.

LIEUT. HANNIBAL H. CHANDLER, Company F, 144th Infantry, Highland Park, Ill.

It was with the deepest regret that I learned of the untimely death of your son Albert, and wish to extend to you my sincere sympathy. We were associated with each other in Company F, 144th Infantry, Captain Horner's company, from November 29, 1918, to February 12, 1919. The day I joined the com-

pany they were on the march back from the front after the armistice and had already been on the march for about twelve days. We marched two days more and arrived at Rugny, Yonne, France, a town of about two hundred people. Albert was stationed in this town from December 1 up to the time that the 36th Division started home, about May 4.

From November 29 to February 12 I saw quite a bit of Albert—in fact, we roomed together about two weeks previous to February 12 and during this time we became very close friends. Albert was always very modest about telling me of his experiences at the front, so that I cannot give you any definite information about any action that he was in but I have heard any number of men in Company F say that Albert was very cool and steady when the company was under fire and that he handled his men perfectly. This general expression from his men is really the best compliment that an officer can receive.

If I remember correctly he was in command of Company F when they were at the front. * * *

I was with Albert the night he received the news of his brother's death, which was about the middle of December. At such a time the finer characteristics come out of a man and I can truthfully say that Albert thought of doing everything that would bring any consolation to his family. He didn't rest easy until he had secured his leave of absence to go up to the front to locate Paul's resting place. I remember we spent quite a little time going over a railroad guide I had in figuring out his train connections so as not to waste any time.

I shall always remember Albert's good company in the long winter nights that we spent together before the open fireplace in the billet we occupied in Rugny. The conversation always reverted to home and how much more we would appreciate our homes after living in the small towns of France. Albert's good company helped to shorten many a long evening. * * * *

For about a month Albert was intelligence officer of the battalion, which meant that he had charge of training specially picked men from each of the four companies of the battalion—about twenty in all. These men were trained as snipers and runners and at the front were used in gathering information of the enemy. I know Major Henderson, who commanded our battalion, thought very highly of Albert.

The last time I saw Albert was at Brest, on May 24. He was busy getting his detachment of about 250 men ready to return. He had a casual company of men from the 36th Division, who had been attending the various universities in Europe.

I sincerely hope that I may have the pleasure of meeting

you and Mrs. Funkhouser sometime in the near future, as I feel I could better express my thoughts to you in person than in writing. If I am ever near Evansville I shall surely call on you and hope that if you come to Chicago that you will let me have the pleasure of entertaining you.

CAPT. ALLEN W. SPENSE, A. D. C., 36th Division,
Camp Bowie

* * * Although a stranger to you, permit me to express my deep sympathy with you in your sorrow. While I had only a slight acquaintance with your son, First Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, it was a most pleasant one, and I know of the high esteem in which he was held by those who knew him better than I. * * *

CAPT. GEORGE C. GRAETER, Vincennes, Ind.

Wednesday I learned of the death of your son and it caused me much sorrow. We came from France together and was our entertainment officer on the U. S. S. "Freedom" before he was taken sick.

We became very friendly as both of us were from Indiana, I having been born at Vincennes.

I realize fully that it is useless for me to try to cheer you up, but I hope that it will give you some slight satisfaction to learn from one who knew him that your son was highly regarded by all of us and that he was an excellent officer, a cheerful and happy companion, and more than all a worthy, brave and loyal citizen. My heart goes out to you and yours in your affliction.

I have been in communication with Capt. W. A. Heap, M. C., who also came home with us. Captain Heap has at last informed me that the naval surgeon was in charge of the ship's hospital. He also informs me that Albert became real ill about five days from the United States, but was not really dangerously ill until about three days out.

I was the last officer to leave the U. S. S. "Freedom," as I was in charge of policing the ship, and spoke to Albert as they carried him off on a stretcher. His face was covered with a sheet, but he was peeping from under the side of it and smiled when I spoke. They carried him carefully and I ordered them not to bump him when they went up the ladder to the well deck. His death grieved me greatly.

* * * * *

Your letter of August 5 received. It made me very sad. In

some manner I know how you feel, as I lost many close friends and some good men in the late war. It is very, very sad, and you certainly have paid the price. After all is said, love of one's own people comes first of all. Your sons met death in a good cause and unafraid, but when one's friends and people die those of us who suffer are prone to regard wars, and perhaps patriotism, as little things. To my mind, to feel that way is quite natural and quite right. Since coming home sometimes as I walk down the street and see some of our so-called citizens that good men died for in the field and in the hospital I think the price this Country paid was very, very high. I was in France over twenty-two months, was in hospital over two and one-half months, and was in several engagements, and I know whereof I speak.

The U. S. S. "Freedom" sailed from Brest, France, on May 25, 1919. The next time I am in Evansville I will consider it both a pleasure and a duty to call on you. "Honor to whom honor is due."

CAPTAIN PETER P. ZION, Philadelphia, July 1, 1919

* * * Albert and I first became acquainted aboard the U. S. S. "Patrica," which we boarded and left—both his organization and mine being put off as there was no room for us. Later, we again met aboard the U. S. S. "Freedom," on which ship we arrived in the United States.

Your son was apparently in good condition on the voyage until the third day before we landed. On that day he was sent to the navy hospital. The next day he developed pneumonia.

From the close associations I had with your son Albert, and from what I heard of him from his men, I became greatly attached to him. I am pleased to be able to tell you that his men had a high regard for him, both as a man and an officer. His record under fire is one of which we can all be proud.

During one of our conversations, Albert told me he had his brother re-buried in France * * *

I am sorry that I could not have been with Albert at the hospital, but I am glad that at least you saw him before he died.

CAPT. CLAUDE A. ADAMS, Crowell, Texas.

* * * I was very sorry indeed to hear of the death of your son, Albert. * * * I cannot go into particulars as regards his Company ("F") or any other special unit, as I was on the staff at the time. * * *

Accept my heartfelt sympathy for the loss of your two sons. I realize my part of the war is over, but that it will never be over for you.

CAPT. GEORGE T. ROWE, Chaplain Embarkation Hospital,
Camp Stuart, Va.

It is indeed with a heart filled with sadness and beating in unison with your own in this hour of your bereavement, that I am writing this letter in regard to the death of your loved one, Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, who passed away at this hospital of pneumonia, lobar. It seems it was rather sudden and he became desperately ill almost from the very first. He was sent to embarkation hospital, where every effort was made to save his life, but all to no avail, and so, on the 15th day of June, he went to the final roll call.

Everything that could possibly be done for our beloved brother, your son, was done for him, for he was one of the big hearted manly soldiers, embracing in his makeup the things that were noble and true. He was indeed the type of man that made friends with every class and numbered his friends by his acquaintances.

But the Divine Creator has nowhere stated that there is a fixed period in life in which the individual must win or lose. The opportunity to achieve may come in the closing years of life, it may come at noontide, or in the early morning of youth. The strategic hour of life may be then and never appear again. The important thing is for the individual to know the hour, to seize it, and to use it. To fail here is to lose life's battle.

How inspiring the thought that it can never be said that your beloved one had failed to recognize the strategic hour of life as related to himself, the Nation, and humanity. He was interested in laying the foundations for a good character, therefore he loved the good, true things of life. Devoted to his mother, home, friends and country, life's golden hour was not wasted by him. When the call came for men, your loved one gladly stepped into his place in the ranks. He was eager to go where the Stars and Stripes ought to go. He was willing to give his all to maintain the principles for which Old Glory stands.

Now all is finished. He has heard his last call for taps and he has been enrolled among our sainted heroes. May the memory of your noble son be a tower of strength in this sad hour.

In closing may I extend to you the sympathy of the entire personnel of the hospital.

MR. W. H. PILKINGTON, Springfield, Mo.

The knowledge of Albert's death came as a severe blow, for I counted him among my closest and dearest friends.

We were Phi Delta's together during my freshman year at De Pauw. Albert at that time was a sophomore. He was more or less my protector during these strenuous times and endeared himself to me for his comradeship.

I was in France with the 35th Division, and while stationed at Commercy, Albert walked in on me one evening. He had been up in the Argonne vicinity to bury his brother and was on his way back to his organization. This was after the armistice was signed. We had a splendid visit for a couple of days. He left to rejoin his company * * *

Should I ever happen to come to Evansville, rest assured I will stop off and pay my respects to the parents of my very good friend.

Kindly accept my sincere sympathy in this present sorrow. This comes from my heart. In losing your son I have lost a friend that can never be replaced.

JAMES BROWN, Rome, New York.

It was just the other day that I received Charlotte's letter telling me about dear old Albert. It was such a shock to me that I just cannot seem to be able to express my true feelings.

It is impossible for me to tell you the sympathy which I have for both you and Mr. Funkhouser. To think that out of all of those that came back from the frightful war that you should lose both your boys.

I had never had the pleasure of meeting Paul, but everyone spoke so highly and often of him and said he was just like Albert, that it makes me feel as if I knew him personally.

You know Albert and I were in touch with each other after he arrived in France and just missed seeing each other by a few miles.

He wanted me to leave my outfit and join his, after I had told him what a life I was leading and how I had no close friends of mine. He promised me everything possible if I came, which was Albert thru and thru, always trying and doing something for someone else. But it was impossible for me to get transferred.

I thought it strange he didn't answer my last letter, for I asked him to be sure and let me know when he was to land as I would meet him in New York. You see I sailed for home just before him.

Mrs. Funkhouser, it is wonderful to know that both Albert and Paul gave their life for such a wonderful cause and that we as a nation have such brave mothers, who did their duty nobly and gave so freely when called upon. I just know that God will repay all of you in the next world for all the suffering caused in this war. May I ask for a picture of Albert for I do want one as I haven't any of him.

Please remember me to Mr. Funkhouser and if there is anything I can possibly do, please let me know, for it would give me so much pleasure to be able to do something.

FROM OUT-OF-TOWN FRIENDS

LIEUT. W. E. BARTON, Washington, D. C.

I can't tell you how grieved I was to hear of Albert's death. On my arrival at New York, I received some newspaper clippings sent me by my mother, conveying the sad news. It came to me as a shock, as I saw Albert at Brest, and was with him the night which he received his orders to embark the next morning. He told me that he had been in a hospital, but apparently he had recovered and was all right. He reached Brest after most of his organization had left, and was ordered to take home a small detachment. Mrs. Barton and I feel for you and yours the most profound sympathy in your loss.

When I reach Evansville the latter part of this month, if I can give you any additional information concerning Paul's resting place, I shall feel honored to do so.

REV. W. G. ARCHER, Constantinople (to R. H. Pennington, City)

* * * Governor Durbin has just been over (in France) and he told me that Albert Funkhouser lost his boy (Paul) in that last terrible hour in the Argonne. I was there somewhere, and God knows how I wish I could have been some help to him. It is one of the regrets of my life that I was not thrown with some of the boys from home; but, as you know, I was with the 90th Division, all from Texas and Oklahoma, and did not see an Indiana man until after I came back to Paris. But they were brave boys, and the valor and glory of Indiana is written all over the bloody fields of France. Please express my sympathy and sorrow to Albert in your own way, for I haven't words to fit a case where such extreme sorrow and sense of loss can only be tempered in part by the feeling of pride in the rich American blood that makes heroes of all our boys. God bless them as they sleep so far from home under the red poppies of France.

MRS. C. W. BISSETT, Los Angeles, Cal.

* * * I want to extend to you and family my heartfelt sympathy on your great loss of both of your loving sons. Now, my dear friends, this is such a poor effort of consolation in words, but there is none that feel more deeply with you in your great trial.

I just had to write a line to you as I want you both to know that I am, as ever, your friend in your great sorrow. I would so much like to be able to express myself to you both, but I know you will take this little effort of mine as it is meant.

JAMES H. BLACKBURN, Attorney, Mt. Vernon, Ind.

I want to tell you that I deeply sympathize with you in your great loss. You know the pangs of a grief that cannot come to me, but you will always have the comfort of proud memories that I can never know.

CAPT. SCOTT R. BREWER, Indianapolis, Ind.

I have been away and just heard of your terrible loss; and Oh, how much my heart goes out to you and Mrs. Funkhouser! Albert was one of those I was proud to feel were my best friends. He was a thorough man and I can hardly bear to think that he, too, has been taken from you.

The last time I saw him was in October, 1917. I had asked him in to dinner—we were both at Ft. Harrison then, he in the motor corps—and we waited and waited and he never did show up. I did not get another chance to see him, for the next day I was ordered to Camp Gordon, Ga. You had two splendid boys and pride that they gave their lives for their Country can do little to assuage your grief, I know. It may help a little to think that they were loved by many, many friends; that they lived and died splendidly and like men. Your sorrow is a terrible one even so, and how I wish I could in some way share it with you and help to lighten the load.

LIEUT. LUTHER W. COBBEY, North Platte, Neb.

You all know why I am writing this letter, I know; but for me to put into writing what I want to, I cannot. My sympathy is all with you. I only wish that I might be of some help to you; that I might cheer you a little—at this time about all that one can do is to say that I would like to help you, for one as far away as I can do no more.

My sympathy, my thoughts, my love, all for you.

* * * * *

I have thought of you all so much and talked of you so much lately. I wish I could do something to help you. If thinking about you would only help you, you would certainly have lots of help.

I remain, with a friend's love and sympathy.

MR. AND MRS. E. L. COTHRELL, Indianapolis
(Telegram)

Mrs. Cothrell joins with me in extending sincere sympathy in your terrible bereavement.

DR. MARY A. CROMER, Union City, Ind.

I want to say something to you, but what can I say? Words are so empty when it comes to expression of grief like yours. But I do want you to know that among your large circle of friends there is one over here in Union City. When I read of your second son's death, in the Indianapolis Star, I grieved with you. It seemed too much to think of him arriving from overseas then having to be taken.

No doubt the wear of all his strenuous life in France reduced his resistance. We don't know why these things come; perhaps to make the next world more real than this. They cannot return to us but we can go to them.

With love and sympathy.

HON. SAMUEL CRUMBAKER, Washington, D. C.

I shall take this occasion to say that Mrs. Crumbaker and I desire to extend to you and your good wife our sincere and very deepest sympathy in these hours of your incomparable bereavement.

Next to the death of my parents, and possibly that of Col. Roosevelt, I have had nothing to affect me more than the genuine sorrow that I have felt by reason of the death of your estimable sons.

I know of no parents in Evansville who can in truth have better cause for satisfaction and pride in the character and type of the children they have reared. And after all there is no little consolation in knowing that these boys had been reared right; and also that they died in one of the most righteous causes in which any soldier ever fought, in any war or in any age. There is also a consolation in the fact that they have gone to a far better world than this, and the knowledge of this fact is destined to make those realms even more alluring to you when the hour shall come that you are called upon to pass across the bar. You will be ever mindful that you have treasures

there of rare value, no small part of this value being added by reason of the sacrifice which they made, and also by reason of your sacrifice as well.

Albert, I know that through your trials you have exemplified a manly courage, and a Christian bearing. I know this because I know you to be a Christian gentlemen, and in nothing would you, even in the slightest degree, question the will or the wisdom of the Father, though the cause cannot be conjectured by the Finite Mind. * * *

JUDGE THOMAS DUNCAN, Princeton, Ind.

We noticed with extreme regret the untimely death of the son who first died, and now note with deepened sorrow the death of your second son, Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser. Accept yourself and convey to your stricken wife the earnest and profound sympathy of myself and wife in your irreparable loss. We can sympathize with you with some understanding of the terrible suffering that you have and must endure. Fourteen years ago last January we lost a son, then just 14 years of age. During all these long years there have been few days when we did not have heart breaks as keen and merciless as they were the day he died. Time has not decreased the keenness of the loss we feel, and that we know you must feel.

I have taken great comfort from many passages of Scripture that will readily recur to you, and have found these words of Dickens literally true. He said:

"For every tear shed on these green graves some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power."

You will remember these young heroes as they were the last time you saw them in health. You and your good wife may grow old and gray with years and sorrow, but in your minds these splendid boys will never grow old. They will remain boys, though you may live another half century. * * *

MAJ. WALLACE C. DYER, Camp Mills, N. Y.

The news concerning Lieut. Albert reached me this morning and my heart is full to overflowing. May I extend to you the very deepest sympathy from myself and Mrs. Dyer. I shall not attempt to tell you how deeply we feel but would like to make you understand that we are trying to reach you through a genuine heart message.

The news of Lieut. Paul's death came to me at the time when the mails were being delayed and when it did finally reach, I knew you were counting so much upon the return of the other

son that I refrained from writing you at so late a date. And then when we heard that Albert had reached our shores but was so ill we looked at our toddler and knew just what was going on in your hearts.

Since it has to be this way, may you always be able to find solace in the fact that your sons have done their duty as soldiers and gentlemen, and were not found wanting when their Nation called them. To my way of thinking, a father and mother could have no greater heritage but I know, too, it will be so hard for you to understand and therefore my heart throbs for you tonight and will always.

REV. C. C. EDWARDS, Boonville, Ind.

It is with sincere sorrow that I see an account of Albert's sickness and death. You have our most heartfelt sympathy. Your cup of suffering must be full to overflowing.

We had hoped that you would have the one son spared to you. This staggers our poor weak human reason; the questions will come, "Why? Why?" The best answer I can find is in the last chapter in the Book, viz: "(Cor. 13:12) Now we see through a glass darkly but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as I am known." It will take the light of two worlds to dispel the darkness of this hour. It is certainly a source of gratification to you and Mrs. Funkhouser that both of your sons died in the discharge of their duty as patriots. May I assure you of the sympathy of my father's heart, knowing what it meant to say to my sons, "Go, your Country calls and needs you." But I do not know what it means to have them give up their lives for a cause that is as sacred as any for which men ever gave their lives. I think I know how ambitious you were for your sons and how high your hopes for them were in their chosen profession. Had they lived am sure they would not have disappointed you. I sincerely hope that you may find real comfort in the conscious presence in your heart of the Holy Spirit. Who is the only one who can give real consolation in sorrow.

Be ever assured of my prayers and brotherly regard for you and yours.

MR. H. P. EULER, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

(Telegram)

Mother and myself extend our sympathy to yourself and family.

FRED FORCHT, JR., Attorney, Louisville, Ky.

I deeply sympathize with you in your misfortune, and wish to extend to you and your wife my sincerest sympathy.

MR. JOSEPH N. FOSTER, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

I have just learned of Albert's fate through my cousin, Mary Neiman, and wish to extend to you and yours my heartfelt sympathy at this time. Your loss is great. I feel it, too, for I have lost a very dear friend.

In these dark hours our faith seems so weak, for we ask, "Why do these things happen?" We do not receive an answer to this, but soon we are comforted by the Almighty and look forward to the day when we shall all be together again.

May God in His infinite mercy draw near and comfort you all.

FOSTER & MESSICK, Indianapolis

* * * This has taken an awful toll of you and we wish you and your family to know that we feel for you deeply.

We sincerely wish that some act or thought of ours could have made this cup pass by you, or lighten the burden of grief which you must have.

MR. AND MRS. J. WILL GLEICHMAN, Chicago

We have been wanting to write you since your last deep sorrow, but our hearts have been so sad and full of sympathy for you that we could not find words to express same.

We hope you will be able to bear your loss knowing you have hosts of friends that share your sorrow with you.

Our thoughts and prayers are with you always.

MR. RICHARD J. GRADY, Evanston, Ill.

The sad news of Paul's and Albert's deaths has just reached me. Never had any one's death so affected me as has Albert's, for I considered him an exceptional man as well as an exceptional friend. I have never met one I admired more and even my own brother's death would not have made me sadder than the sad tidings recording Albert's death.

The burden placed upon your shoulders by the World War is great, but I hope that the realization that you sacrificed two real super-American boys to the cause will give you strength to bear up under the burden and make the sacrifice less burdensome for Mrs. Funkhouser.

MRS. NORMA HAAS, South Bend, Ind.

Our deepest sympathy and sincerest love. May God comfort you, for words are inadequate. Always your friend.

MR. JAMES W. HAUGHTON, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

I wish to express to you the deepest sympathy of both Mrs. Haughton and myself for the loss of your gallant son. I realize how vain it would be for me to attempt to lighten your sorrow with words, and yet we want you to know that our hearts throb in sincerest sympathy for you at this time.

I sincerely hope that your grief may be made easier to bear by the knowledge that both your brave boys did their full duty in upholding the honor of their country and the rights of free men. Wherever men may hear of their services and their unselfish devotion, their acts will inspire true patriotism and manhood in others. The names of Paul and Albert Funkhouser deserve an hallowed place in that bright galaxy of heroes who have made the name "America" shine as a beacon light through all the world.

They did not lose their lives, they spent their lives, and in doing so have shown the way to a truer, nobler manhood.

In closing I cannot fail to pay a just tribute to the noble father and mother, of those heroic lads, who have at all times stood true and unflinchingly opposed to everything that was un-American. Your lives and theirs are worthy the emulation of all who would be true patriots.

May God strengthen you and help you to bear your sorrow and at last bring you all together where only peace and justice shall rule.

MR. GEORGE H. HAUSER, Washington Court House, Ohio

It is with surprise and with a sense of personal loss, difficult to embody in words, that I have today received from Evansville a newspaper clipping regarding the afflictions which have come upon you and upon your household.

Without doubt, there is little or nothing which any one could possibly say to you at a time such as this that would do much else than call renewed attention to your great sorrow. The only reason I write to you at all just now is that this thing strikes to the very roots of my heart, and somehow I can't quite forbear trying to say something to you—no matter how crude

or poor it may be—to let you know that I am remembering you, just now, with the heartfelt wish that I could see you, face to face and take you by the hand, instead of trying to reach out toward you across these miles of distance.

Some time, before too great a while, I hope it may be granted me again to see Evansville, and all my dear friends—you and the rest—whom I have not seen now for well nigh fifteen months. Until that time comes I must wait in patience.

You and Mrs. Funkhouser have been called upon to make a sacrifice which is, indeed, a great and heavy one. In this, your time of bitter sorrow and loss, I am sure that you yet will remember the promises of God, which I firmly believe are valid and will be fulfilled: "Sorrow may endure for a night; but joy cometh with the morning."

Paul and Albert have paid the blood-price, to the end that freedom might not perish from this earth. For the time being they are with God; but presently, you and those others there about you who loved these boys so dearly and who miss them now so sharply will be reunited with them, nevermore to be parted. Jehovah made this promise, and I cannot find it in me to doubt that He will keep it to the letter.

The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you and yours, and give you peace.

With most faithful remembrance, deep regard, and the earnest hope that you may soon be led toward better and happier days I am, ever faithfully your friend.

MR. JOE HERR, Lancaster, Pa.

* * * I wish to extend my most heartfelt sympathy to you and your family.

God knows you have given more than your just share. * * *

MRS. LAURA M. HICKS, Bloomington, Ind.

When we heard of the great sorrow that has come to your home the second time, I felt I must write you at once, but somehow my pen refused to move.

It is hard for us to understand why our loved ones should be taken from us, and why we should meet these sorrows with a feeling of submission, and bow to the Will of Providence, and say, "Thy Will be done."

The distance between life and death is short, at best. Gather all the sunshine that comes your way. The kindred feeling of thousands of mothers will surely be a comfort to you in your loneliness.

MAJ. CHARLES F. HOUGHTON, 7th M. G. Bn., Kell, Germany

* * * I can't begin to express my sympathy for you and your family at your loss, but please believe that I am sincerely sorry for you all. I felt the loss of Paul deeply, as he and I were together a great deal, and while I did not know Albert I realize that he must have been a fine fellow, being Paul's brother.

MR. FRED G. JOHNS, Indianapolis

My family joins me in sending our deepest sympathy to you and your good family in the loss of Albert.

At the time of reading of his illness in the papers and of your going to his bedside, we hoped and prayed that his life would be spared, so that he might return to you. But when the news finally came that he had passed away, it cast a gloom over our entire family.

May God bless and strengthen all of you in this, no doubt, the most trying time of your lives, are the sincere wishes of your friends.

JUDGE ROBERT S. KIRKHAM, Corydon, Ind.

When I heard of your son having been killed in battle my heart went out to you and I thought then I would send you a word of condolence, but pressing business engagements at the time, as is often the case, prevented me from giving due consideration to the feeling of even my best friends.

When the sad news came that you had lost another boy in the service I felt you had been called upon to do more than your share in the great struggle for world freedom and I was deeply moved with compassion for you and Mrs. Funkhouser. I am writing you this brief note with a prayer that both of you may be sustained some way in your great bereavement.

The thought that your brave sons died in a noble cause will partially sustain you, but the assurance that King David had when his son died that he should go to him will afford you a hope that will be an anchor to your troubled souls.

I have learned that Time is a doctor that heals many wounds, both physical and mental, and as the days, months and years come and go, may each new day bring relief to your aching hearts.

MISS ELOISE MARY KOCH, Mountain Lakes, N. J.

Although I know that nothing I could do or say would comfort you, I want you to know that I am thinking of you and that my heart is full of sympathy for you in this, your second great sacrifice.

MISS MINNIE S. KRAMER, Henderson, Ky.

Words fail to convey my feelings of sorrow on receipt of news of the death of my friend, your son. I know how futile it is to address words, idle words, to you in this moment of supreme anguish, with which it has pleased God to visit you, and I shall not say more than that the loss of your dear son is a source of deep sorrow to the numerous friends who had the privilege of knowing him, and to none more than, yours in deep sympathy.

HON. O. R. LUHRING, M. C., Washington, D. C.

I have just learned through the newspapers of Lieut. Albert's death. I cannot adequately express in words just how sorry I am for you and Mrs. Funkhouser. It would be vain, indeed, to even attempt to gild a grief, such as yours, with words.

I do want you to know that I sympathize most deeply with you and your family.

DR. ADAH M'MAHAN, Lafayette, Ind.

I want to send to you two bereaved parents my very deepest sympathy as well as reverence. You have given a priceless gift, as did those two dear sons of yours.

I have just learned of your double sorrow and I want to weep with you. How proud you can be in their manhood! Someday I hope, Alta, I can talk with you and tell you how very proud I was of our "American boys" over there in France.

I met your boy's cousin at one of the base hospitals and learned that Albert was in France but never met him, to know him.

If you can come up someday, won't you do so? * * *
Thirty years ago and we were just beginning life, and now we are seeing the journey's road just around the corner. I wish I were nearer and could tell you again, how very dear and sweet young Albert Funkhouser's (first lieutenant United States Army) mother was in those days of 1889, and I am sure the father of the boys thought so too.

The tasks and cares have come back since my return, but I am so happy to be back home again in Indiana.

Take good care of yourselves. I know the two "gold stars" will enrich your lives though you see them impoverished now. * * *

MR. SHELDON C. MALONE, Tampa, Fla.

The heart-breaking news reached me this morning. I have refused to believe it could happen; and Oh, why should death come to him! I can't understand. And I am denied a chance to look upon him again on this earth. Why, folks, I thought more of Albert than I can tell you. It has been my dream to see him go high in the affairs of our Nation.

I can't write anymore now. How I wish I could be there with you. May God bless and help you.

I want to ask now though that you give me one of his pictures. I will value it more than anything I have.

* * * * *

I can't write as I feel my emotions are too strong for any words of mine. I cannot even comfort you as I knew only grief and sorrow. The only bright spot to me is that I loved him—that no one ever displaced his place in my heart. He won it as a boy and I have treasured it as a man. Nor do I believe that I will ever know the men that can fill that place which was the living Albert's for Albert the dead will remain enshrined—a beautiful memory which will never die.

Circumstances prevented me from being close to Albert, but, folks, I never dreamed a dream of good fortune that he did not share it. I never thought of great happiness that he did not have his place in it. Wherever my home shall be there will be Albert's picture, but in my heart there shall be a picture that no human hands could describe; it is that dearest of all things—a friend.

I could not reach home in time to see him. I did not send a wreath—but when I come home again I shall place my flowers upon his grave and offer up the prayer of a friend.

MRS. ELINOR A. MARKEL, Washington, Ind.

I feel that I want you to know that I am grieving with you today, with your hosts of other friends. I wish it were possible to write some word that might lighten your sorrow, but fully realizing that this is impossible I can only sorrow with you. I knew Albert better than your other children, and cared for him.

We were proud of Paul and are proud of Albert, and after a time the heroic passing of these two dear boys may to some extent soften the blow. I pray it may be so.

To both of you, to Alta, to Ruth and to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, I can only say I am thinking of you all and grieving with you today.

MR. AND MRS. W. A. MARQUA, Cincinnati

When I left you at Portsmouth on your way to Newport News, I felt your sorrow so keenly. I told Mrs. Marqua about my meeting you and we both prayed and hoped for your son.

What shall I say to assuage your grief? Words are sometimes painful even in sympathy. We are saddened—we wish we could help. All I can say is we are thinking of you. * * * Mrs. Funkhouser seems such a dear mother and my heart goes out to her. * * *

MRS. ROBERT G. MILLER, Bloomington, Ind.

Since hearing of the last sad bereavement that has come to you, my thoughts have been almost constantly with you. I did not have the pleasure of knowing your son, Lieut. Albert Funkhouser, but knowing Paul as I did I am sure he was the same fine type of young manhood and I know that his loss is a blow almost too hard to be borne; but these things or other troubles come to us in life and we wonder how we are to bear them, and if it were not for a higher power I am sure we would fall by the wayside. I only wish I might say something to comfort you, but words so inadequately express our thoughts at such times, but it does help to know that we have the love and sympathy of friends. Mr. Miller wishes me to assure you of his heartfelt sympathy. I haven't seen Henry for two weeks but I know he feels keenly for you in this great calamity. He thinks so much of Mr. Funkhouser and your brother Arthur; he enjoyed the visit he had with them here and he loved Paul.

I hope we may meet again and renew our friendship. I hope your daughters are well and I know they will be your greatest comfort. * * *

MR. AND MRS. ELMER MILLER, Owensboro, Ky.

Deepest sympathy.

MR. CHARLES D. MONTGOMERY, Atlanta, Ga.

I have just received your letter and want to thank you for your kind words and sympathy for I know they come from a heart filled with a kindred feeling.

I visited my son (1st Lieut. Charles D. Montgomery, Jr.) while in Camp Green and I had the pleasure of meeting your splendid boy (Paul), who by his kindness and courtesy won my admiration, and when I saw the announcement of his death I was pained and shocked. He and Charles were very warm friends. You have my deepest sympathy in your double loss.

While I lost only one, I know how you feel, for we have both lost our all.

Charles was transferred from the 7th Machine Gun Battalion to the 9th Machine Gun Battalion when they started in the St. Mihiel drive. He wrote me of his sorrow in leaving the boys in the 7th, whom he had learned to love so well.

I am sending you a photograph of my boy, and would like one of Paul if you can send me one. I am delighted to know the honor that has been conferred upon him and his brother by the American Legion, naming the post at Evansville for them.

If Paul's mother is living, please extend to her my especial sympathy. Charles' mother has been dead for several years.

God bless and comfort you.

MR. E. H. O'NEAL, Crawfordsville, Ind.

I am shocked to note in the morning paper that Albert, too, has paid the price, and while I fear nothing I could say would alleviate your deep grief, yet, it must be a little gratifying to know that he was another who "did his bit."

"Funkie" was a "pal" of mine and it hurts, really hurts. We don't know why, but I guess there must be a time. Both Mrs. Funkhouser and yourself have my deepest sympathy.

MR. CALVIN W. PRATHER, Grand Secretary F. & A. M.,
Indianapolis

Words fail me to express the deep sympathy in my heart for you and your good wife in the loss of your second son, a soldier. I note in the morning paper his death, which occurred in our own America, and that you were present at his bedside when he went away. Rest assured, Albert, that all your friends and especially your Masonic brethren, deeply sympathize with you in this, the second sad bereavement you have had within the year. * * *

DR. AND MRS. M. RAVDIN, Battle Creek, Mich.

Words cannot express our grief when we read in the Courier of the death of Albert. We hasten to extend to you our sympathy in the hour of your trial and sorrow.

May our Heavenly Father give you strength to bear the heavy burden. May He give you peace, and comfort you.

MR. EDWARD C. ROACH, New York

* * * I have just been looking over some clippings from home, and I see about your Albert.

I would like to say something to help, but just can't; but just let me squeeze your hand and look into your eyes, and let me tell you the message just in silence. God be with you till we meet again.

MRS. ROSE M. ROSE, Cannelton, Ind.

There is not one word I can say only "My heart is with you all." We (the Shallcross family and I) have been with you all every moment while awake.

They, with me, feel all that any one can feel for you all, but we just end all our talks about you by saying, "Isn't it too terrible?" We all just feel so sorry and grieved and while we know, oh, so well, how very, very little that means to broken hearts, yet we want you to know we are thinking of you.

Mr. and Mrs. Shallcross and I have so recently suffered that we feel we know something of what it is, and the worst of all is it stays with us, and we can't help ourselves nor others. We are with you and wish we could help you. Mr. and Mrs. Shallcross join me in love to you all. May God help you.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES H. SALM, Rockport, Ind.

May we not extend our sympathy in this, your second bereavement. We who have passed through the trying ordeal know what you suffer. We are told that time alone will eliminate our grief, yet it seems to us to add to the burden.

Our friends tell us what glorious deaths; what honorable sacrifices our sons have made; though we can only remember them as our sons. I am unable to say anything more. May God comfort you is our prayer.

MR. JAMES M. SHERRILL, New Amsterdam, Ind.

Have just heard of the death of your son, Lieut. Albert. Accept my deep sorrow and sympathy for you and your family. I know your grief is great, to think you have to give up another noble son. You have this consolation: he was not afraid to fight and die for his Country. He hastened to do his duty regardless of consequences to himself. Words fail me to express sympathy. Let me say that no man has a greater feeling for you than your old schoolmate. Oh, that I might take you by the hand! It seems to me that your cup of sorrow is more than

tull; one dear boy beneath the sod in France, but if it must be another, thank God he will rest in the United States, the greatest country on God's green earth.

May you find something that can, in a measure, help you in your grief, is the wish and desire of your old school mate and friend.

MR. ASA J. SMITH, Wabash, Ind.

In passing through Evansville the news of Albert's death came to me.

Mr. Funkhouser, I was a Phi Delt with "Funky" at DePauw, and I am crushed to read the tragic word.

You can find comfort in your sorrow that Albert had served his Country well and that hosts of friends over this state will mourn for him.

Please extend my sympathy to his mother and his uncle.

Your two sons will be long remembered with honor and glory due them.

MR. CHARLES C. TENNIS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

I have learned with deep regret of the death of your son, Albert, at Newport News, and I want to write you at once and assure you and Mrs. Funkhouser of my sincerest sympathy in this double bereavement and added burden of sorrow, which was already most more than you could bear. The burden is upon you and I am sure both you and Mrs. Funkhouser will meet the terrible affliction bravely, knowing that to be crushed would accomplish no relief. You will have to fight the battle as your dear boys fought in the struggle for humanity.

MISS MYLA THORNBURGH, Martinsville, Ind.

I have tried twice before to write you, but there was just nothing to say. I only wish in some way I could ease your sorrow and take away that awful hurt. We wonder, don't we, just why we have to give up some one so dear to us, whom we need so, and as yet I can find no answer to my question of why? why? I have been thinking of you all constantly and if any of my prayers would help, but nothing could really, I know. It just takes courage, doesn't it? And a deep conviction that after all our Maker knows a reason that makes it all for the best. Of course we want them with us here on earth, but it is a consolation to know that they have found greater things, true peace and contentment. If we can forget our want of them and think of their new peace in the greater world, maybe that could help just a little. * * *

MRS. LYMAN THRALL, Bone Gap, Ill.

I read in an Evansville paper about the death of your second boy and I know how sad it is, but you have two girls, and how thankful you ought to be, for, we too, lost two dear boys—all the children we had—and oh, our hearts are broken! We have no home, or rather it doesn't seem like home any more—just papa and myself, all alone.

Our youngest boy, Lloyd, died at Camp Funston of "flu," and our oldest, an aviator, was killed in France, just nineteen days later. So you can see we are all sad, but we can live so we can meet the dear boys in Heaven. My eyes are so full of tears I can hardly write; can't write with a pen. Write to me, please; we are so sad.

SANFORD TRIPPET, Attorney, Princeton, Ind.

Mrs. Trippet joins with me in extending to you and Mrs. Funkhouser our sincere sympathy for the loss of your son, an account of which we noticed in the paper last night. Your family has certainly suffered more than its share in losses in this awful war and you all have our sympathy in this hour of bereavement, I assure you.

SENATOR JAMES E. WATSON, Washington, D. C.

I have no language to express the sympathy I feel for you over the loss of your second son as the result of his sacrifice in behalf of the Country.

Surely you are entitled to and will receive the heartfelt assurances of sympathy from all the people who learn of your great sorrow.

MRS. NANNIE E. WEBB, Parsons, Kan.

In reading a Leavensworth item in the Crawford County Democrat, Saturday, I was so shocked and grieved to learn of the death of your dear son, at Newport News upon the Sunday before. Also the same clipping told of you losing your other dear boy in France, last October. So I hasten to extend my heartfelt sympathy to you in this great sorrow. Only a mother knows the sorrow and broken hearts of the parents. Oh, I can never tell you how sorry I am for you—my heart aches for you. Only two years ago, the eleventh of this month, you came to see me at Lizzie's and was telling me about your precious boys enlisting, and I saw then how your heart was bound up in your boys and were so proud of them. I have prayed so all during the terrible war for the mothers of the boys over

there and that He would comfort and strengthen them as only a dear loving Savior can do. God bless and comfort you in your sorrow; and try and remember He doeth all things well and He will never leave thee or forsake thee. Only trust him for it all, and while you may not now say, "Thy will be done," try to do so, and remember though they may not return to you, you can go to them. I trust you both are well and haven't forgotten me. I have been quite ill for some time, but am beginning to feel myself again. I couldn't keep the tears from running down my cheek when I read about your boys, and I have remembered you in my prayers several times and will again. Hattie, my daughter, said, "Mamma, you must write to your friend." So I hasten to do so.

Please accept love and sympathy from your old friend.

MARGARET TRIMBLE WELLBORN, Texarkana, Tex.

My thoughts have been with you a great deal these recent days and my sympathy goes out to you in your great sorrow. It seems that your grief is more than a mother can bear. Would that I could do something to help you. There are so many things in life we cannot understand. Words cannot express to you my feelings but I send love and deepest sympathy to you and Mr. Funkhouser. May comfort come to you as the days go by and you have the strength to bear this great grief. How little we can do to really help you at a time like this.

JUDGE JOHN C. WORSHAM, Henderson, Ky.

I learned today for the first time of the sad death of your son Albert.

It was a great shock when I read the account of his death, as I had had no information of his illness and thought, of course, he would soon be back with you, in splendid health.

You and yours had given so much to your country during the war period that it seems incomprehensible that you should have been called upon to make this further sacrifice.

When one attempts to offer consolation in a case like this he feels how utterly futile are mere words to express his feelings, at least I find myself in that situation. Nevertheless, Mrs. Worsham and I want you to know that you and your family have our deepest sympathy. We hope that the knowledge that Albert gave his all for his country may afford you some consolation.

I never knew Paul, but had been very much impressed by Albert the few times I had seen him, and personally feel that in his death I have lost a friend whom I had looked forward to knowing much better in the years to come. * * *

II.—From Home Folks

MAYOR BENJAMIN BOSSE

I desire to express to you the sincere heartfelt sympathy of the citizenship of Evansville in the additional loss of your son, Albert Craig. Many times I heard the citizens express their high appreciation of the courage and patriotism of your two splendid sons. We were all proud of them, and were pleased to take notice of the patriotism manifested by you as parents of these two splendid young men. And now, since they have made the supreme sacrifice, and you have been left to mourn their loss, we do not see, at this time, in what way we may be able to comfort you further than to extend to you everything and anything that may be possible for us to do.

Your two sons have given themselves for their country, and for the Liberty of us all. That you can, and should be proud of the noble men who left the Funkhouser home to defend the flag of their native land, may God find a way to assist and strengthen you at this time of your great bereavement, the loss of two affectionate and loving sons, and two of Evansville's manliest young citizens—their names will forever be written in the hearts of all patriotic citizens.

Mrs. Bosse joins me in extending to you our love, affection, and hope that we may be able in some way to render service to assist you at this time in your great loss.

HON. JOHN R. BRILL

I want to express to you my sincere sympathy and condolence in the recent and additional great loss that you have sustained in the death of your son, Albert Craig.

It seems you have been called upon to make an unusually great sacrifice to your country in the giving of both of your boys, but you have this consolation, that no braver and more patriotic sons ever gave their lives for their country.

You can always have the further consolation of the high esteem and regard in which both your sons were held by all who knew them, not only as brave soldiers, but as civilians and citizens. No young men stood higher or were more beloved in this community than were your two sons.

Mrs. Brill joins me in this feeble expression of our sympathy.

MRS. THOMAS J. BOLUSS

Dear Friends: I extend my heartfelt sympathy in your deep sorrow. May the Lord comfort and strengthen you all in your dark hours of sadness. Much love to the girls.

MRS. THOMAS J. BOLUS

I want to let you know that my thoughts and prayers are with you.

MR. AND MRS. F. O. DOLFINGER, MISS JULIA MAYHALL

We wish to convey to you our heartfelt sympathy in the sacrifice you have made in another son, who has fought his last fight and has finished his faith and for his supreme sacrifice for humanity, God has seen fit to call him up higher, where he can look into his face and say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." We realize it is sad and yet it's some comfort to know that he died in a cause that was righteous, and some day there will be a family reunion there and both of you will be there, and Albert and Paul will be there, and all sorrows shall pass away and there will be no tears there, and parents and children will rejoice with each other, such as this life cannot give.

Our words, cannot comfort you, but we can point you to Jesus Christ, our friend and brother, and the only one to go to when sickness or death enters the home. And may the comforter, the Holy Spirit, come into your lives as never before and heal the wounds that death has caused.

JUDGE FRANK C. GORE

"Greater love hath no man."—God! Man, it stuns me! If their General does not seem to comfort you at this time, forget yourself and try to comfort the stricken mother and sisters.

May God and love help you all.

THE GREATHOUSE FAMILY

No words that we can say at this time will relieve your broken hearts, but let us assure you of our deep sympathy in your double bereavement. We sincerely trust that God will give you strength to bear your great loss.

MRS. TECKLA A. HENRY

Accept my deepest sympathy. May God help you.

MR. JOHN C. HUTCHINSON

Under the circumstances, I feel that it is almost presumptuous to address you, as our acquaintance is not much more than casual and since I never knew your son, Albert, very inti-

mately. But I am impelled to let you know how much I am impressed with the very heavy burden of grief you and your family have to bear at this time.

While it may afford you small comfort just now, yet in the years to come you can only be proud of the record made by your two boys during a great national emergency. After all, what finer monument could a parent leave!

MISS MARGARET JOEST (TO RUTH AND ALTA)

Accept my tender and loving sympathy, in the loss of your dear brother.

MISS ROSE B. JOSLIN

I can't leave Evansville without telling you how deeply I sympathize with you and your daughters, in this unspeakably sad hour. Would I could help you! I can only join with hundreds of others in Evansville and pray God to comfort and help you.

MRS. STELLA LINDLEY

Words cannot express my sympathy to you in the loss of your sons. It does look hard for us to have to give up our loved ones, especially when they are young. But the Lord knows best and we are only hoping He will help us bear our burdens.

Mamma also joins me in her sympathy to you both.

MR. GEORGE L. MASTERS

Within the limits of a few months for the second time an archangel from the courts of High Heaven has descended with a summons for your son and brother, forbidding him to enter the gates of your earthly home in the flesh. As you walk through the valley and shadow of death may I bid you good cheer and am sure you will fear no evil for the Lord God of hosts is with you and surely goodness and mercy will follow you all the days of your lives. Another son and brother has gone from you on a journey from which no traveler has ever returned. You can meet these loved ones over on the golden shores of immortality, and may the peace of God abide with you while in the flesh and unfold in all its beauties out in the great beyond.

MAJ. BYRON F. PARSONS

Mindful of my inability to say anything that can assuage your great grief in this sad hour, nevertheless, I know that 'tis comforting to be remembered—hence this letter.

You have given two sons for country and humanity. 'Tis a great sacrifice that a grateful country will not soon forget, and this must be your chief consolation.

You have not given all though, as did the Massachusetts widow who gave her five sons in order that our country should not perish, and that brought to her that beautiful and matchless letter of commendation and consolation from President Lincoln in 1864.

All honor to the fathers and mothers of heroes such as were yours who gave the last full measure of devotion for country and a great principle.

In common with all our patriotic citizens I join in extending sympathy in this hour of your great sorrow.

MR. HENRY L. ROSE

You know without the saying my heart bleeds with yours for two reasons, for your great bereavement, and my utter helplessness in giving you comfort, in this, the darkest hour of your life.

Albert, my dear friend, I tried so hard to draft you a letter of condolence when poor Paul paid the penalty, but I was unequal to the demand; my mind absolutely refused to work, only a haze, so I gave it up and gripped your hand saying, "I am so sorry."

No one but our God knows how I have prayed that the last dear boy be spared you to crown the glory of both his and your achievement for your country's peace, and the knowledge of my dismal failure staggers me into that suffocating condition akin to blankness, and as I sit tonight in my home, I am going over with you every possible feeling you are now experiencing. I have made another attempt, but all to no effect, that numbness will not be dispelled, only tears come welling up to further obscure my thoughts so I will only echo the beautiful expressions of Rev. Edwards and ask God to bless your loved ones left in your good home and heal as quickly as possible those torn and bleeding hearts contained therein.

In sorrow for you and yours, I am ever your friend.

MR. KIRBY E. SCHERER

May I not, in your hour of great sorrow, intrude on your privacy long enough to try to express, in my feeble way, my

very great sympathy and hope that God in His great wisdom may soften the pain some way so that you may bear it? I want you to know that my heart bleeds for you, and as a father and a brother I mourn with you. May God bless you and sustain you.

MRS. GRACE B. TRACEWELL

I sympathize deeply with you in the great sorrow which has befallen, and I only wish I could say a word of comfort, but I know words are useless just now, but want you to know you have my love and sympathy, the loss of our own dear one makes me feel for you.

The family join me in sympathy.

MRS. DAISY POTTER VIELE

I know full well what you have suffered these past days and my tears have fallen for you. I have gone through the week of anguish in the hospital with you, and with deep sympathy and prayers I could only, in thought, clasp your hand in the understanding that exists between two stricken mother hearts. The Divine plan is hard to understand, when there are so many old, sick and enslaved, ready to go, why youth, strength, hope and manly splendor should be taken, is beyond our comprehension.

A while back in a speech your husband made in public he said, "the proudest moment of his life would be when his son came marching home." tell him to be proud now that his sons have gone marching home to their Maker, with such splendid records of manly courage and glorious patriotism.

Evansville is shedding proud tears with you that Paul and Albert Funkhouser were her boys.

Dear Mrs. Funkhouser please accept my sympathy which is so great for you in your grief which knows no consolation.

MISS AURELIA WORSHAM

My heart certainly goes out to you all.

It is only we, who have lost our dear ones, who know what it really means.

Isn't there something I can do for you? If so, please let me know.

MR. EDWARD N. VIELE

Ever since I learned of the serious illness of your son Albert, I have been trying to gather up enough courage to write to you. After his death, the courage came to me. I wish you

and your wife to know that none can feel as deeply for you as do Mrs. Viele and myself. Your position in his case was like ours, because we spent eight days in Ft. Harrison, hoping and praying, as we had never done before, that God would restore our dearly beloved son, Douglas, to us in good health, in return for his willingness to serve Him and His just cause. But God ruled otherwise and took him to His home. Ever since, we have mourned for him, oh! so deeply. It seems hard to bear, sometimes we feel we cannot, then God gives us strength, and we again struggle on. Time does not soften our sorrow, but surely God must help us to bear the loss, otherwise, we could not survive. Your two sons were wonderful boys. I personally knew Albert well and he was always kind and courteous to me. I did admire him greatly. While our three dear boys did not return to us, they joined each other, and now march in that wonderful, beautiful army in God's' glorious Kingdom. We feel that we can understand your loss and also your sorrow, because we have lost, like you. Assuring you of our tenderest sympathy, and with love to you and your dear ones, I remain, truly your friend.

III.—From Relatives

MRS. CRAIG T. ALLEN, Bowling Green, Ky.

We were very much shocked and deeply grieved upon receiving news of Albert's death, and extend to you all our deepest sympathy. It is very sad that he was unable to get home and tell you all about Paul's resting place, which we know would have been such a pleasure to you.

Grandma is deeply touched and we are anxious to know more about his death. Write to us just as soon as you can.

MRS. SARAH C. CRAIG, Bowling Green, Ky.

It is with a sad heart that I write to offer my sympathy. In this sad hour when we were expecting to hear of dear Albert's safe arrival home we receive telegram of his death at Newport News, it was a shock to us all, and I can scarcely write. Oh, I loved him so! and had so wanted him to come home to comfort you, but he was taken from you. What a sorrow, both of the dear boys taken; it is more than you can bear alone. I hope you will look to Him, who will help you and give you strength, in your loss and grief. He alone can help you. He is an ever-present and loving Friend. I do not know what to say, I am so disappointed and broken up. Why was it so? * * *

MISS ALTA JEAN FUNKHOUSER, Indianapolis

To think how those boy officers faced the tremendous issue—shouldered the responsibility of veterans and had the courage to stand by their guns until the tide of battle was turned. It seems amazing to me—almost beyond belief—and yet, after hearing General Wood speak a few weeks ago, I realized more fully what it means to be a real soldier; and I want to tell you, Uncle Albert, that the memory of Paul and Albert is a sacred thing to me and always will be.

REV. JAMES L. FUNKHOUSER, Hartsville, Ind.

In your deep sorrow no words of mine can soothe your trouble. We are fully in sympathy with you—all share your sorrows. In fact, we lived with you and the “boys,” Paul and Albert, in their hazardous life in this cruel war.

They paid the highest price for Liberty. It seems like Liberty at an extreme price; but such a war, and the German reach for world rule had to be paralyzed. The boys acquitted themselves with honor. Paul fell fighting; Albert after the enemy had capitulated. Brave boys! God, the Father, will take care of His own.

I regret we were not able to come to the funeral, yet I know you will have charity for two old, helpless people. You know you have our love and sympathy. * * *

MRS. JAMES L. FUNKHOUSER, Hartsville, Ind.

In this sad event, doubly sad, words to express our sympathy to you as we feel it, fail. In our feelings we have in our hearts we lived with you, yet could not come to you. When poor Paul was taken we felt so sorry for you, but this double stroke of sorrow I know nothing in my weak humanity that could bring relief to your poor, sad, broken hearts, only to point to you our Lord and Saviour, who is so able to heal all our sorrows. * * * Let me say to you, take this load of sorrow to the Lord. He will help you bear the heavy burden. Life is so short, it will not be long till we will be reunited with our dear ones who have gone on before. You know your little baby girl is waiting for you. When Paul was taken I just thought that if you could see Paul, you would not see him in his uniform that he fell in, but in a glittering robe of righteousness, who gave his life so nobly for his country. And now Albert has joined the throng that have out-stripped you to the Better Land. * * *

PROF. W. D. FUNKHOUSER, Lexington, Ky.

I have just received a note from Dad telling me of the death of Albert at Newport News, but giving no details.

It is unthinkable that you should be required to bear such a loss in addition to the great sorrow which still oppresses you without some word of condolence from all who know the sacrifice which you have made.

I hesitated to write you at the time of Paul's death because I realized how futile words are on such occasions and feared that anything I could say might sound perfunctory, but I must now at least assure you that we have been watching the records of your boys with the utmost pride and that we are simply unable to express in words the sympathy which we extend to you. In fact, the only word which comes to my tongue is the word "unfair," which I hate to use.

I deeply regret that I never saw either of my two cousins who made the supreme sacrifice for our country; I had hoped, now that I had come to live close enough for occasional visits, to make the acquaintance of those relatives whom I know only by reputation. It is too late in the case of Paul and Albert, but I trust that I may have the opportunity before long to extend to you by word of mouth the sympathy which we can now only write.

DR. WILLIAM H. FUNKHOUSER, Madison, Ind.

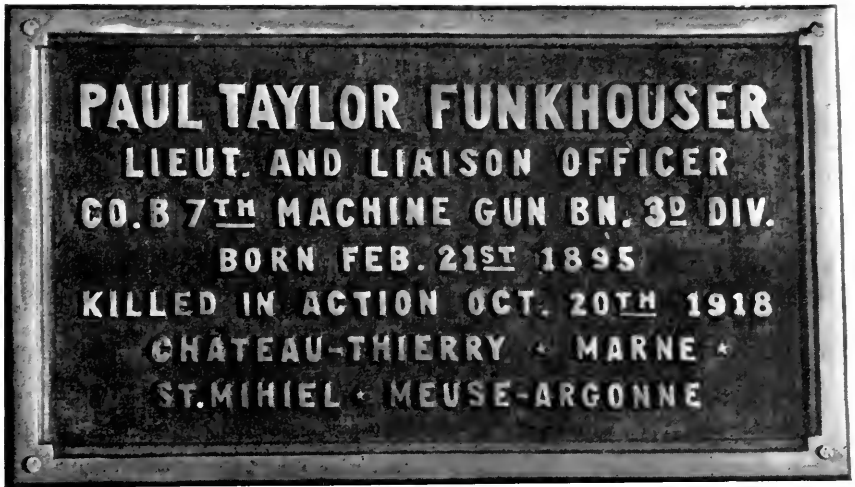
I am very sorry to hear of Albert's sad death, and very much regret that I was not able to attend the funeral. The death of Paul was too bad, but this seems unbearable. Albert and Paul are heroes, but that is little consolation, I know. You and sister Alta have my heartfelt sympathy. Look on the bright side, is all we can do, and that is hard to do. They gave their lives for their country, and even that is small consolation. I am heartbroken, and almost sick over it all. * * * I hope to see you all soon. * * *

MRS. ETTA WOLFE, Normal, Ill.

I was so shocked to read in the paper of Albert's death. I have thought of you so often this summer and wondered if Albert had come from overseas and never had heard anything until I saw an account of his death in the home paper last week. It did not give any of the particulars other than that you were with him at Newport News when he died. * * * You certainly have sacrificed much. I know I can't say anything to help you, but I felt I must send you our sympathy and tell you how sorry we are. It must mean much to give up two young men so full of promise. * * * I would love to see you and I would love for you to write to me.

Again our tenderest sympathy with much love.

PART TWO



(GEO. HONIG, Sc.)



Lieut. PAUL TAYLOR FUNKHOUSER

**HEADQUARTERS 3RD DIVISION AMERICAN
EXPEDITIONARY FORCES**

8 July 1919.

**General Orders,
No. 22.**

The Commanding General desires to record in General Orders the valor and devotion to duty of these officers and men of the 3rd Division. Their individual deeds, summed up, have created the glorious record enjoyed by the Marne Division, from those unforgettable days at Chateau-Thierry, in the defense of Paris, to the Victory Drive which began on the banks of the Marne and continued relentlessly until its brilliant conclusion in the Argonne before Sedan:

* * *

7th Machine Gun Battalion

* * *

FUNKHOUSER, PAUL T., 2nd Lieutenant. Kept up liaison with infantry under heavy shell fire.

* * *

**ROBERT L. HOWZE,
Major General, U. S. Army,
Commanding.**

**Official:
MADISON PEARSON
Lt. Col. Infantry,
Adjutant.**



PAUL T. FUNKHOUSER
Northwestern University
1916

PAUL TAYLOR FUNKHOUSER

CHAPTER I.

Historical Sketch

Soldier: Paul Taylor Funkhouser.
Born: February 21, 1895, Leavenworth, Indiana.
Parents: Albert W. Funkhouser and Alta C. Funkhouser.
Brother: Albert C. Funkhouser.
Sisters: Alta Funkhouser and Ruth Funkhouser.

Address When He Enlisted.

Temporary: Bloomington, Indiana.
Permanent: 920 Washington Avenue, Evansville, Indiana.
Schools: Evansville High School, 1911-1915.
Northwestern University, 1915-1916.
Law Department Indiana University, 1916-1917.
Evansville High School Football Team, 1914-1915;
Indiana All-Star Team, 1915.
Fraternities, Phi Delta Theta, Indiana Alpha Chapter.
etc.: Bayard Park M. E. Church, Evansville, Indiana.
President Pan-Hellenic Club, Indiana University.
When he volunteered: Entered First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison as member of 8th Company, 9th Provisional Regiment May 12, 1917; discharged
Military Record: August 14, 1917, to accept commission as Second Lieutenant in Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps of the Army of the United States (Regulars) August 15, 1917, and assigned to Company "C", 59th U. S. Inf., 3rd Division, at Gettysburg, Pa., August 27, 1917.

Selected September 28, 1917, by Col. Atkinson to undergo special thirty day course of training in musketry.

Selected member of Special Court Martial.

Moved his Division to Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., November 8, 1917.

By Special Order No. 43, December 8, 1917, he was selected by Major-General Dickman as member of the General Court Martial of the Third Division.

By Special Order No. 16, January 5, 1918, he was detailed to attend Divisional Liaison School, Camp Greene.

By Special Order No. 17, January 5, 1918, he was assigned to Company "B", 7th Machine Gun Battalion (the Divisional Machine Gun Battalion of the Third Division), Major Fred L. Davidson, C. O.

March 25, 1918, he was ordered to proceed with the Battalion to Camp Merritt, N. J. Embarked April 1, 1918, on H. M. S. "Aquitania", New York, and sailed April 2, 1918; arrived Liverpool, England, April 11, 1918, having sailed without escort or convoy until reaching the Irish coast. Same day went to Southampton, England, by rail. Remained at Southampton until April 13th when he embarked for LeHavre, France. Arrived at LeHavre April 15th. Arrived at Bricon, France, April 16th. Proceeded to Montsaon where he remained in training with Battalion until April 22nd, when he moved to Le Ferte sur Aube, where Battalion remained in training until May 30th when it was ordered to Chateau-Thierry.

May 11, 1918, by special order, selected Judge Advocate for the Battalion Special Court Martial.

BATTLES.

I. CHATEAU-THIERRY.

1. At Chateau-Thierry.

Lieut. Funkhouser remained with the 7th Machine Gun Battalion continuously during his entire military service in France. On May 30th, 1918, the Battalion, being motorized, traveled from Le Ferte sur Aube to Chateau-Thierry, starting at 4:00 A. M. and arriving at Chateau-Thierry on May 31st at 6:00 P. M. without a stop, and a distance of one hundred and ten miles. The Battalion moved on twenty-four trucks, Lieut. Funkhouser acting as Liaison Officer, riding the entire distance on his motorcycle, and keeping the conveyances in line and finding the way.

Immediately on arrival at Chateau-Thierry the Battalion



PAUL T. FUNKHOUSER
Indiana University
1917

went into its first engagement, and was continuously in action until the morning of June 5th when it was relieved. Lieut. Funkhouser commanded his platoon just east of the upper or east bridge across the Marne and assisted in repulsing nine separate attacks of the enemy in their effort to cross the Marne.

2. La Maurette Woods.

Assisted the French Army in attack at La Maurette Woods and was in action there June 10th, 11th and 12th. Commanded his platoon and was Liaison Officer.

3. Hill 204.

Assisted the French on attack on Hill 204 June 15th and 16th, besides commanding his platoon, again acting as Liaison Officer.

II. THE MARNE.

1. Mezy.

The Battalion was in support of the 38th Infantry (Third Division) July 15th south of Mezy and Fossoy, near the Surmelin River on July 15, 1918. Lieut. Funkhouser's platoon was the only part of the Battalion which was engaged in assault in this action. His platoon was in action, and being surrounded by the enemy his guns were placed so as to fire in opposite directions.

From July 23rd until August 8th the Battalion held support positions north of the Marne at Mont St. Pere and other points, and served as anti aircraft guard at the Marne between Mezy and Fossoy.

III. ST. MIHIEL.

In the St. Mihiel drive the Battalion was attached to the 16th Infantry, First Division, and took an active part in the drive, battering through from Xivray, skirting Monsec to Non-sard, September 12, 1918.

IV. MEUSE—ARGONNE.

The Battalion reached Montzeville, in the Meuse-Argonne Sector, September 23, 1918, and remained in support or in reserve until the end of the war. It was sent in line on September 29th to relieve the 79th Division. It continued its activities from Montfaucon to Claire-Chenes Woods, through Fernes-de-Madelaine and Cunel.

Lieut. Funkhouser was killed in action, in Claire-Chenes Woods, while leading attack on Hill No. 299 October 20, 1918, after having captured three enemy machine guns, and, at his own request, having been assigned to lead Lieut. Wood's

platoon, after that officer had been wounded. In this action every commissioned officer of Company "B", except Lieut. Hose, was killed or wounded. This was the last action in which the Battalion was engaged.

PAUL'S MILITARY RECORD

As Told by Official Orders.

Copy Telegram Received:

Washington, D. C., Aug. 8, 1917.

Commanding Officer Training Camp,
Fort Benj. Harrison, Ind.

Inform those concerned that the following appointments have been made from 8th Company, 9th Provisional Training Regiment to date from August fifteenth, nineteen seventeen period to be 2nd Lieutenant, Infantry section Officers Reserve Corps, Paul Taylor Funkhouser. Telegraph acceptance at once affective on date of appointment naming only those who decline.

McCAIN.

Headquarters Citizens Training Camps.

Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., Aug. 13, 1917.

Special Orders No. 87. (Extract).

* * * * *

Par. 5. In compliance with instructions contained in telegram A. G. O., dated Washington, D. C., August 13, 1917, the following named officers of the Officers Reserve Corps are placed in active service to date from August 15, 1917:

* * * * *

Second Lieutenant Paul T. Funkhouser, Infantry.

* * * * *

By command of Brigadier General Glenn:

J. Supham, Captain 3d Infantry, Adjutant.

Headquarters Training Camps.

Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, Aug. 14th, 1917.

Special Orders, No. 88. (Extract).

* * * * *

3. Pursuant to instructions contained in telegram A. G. O., War Department, Washington, D. C., dated August 13, 1917, the following named officers of the Officers' Reserve Corps will pro-

ceed to stations indicated and report to their respective commanding officers not later than August 29th, 1917:

* * * * *

To 59th Infantry, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, 2nd Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser, Inf.

* * * * *

By command of Brigadier General Glenn:

J. Supham, Captain, 3rd Infantry, Adjutant.

Headquarters 59th U. S. Infantry.

Gettysburg National Park, Aug. 25, 1917.

Special Orders No. 60. (Extract).

1. The following named officers of the Officers Reserve Corps, having been attached to the regiment pursuant to Telegram A. G. O., dated August 13, 1917, published by Special Orders No. 88, Headquarters Citizens' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, are attached to companies indicated:

* * * * *

2nd Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser, Inf. Co. C.

* * * * *

By order of Colonel Atkinson:

Theo. W. Sidman, 1st Lieut. 59th Infantry,
Acting-Adjutant.

Headquarters 59th Infantry.

Gettysburg, Pa., Sept. 28, 1917.

MEMORANDUM:

1. The following named officers are selected from this regiment to undergo a course of training in musketry under the supervision of Captain C. C. Drake, 58th Infantry:

* * * * *

Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser

* * * * *

These officers will report to Captain Drake at the Y. M. C. A. tent on the Emmittsburg Road, east of camp, at 8:00 A. M. Saturday, September 29.

By order of Colonel Atkinson:

Albert E. Brown, Captain, 59th Infantry, Adjutant.

Headquarters U. S. Troops.

Gettysburg, Pa., October 28, 1917.

From: Commanding Officer.

To: Commanding Officer 59th Infantry.

Subject: Report on Course in Musketry.

Captain Charles C. Drake, 58th Infantry, reports that the

following named officers have completed the course in Musketry Small Arm, with exception of the combat firing course, and are qualified to carry on this musketry training as instructors:

* * * * *

2nd Lieut. P. T. Funkhouser.

* * * * *

By order of Colonel Jones :

Theo. K. Spencer, Captain 7th Infantry, Adjutant.

Headquarters, Camp Greene,

Charlotte, N. C., Dec. 7, 1917.

Special Orders No. 42. (Extract).

* * * * *

15. Leave of absence for ten (10) days, under exceptional circumstances, is granted 2nd Lieutenant Paul T. Funkhouser, 59th Infantry, effective on or about December 20, 1917.

* * * * *

By command of Major General Dickman:

M. S. Eddy, Captain Infantry, Adjutant.

Headquarters, Camp Greene,

Charlotte, N. C., December 8, 1917.

Special Orders No. 43. (Extract).

* * * * *

42. The following officers are appointed, and will convene, as a General Court, for trial of such persons as may be properly brought before it:

* * * * *

Second Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser, 59th Inf.

* * * * *

By command of Major General Dickman:

M. S. Eddy, Captain Infantry, Adjutant.

Headquarters, 7th Machine Gun Battalion,

Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., Jan. 5, 1918.

Special Orders No. 16.

2nd Lieutenant Paul T. Funkhouser, 7th Machine Gun Battalion, is hereby detailed to attend the Division "Liaison" School, to be held daily, (Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays and

holidays excepted), from 2:00 P. M. to 3:00 P. M., at Harris House, near Camp Headquarters. He will report to Lieut.-Colonel McCormack, Signal Corps, U. S. Army, on Monday, January 7, 1918.

By order of Major Davidson:

E. J. Hoover, 2nd Lieut., 7th M. G. Bn.,
Assistant Adjutant.

Headquarters, 7th Machine Gun Battalion,

Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., Jan. 5, 1918.

Special Orders No. 17.

The following assignment of officers of this Battalion, as signed by S. O. No. 2, Headquarters, Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., dated January 1, 1918, is made:

* * * * *

2nd Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser, to Company D.

* * * * *

They will report to their respective company commanders for duty.

By order of Major Davidson:

E. J. Hoover, 2nd Lieut., 7th M. G. Bn.,
Assistant Adjutant.

1st Ind.

Headquarters 59th Infantry,

Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., February 12, 1918.

To Commanding Officer, 7th Machine Gun Battalion, 3rd Division. Forwarded.

1. Lieut. Funkhouser is now a member of your Command.

By order of Colonel Atkinson:

Albert E. Brown, Captain, 59th Infantry, Adjutant.

Headquarters, 7th Machine Gun Battalion,

American Expeditionary Forces, France, May 11, 1918.

Special Orders No. 74.

2. A Special Court Martial is hereby detailed to convene at these headquarters, 4:00 P. M., 13th May, 1918, for the purpose of trying such persons as may be brought before it:

* * * * *

Detail for the Court.

2nd Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser, 7th M. G. Bn., Judge Advocate.

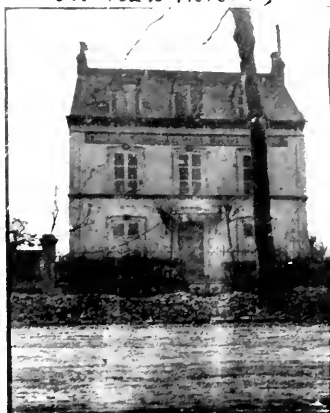
By order of Major Taylor:

E. J. Hoover, 1st Lieut., N. A., 7th M. G. Bn., Adjutant.



Over this road 74th M. G. Bn.
entered Chateau Thierry, May 31,
1918—

St. Funkhouser's Post Command.
—Marne River in rear—
Chateau Thierry.



Co. "B" 74th M. G.
Bn. Quarters,
Charley,
France.
1918



Photo by
St.
D. K. E. R. H. O. O. Y.



Rear of St. Funkhouser's
position, battle of
Chateau Thierry, June, 12, 1918.

"Home" of Co. "B"
Charley, France, June, 1918.



Adj. Gen. E. H. Packer, U. S. A.,
Washington, D. C.

It is with profound regret that I confirm the recent telegram of the Adjutant General announcing the death of 2nd Lt. Paul Taylor Funkhouser, Company B, 7th Machine Gun Battalion, who was killed in action October 20th, 1918.

For further information and details concerning his death, you should write to his Commanding Officer, addressing him as follows:

Commanding Officer,
Company B, 7th Machine Gun Battalion,
American Expeditionary Force.

The remains of all Americans dying abroad will eventually be returned to the United States for interment at public expense.

This office has received no report of a mishap of any character to:

2nd Lieutenant Albert C. Funkhouser,
Company H, 144th Infantry,
American Expeditionary Force.

CHAPTER II.

STORY OF THE 7TH MACHINE BATTALION

By 1ST LIEUT. LUTHER W. COBBEY.

The 7th Machine Gun Battalion was in training at La Ferté-sur-Aube, Haute Marne, until May 30, 1918. We had spent the days on a range which had been built by Lieutenant Paul T. Funkhouser. We went out to the range in the mornings in Ford vans, returning in the evenings.

At that time Major Edward G. Taylor was the commanding officer of the battalion. The officers of Company "B" were: Captains John O. Mendenhall and Lloyd H. Cook; 1st Lieutenants Thomas W. Goddard, John H. Ransdell and Charles Montgomery; and 2nd Lieutenants Paul Taylor Funkhouser, DeWitte S. Hose, Luther W. Cobbe and Joseph G. Hanus.

We Move to Château-Thierry

On May 30th, at three o'clock in the afternoon we started for a destination unknown, loaded in Ford vans. We had twenty-four vans for the company. Paul rode a motorcycle all of the way, keeping liaison between the different cars and leading or showing the route. We traveled the rest of that day, all that night and all the following day without a voluntary stop. We

had several stops caused by lack of gasoline or losing the route. We loaded machine gun clips en route.

We reached Montmirail, thirty kilometres south of Chateau-Thierry, about nine o'clock in the morning of May 31st, having passed through Bar-sur-Aube, Jaucourt, Vendevre, Lusigny, Troyes, Rimilly, Anglure, Sezanne, Moeurs and Le Gault. A considerable part of our route followed the rivers Aube and the Seine. From Montmirail on into Nailles we passed refugees coming away from the front. It was a wonderful, a pitiful sight; the French women and old men leading cows and sheep; some with a few belongings loaded on one-horse wagons, or on wagons drawn by ox-teams; some pushing hand carts, and moving in every conceivable way. Some carried bundles on their backs and drove herds of cows or sheep. These refugees took up most of the road. It was very hard for us to get our Company past. We finally reached Nailles that evening about seven o'clock, at which place we received orders from a French Commander to go into Chateau-Thierry to hold the bridgeheads at that place. (Still the officers and men, outside of the Battalion Commander, knew nothing of where we were, not knowing the name of the towns). We were tired and worn out, having traveled 110 miles without rest or sleep.

Lieut. Goddard, who had sprained his ankle before we started, stayed with the vans in order to handle rations and ammunition which he was to bring into town for us. Lieut. Montgomery was given two guns with the personnel. Paul was given two guns with men, and I was given two guns. The reason there were only two guns apiece was that we lost so many vans en route, and that was all of the guns we had left in the Company, we having made such a quick trip. At six o'clock that evening we rushed into the town in vans, going under shell fire for the first time.

Our Battalion was the first of the American forces to reach the Chateau-Thierry territory and is the unit referred to by General Pershing in his official report (See Annual Report of the Secretary of War, 1918, p. 73) as "the motorized machine gun battalion" of the Third Division which "preceded the other units (of the American Army) and successfully held the bridgehead at the Marne, opposite Chateau-Thierry."

From this time I will try to give only what happened to Paul and myself, not knowing personally about the rest of the Battalion, or what they did.

Paul was taken by a Frenchman to the east end of the town and went into position at the edge of the town in a little wood on the bank of the Marne River. His guns were right on the south bank of the Marne. The position I was given was about

200 metres to his left at the bridgehead, which bridge was the east bridge across the Marne. The other guns of the Battalion, I understood, were placed or were to be placed at the lower bridge and west of us along the south side of the Marne in South Chateau-Thierry. Nothing particular happened that evening. At five o'clock the next morning it became light. However, during the night a few shells were thrown around by the Germans, and also a few shots from machine guns. By this time we actually realized that we were at the line, still not knowing just where we were.

At eight o'clock this morning, June 1st, we saw the dutchmen coming forward, coming across the open flat space across the river, which space at that time was green wheat about waist high. Paul and myself were the only ones out of the whole Battalion that had guns in position that could reach this attack, the attack coming from the northeast. The dutchmen made nine attempts to effect a crossing. They would come up and be driven back by the machine gun fire from the four guns that Paul and I had. We accounted for a good many dutchmen during this attack. Paul was driven out of his position by German machine guns. He lost, as I remember, three men. He took up a position a little farther back, in a more protected place, and stuck the day out in this position. He had an opportunity in about the middle of the afternoon to prevent the Germans from throwing across a pontoon bridge. By machine gun fire he chased some of the dutchmen away who were half dressed and who had stripped in order to get into the river to place this bridge. The attempt to cross the river stopped about seven o'clock that evening.

During the day Paul and myself placed men in buildings and along the banks, scattered out, and armed with their pistols, and any detachment seen crawling in the wheat towards the river were met by our men with pistols. The river at this point was about 60 to 75 feet wide. Paul came to me after the battle was over, crowing about having two notches in his pistol, which he showed me. I told him he had nothing on me for I had gotten two that same day. Ever since that time his only desire was to add another notch to his pistol in order to outstrip me.

At eight o'clock that night, at which time it was dark, some men were seen crossing the bridge that I was guarding. We commenced firing and stopped them from crossing. We could hear a great amount of talking across the river. The Germans, as well as my guns, were machine gunning the bridge. Through the noise could be heard the cry "Cease fire." Fearing that it was a German trick I would not allow the men to cease but went to the bridge and called across to find out who it was, finding

that it was Lieut. Bissel of "A" Company. The bridge in the center of the town had been blown up, cutting Bissel and his platoon off from retreat. Knowing his only way to cross to the south side would be to cross the bridge I was guarding, he attempted to cross at that bridge. When I found it was Bissel I ran back to my men, taking my men across the bridge and carrying the wounded and killed back to our side. Going back to the guns we were able to open up fire in time to stop a crossing by the Germans who had been pressing Lieut. Bissel from the north side. Their attempt lasted about an hour

The False Alarm

About 9:30 P. M. a runner came to me with an order to retreat with all possible speed; that the Germans had crossed the river and were in our side of Chateau-Thierry. Supposing that the Germans had made a crossing without my knowing it and fearing that we would all be captured, I followed instructions given, which instructions were nothing less than to "beat it." Going through an enemy barrage, which consisted of three lines of barrage on a road, railroad and canal, we went to the rear about four kilometres up a hill overlooking the river, where the French had previously retreated to and prepared as a line of resistance. On arriving I found Paul and his platoon already there, Paul having received the same order as I. We waited on this hill, after putting our guns into position, expecting the Germans at any moment to make further attack. At about one o'clock in the morning Paul said to me: "What do you think we had better do?" I asked him what he meant, and he said: "Don't you think we had better go back into Chateau Thierry? (having found out the name of the town) and find out whether or not the Germans were actually in the town?" This to me was one of the bravest things that any man has ever done. I had thought about the thing myself, but hesitated in saying anything, Paul ranking me in command, but Paul says: "We had better do it," and we, Paul and I, took one runner and started back for Chateau-Thierry to find out, if possible, why the dutchmen were not on our trail. We each took a pistol in one hand and a trench knife in the other. We worked our way back through the same barrage that the Germans were still firing and crept into Chateau-Thierry. I wish it were only possible to give an idea of what doing this meant, every moment expecting to run into dutchmen and every moment expecting to be bumped off by a shell. We finally reached the place where we started from, and to our surprise we found that there were no dutchmen on our side of the river. We immediately went to Battalion Headquarters for information as to why we had been ordered to retreat.

The Major denied any knowledge of our retreat, and showed no interest in the matter, and didn't seem to give a darn what we had done or might do. It seems that on account of his condition the order had been given by another officer at Headquarters. Paul and I felt that under the circumstances as we found things at Headquarters an effort might be made to hold us responsible for the retreat, and that the only thing for us to do was to go back and get our men and guns and get into action again in our old positions, which we were finally able to do about daylight that morning. We both decided at that time that if another order came for retreat we would never obey it.

We learned afterward that it had been reported at Headquarters that the dutchmen had made a crossing at the bridge which we had been guarding, which, of course, was not true.

It was this same morning that Paul had a chance to annihilate a German platoon which was seen coming down the hill on the opposite side of the river. He afterwards made the remark that it was to "square up" for the retreat that he had gone through.

Nothing in particular happened until the night of June 5th, except a continuous bombardment by the enemy artillery. On the night of June 5th a rumor had been started that the Germans were going to make another attempt to cross the east bridge. (Both bridges were stone; the west bridge had a stone railing and the east bridge a steel hand rail). In order to strengthen the defense of the bridge Paul brought his two guns and placed them so as to fire on the bridge with the four guns that I now had, which made six guns on the bridge. We stayed in a small dug-out which had about a foot of dirt for a roof.

How the Bridge Was Destroyed

About nine o'clock that night we received a message from Company Headquarters that we were to be relieved, which news, of course, was received with great rejoicing, but our troubles were not yet over. About ten o'clock in the evening a French officer came to our Post of Command (P. C.) and commenced to talk. Neither Paul nor I being able to understand him, we secured an interpreter. Through the interpreter we learned that this Frenchman was to bring in a company of French, on account of the expected crossing by the Germans. This Frenchman wished to make a reconnaissance on the bridge in order to get the lay of the ground. Mind you, it was dark. Paul and I, neither one knowing just whose guns were firing on the bridge, except our own, did not care to take a chance in taking this Frenchman out, so we sent him to Battalion Headquarters. While he was gone another Frenchman came, and we found that he

wanted to blow up the bridge. Going to the Battalion Headquarters with this Frenchman we joined the Major with this other Frenchman to receive instructions. We found the Major in the same unfortunate condition, and he turned the proposition over to Paul and I, telling us to handle it in the best way that we could.

The Frenchmen asked him what assurance he could give that they would not be shot while they were on the bridge doing their work. I asked the Major if there were any other guns firing on the bridge except the guns Paul and I had, and the Major said "No," so Paul and I told the Frenchmen that we would take them out personally to guarantee to them that they would not be fired upon by our guns. Leaving Battalion Headquarters we returned to our gun positions. Paul sent orders to his guns to this effect, I sending the same to mine: "Cease firing on bridge because we are going out on the bridge personally." We went out on the bridge, taking these Frenchmen with us in order for them to do the work they were sent out to do, but while on the bridge we were fired upon, and the fire came from our side of the river, which we afterward learned was from the guns of Company "A". Naturally, we did not stick on the bridge very long. Out of the party the Frenchmen were the first ones to get back to where we started from. Paul and I were not far behind, however. Knowing that we could receive no satisfaction from the Major, we went and found these other three guns which were firing on the bridge and gave them orders not to fire any more that night.

About four o'clock in the morning of June 6th, the bridge was finally blown up and we were relieved about five o'clock and started back to the back area.

We had been sent into Chateau-Thierry with the hope that we could delay the enemy with a rear guard action in order to give the French time to prepare a line of resistance on the hill to which Paul and I had retreated June 1st, and which was about 4 kilometres south of the Marne. Instead of merely conducting a rear guard action, as was intended, our Battalion stopped the dutch and held them and they got no further on their wild drive for Paris. For this our Battalion was decorated by the French government.

(The work of our Battalion and our Company is told in Current History Magazine, July, 1918, ps. 55-56 and ps. 62-65.)

We Live Like Kings

We were hauled out of Chateau-Thierry in a couple of large trucks. We went to a town about 12 kilometres south of the Marne by the name of Conde-en-Brie. In a few days after we

reached this place our Major mysteriously disappeared. He was sent to the rear, and we never again saw or heard of him.

From Conde we went to Artonges. We stayed here one night. The following day a French company moved in, so we moved from there to Charly, a town on the Marne about eight kilometres from the line at that time. The French people having hurriedly moved out of Charly on account of the German's advance, we were able to find plenty of chickens, rabbits and eggs to eat, and some fine beds to sleep in, and we just made ourselves at home in the deserted French homes. In fact, we felt like we were living like kings. However, we were still under shell fire. We lost five men out of the company in this town from shell fire.

Paul's Laundry

An amusing incident happened to Paul while we were here. Paul decided to have an old French lady to do his laundry, which laundry amounted to one shirt. We were ordered to leave there before the laundry was done. Paul wanted his undershirt, so in his wonderful way of speaking French, the way I told you, he asked the old lady for his undershirt. The old lady told him that it was not done. Paul convinced her that he had to have it anyway, so she brought it out and asked him for a franc. Paul happened to be broke at the time but he needed the undershirt badly, for the one he had on was alive with cooties. He tried to tell her that he would go out and borrow a franc from another officer, but she did not want to let him out of the room until he gave her the franc. Every time Paul tried to go out the door the old French lady threw her arms around him and held him. Paul made a run for the window, but to his dismay he found that it had bars on the outside, like a jail. Not being able to get out of the window he found that there was no way of escape. The old lady kept Paul in this fix for about one-half hour, demanding a franc, and all this time Captain Cook and I were enjoying the scene immensely, unbeknown to Paul.

To make things a little more entertaining, and to prolong the agony for Paul, I told Captain Cook I would go in and offer my assistance to Paul, but I had no money myself. I asked Paul if I could help him out and Paul said, "By all that is good, give me a franc." I informed him that I was broke. Of course, Paul saw I couldn't help him out a bit. He told me to go and find Captain Cook and "For Hec sake get a franc," but the old lady would not let me out, so Paul and I both were held by the lady. Captain Cook let Paul and me argue with the old lady quite awhile, but he finally came in and "bailed" both of us out.

We certainly had a whole lot of fun with Paul over this

great tragedy. This same afternoon we moved back into the line. Paul had time, however, to put on his cootiless shirt, although it was dirty.

At LaMarette Woods and Hill 204

Somewhere near June 11th we were ordered to support the 9th Infantry, 2nd Division, in the attack at La Marette Woods, which is located about five kilometres north of Chateau-Thierry. We supported the 9th Infantry in their attack by overhead machine gun barrage. We were in such position in La Marette Woods that we were able to see the whole show. We were firing across the valley and across the town to Hill 204 on the other side, keeping the Germans down in order that the 9th Infantry could take the town and not be bothered by the Germans on the hill. We stayed in this position two days and two nights.

We moved back from there to a town by the name of Azy Bonneil, in which town we were held for support. It was here that we lost three men on account of gas. Capt. Arthur, of the M. C., showed a lack of nerve, and failed to give the men any attention.

From this position, after being there a day and a night, we were sent to hold a front line position on Hill 204, which hill is just north of Chateau-Thierry. Here Paul acted as Battalion liaison officer. He had the job leading us through the town in the hollow and taking us in position on the hill, which position was 50 metres from the Germans in the woods on the hill. We were here June 15th and 16th. During this time it was up to Paul to keep a liaison with the outfits on our right, left and rear.

Paul "As Big as a House"

It was on this hill that Paul had a funny experience. Paul was strutting around gathering up information from different outfits, when a Major of the 4th Infantry called Paul down for exposing himself, and told him that he looked "as big as a house." The Major had no more than said this than a shell hit near where the Major was, killing three lieutenants and wounding a bunch of other men. The Major crawled into his hole and said no more. Paul for the first time, so he claimed, realized that he was "as big as a house." Here, as elsewhere, Paul seemed unconcerned as to his own safety.

"Cover"

The night that we were to be relieved Paul had the job of bringing up the French company which was to relieve us. Paul related afterwards an experience that he had with the French

lieutenant. In bringing up this lieutenant with his platoon they came under machine gun fire. Paul says he hit the ground as quickly as he could but that the Frenchman hit the ground in such a position that Paul protected him entirely. A machine gun bullet could not have hit the Frenchman without first hitting Paul. Paul claimed that the "frog" even "crawled into my own helmet." He also said that this was his first lesson in how to seek cover. He said the Frenchman sure had the art of "cover" down to a minimum. Paul was finally able to get "the frogs", as he called them, into position.

The Cow-shed

We left this place, still using the Ford vans, and went to a town by the name of Fontenelle. We stayed here one night and then went to the woods near Pertibout. It was at this place that the officers of "B" Company had a cowshed for our sleeping quarters. The cow shed was a stone structure with three sides, and open at one end. We spent many an enjoyable hour at this place. Between this cow shed and Pertibout we spent about three weeks.

Cited by Marshal Petain

On the 4th of July our battalion paraded for a French General, at which time the battalion was cited for its work in Chateau-Thierry by Marshal Petain. Paul, being officer of the day, did not get in on this parade. It had been arranged that on the 14th of July we were to go to Paris to parade for the French people. This was in order that the French might show the Battalion their appreciation for what we had done. The French claimed we had saved Paris. Naturally they were particularly good to our Battalion when they knew that we were the ones that were in Chateau-Thierry.

In the Valley of the Surmelin

On account of the attack which started July 14th we were held in readiness in order to be thrown into the line. On July 15th, after a terrific enemy barrage, the Germans crossed the Marne at Mezy and Fossey. Our Battalion was ordered to take up support reserve positions behind the towns named, in the same sector that the 38th Infantry was holding. The Germans worked back on the east and on the west sides of our infantry. This threw the 38th Infantry in a pocket, making Germans on three sides. Paul was able to fire at the Germans to the right and to the left. (His platoon alone of our Battalion was actively engaged on this occasion, the rest of us being too far to the south). This action lasted about six hours.

Finally the Americans on either side or both sides made a counter attack, pushing the Germans back nearly to the Marne.

The 38th Infantry, with our Company supporting, were in this dangerous position for about twelve hours. This action gave the Third Division another wonderful reputation. Concerning this engagement, General Pershing in his official report to the Secretary of War (p. 73) says: "A single regiment of the Third wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals on this occasion. It prevented the crossing at certain points on its front while, on either flank, the Germans, who had gained a footing, pressed forward. Our men, firing in three directions, met the German attacks with counter attacks at critical points and succeeded in throwing two German divisions into complete confusion, capturing 600 prisoners."

Arrested as a Spy

During this action Paul had another peculiar experience which gave the rest of us a chance afterwards to "kid" him. He had taken off his blouse and rolled up his sleeves and was running around doing his work with only his pistol and belt on. He was "pinched" or arrested by a 38th Infantry Major as a spy. Paul having no identification in his pocket, (his identification being in his blouse pocket), was held as a spy for about an hour, finally being able to prove himself an American, and a true American, by sending a man for his blouse. Paul said at this time that the last thing he expected to happen to him was to be picked up as a spy. He claimed that he admired the way this Major pinched him; he said the Major made a pass at him and grabbed his pistol before he realized what the Major was doing. Paul said when he got a chance to shoot at the dutchmen after that he went at it with a little more incentive; he wanted to show the dutchmen that he sure was not a spy.

We Cross the Marne

Somewhere around the 23rd or 24th of July we moved across the Marne in our new trucks, which were large G. M. C. trucks, and not the Ford vans. We crossed the Marne near the town Soilly. We crossed on a pontoon bridge which had been built by the Germans. Some American had hung on the bridge the sign, "Made in Germany".

While crossing this bridge in our trucks we were bombed and machine-gunned by dutch aeroplanes, which gave us a new experience, not having gone through that kind of an attack before. Paul expressed it in this way: "If you want to feel helpless and insignificant, just let a big bird come along and drop a bomb or shoot a machine gun at you".

We proceeded to a woods near Mont St. Pere. Here Paul and I fortunately had a German dug out to sleep in. The Germans had furnished the dug out with things stolen from French homes. One thing in the dug out that Paul claimed as his particular piece of furniture was a "boudoir chair".

In this position we had our guns set up in support. Nothing in particular happened from now on until the first part of August, except that we were under shell fire all of the time.

Paul Wrecks a Motorcycle

One experience that Paul had after we had gotten up near Loupeigne was that he was sent to the rear for some kind of work or other on a motorcycle. He had Lieut. Montgomery in the side car. In the woods and along side on each side of the roads the Germans had left many shells and other kinds of ammunition piled up. In turning a corner of some kind Paul had put on too much speed and he ran over a pile of German shells, scaring Lieut. Montgomery nearly out of his wits. Paul told me on the side, however, that he thought for a while that the "whole works was going to go up". Nothing happened, however, except that the motorcycle was ruined. Neither Paul nor Lieut. Montgomery were injured in any way.

I forget the exact dates, but any way, for a week about this time, we were placed on the south side of the Marne between Mezy and Fossey, as anti-aircraft guard. This consisted of keeping our guns in position so as to fire at enemy aeroplanes coming over. During the whole week we never saw a German plane. The day we were relieved, however, six German planes came over and bombed the area that we had been guarding. Paul claimed that the Germans knew that we had pulled out of there, and that they had been afraid to come while we were there.

One thing I forgot to mention; during the first part of July the officers of our Battalion were able to make two trips into Paris, Paul going both times to Paris with Capt. Cook.

Visitors

While we were at this place called the "cow shed" Paul went to a town by the name of Coulommiers. Here he met a couple of Y. M. C. A. girls. Thinking that the rest of the officers in the company would appreciate a little party, he invited the Y. M. C. A. Secretary to bring four Y. M. C. A. girls and come to our cow shed for a dinner. He came back and told us that they were to come the following evening. We fixed up a table out of a barn door and made a couple of benches and made quite a spread. The Y. M. C. A. bunch brought a Victrola. Unfortunately, the whole thing was spoiled about the middle of the

meal by a Boche shell being thrown over. Naturally, we had to rush the women away. It was the first shell that had hit anywhere near us for a week. Paul claimed again the Germans, hearing what we were doing, "spoiled the party". He called it "playing rough". That is one thing Paul always said whenever a shell came anyways close. He would say "the dutch sure do play a rough game. Here we are back here having a good time and not bothering the dutch in any way, and they throw a big G. I. can to spoil our little fun."

At Villers-le-Sec

Around the 8th of August we started to move from the Marne sector to another sector then unknown to us. We went by way of Viffort, Montmirail, Sezanne, Vitry and St. Dizier to Villers-le-Sec, a small French village.

At Villers-le-Sec we spent a little over three weeks resting. Our rest consisted of drilling all day and attending officer's school at night. One thing that the Major taught us was French, or rather I should say he tried to teach us. He knew French all right, but as far as Paul and I were concerned it was **trying** to teach, because we figured that we never could learn it.

Paul Orders a Beefsteak

One of the great amusements when we were in a town of this kind was to hear Paul talk French or rather **watch** him talk. One instance I recall was when Paul invited me to a French restaurant for a meal. Neither of us were able to speak any French. Paul took it upon himself to order the meal. He went to ordering in his French and all he could get out of the madam was "No compre" ("I do not understand").

Finally Paul said: "Villa vaus—Villa vaus—Villa vaus—Ah! Heck!" Paul had ordered a beefsteak for each of us. Then he was up against the proposition of telling her how he wanted it cooked.

After trying quite some time he spied a sponge lying on a shelf. He picked up the sponge and told the woman the following: He took the sponge between his hands and first allowed the sponge to expand and told the French lady "Not this way"; then he squeezed the sponge flat and then said "Not this way"; allowing the sponge to expand about half way he says: "Comme ce". The mystery to me to this day is how the French woman ever understood how Paul wanted the steak cooked, but it was cooked the way Paul wanted it and he claimed he never ate such a steak before. In fact I think Paul was quite proud of his accomplishment. On account of the way Paul could make himself understood by the French the officers of the battalion

claimed that he should go on the stage; that he would make a wonderful actor. Some of the maneuvers he would go through talking French would bring down any house.

The weeks that we spent in the back area were always enjoyable weeks or days, because everybody, having been under fire, made the best of life.

Paul Meets His Brother

It was during this time that Paul went to Gondrecourt and saw his brother. A bunch of officers out of the Battalion went through Gondrecourt and dropped Paul at Gondrecourt, returning in the evening. Paul was waiting with Albert, and it was here that Paul introduced Albert to the other officers of the Battalion.

St. Mihiel

Shortly after our return from this trip we started for the St. Mihiel sector. Of course we were moving towards a destination not yet known to us, but we afterwards found it was St. Mihiel. From our rest town, Villers-le-Sec, all the way to the starting point of this drive we moved only at night and spent the days in the woods. The route was through the town of Nautois, Ligny en Barrois, Commercy, Gironville and Rambucourt; Rambucourt being in the line. This movement took us about six days by trucks. The weather during this time was rainy, night and day, making the movement at night just twice as hard.

On the night of September 12th our Battalion was attached to the First Battalion of the 16th Infantry, 1st Division. The 3rd Division, our division, did not take part in the St. Mihiel drive. We left our trucks at Rambucourt and hiked eight kilometres in the rain and mud to Xivray, the starting off point. We finally reached our destination about two o'clock in the morning. We were ahead of our own artillery, just behind our own lines.

Whenever we came to a stop of this kind Paul and I always got together. We were standing in the rain alongside the road. Different outfits were going and coming, getting ready for the attack along the road. The amusement that we got out of the night was to listen to the men and the remarks that they passed to one another. It was so dark you could not see any one but everybody was in good spirits, although it was raining and was very muddy. Paul would call out to the passing men and ask them what outfit they were out of, and he would get back answers of this nature, which amused us immensely: "I am out of the Alabama balloon corps. Who in hell are you?" "I am out of the submarine corps." Somebody else would speak

up and say he was out of a detachment that was "detailed to protect the tanks from rain", and such crazy remarks caused a great deal of laughter. One fellow was heard to say that for every drop of water that touched him that night, "a dutchman I get tomorrow".

We Smoke

We stood this about as long as we could. I told Paul I would try and get some sleep. Paul wanted to know where I was going to sleep. I told him I was going to flop on the ground. He said: "Let us get a smoke first." There were orders against smoking and we had issued orders to our men not to smoke on account of making lights, but Paul took off his pistol and belt and threw it on the ground and we laid on the ground with his raincoat over our heads and stole a smoke. After finishing the smoke we tried to sleep, and we did sleep for about half an hour.

We were awakened by the commencement of our barrage. Knowing that it was nearing the time to start we decided to join our platoons and get ready. Paul having thrown his pistol to one side was unable to find it. Naturally he blamed the dutch men for everything that went wrong. We were unable to find his gun. What made it still harder for Paul was that he had hurt his knee before coming to the line. He was hobbling around with a cane and made life that much more miserable, and then to loose his gun made him that much more disagreeable; but to hear him talk you would think there was nobody on earth but the dutchman that could cause trouble, and he blamed everything on the dutch.

At 5:30 that morning we started forward, and a grander sight will never be seen. We had Montsec on our left all day. Montsec is a high hill that was supposed to be impossible for any attacking troops to take. It was not taken, but was flanked on both sides, and finally surrounded, and those on the hill captured.

During the advance in the morning there was a little shell fire from the enemy. Paul had his platoon somewhat in advance of mine, and a shell hit near Paul, and for a while I could not see him on account of the mud and smoke. Finally I saw him and he was still moving forward, still hobbling on his cane, and what I thought of at the time was his old remark: "Gee, ain't the dutch rough? It ain't fair".

The tanks were just ahead of Paul's platoon. We came to the crest of a hill, two of the tanks were put out of commission by German anti tank guns, and from that on it meant that the infantry and machine guns must go ahead without tanks. Paul's platoon being in the open, he had a chance to put out of com

mission four machine guns in the east edge of the woods north-east of Montsec. I myself never fired a shot during the St. Mihiel battle. From Paul I never heard the last of that. He would kid me about my not getting into action where he was able to do some good work.

We were in position just before dark near the town of Non-sard.

Paul is "Bawled Out"

It was at this position that Paul claimed he had the honor of being "bawled out by a General", and it was about one of the funniest things I ever witnessed. I was lying in a shell hole not far from where Paul was. A General, to use Paul's words, "breezed up and commenced to bellow like an old cow", wanting to know who the guns belonged to and why they were placed as they were. Paul, thinking it his duty to come to the rescue and tell the General the why and wherefore, commenced to hobble towards the General.

The General seeing him, asked: "And who are you"?

Paul answered: "Lieut. Funkhouser, Sir."

The General then asked him by whom the guns had been placed in the way they were. Paul started to explain and the General stopped him, telling Paul to "double time" to him before he answered. Paul told him he could not on account of his bum knee. The General in return asked him what his rank was. Paul in a meek way answered: "Second Lieutenant, Sir." The General then told him that he was "too low of rank" and "too slow" to talk to him.

The General then took out his grouch on an infantry captain who was unlucky enough to come his way. To use Paul's expression, Paul "eased off into a shell hole and camouflaged out of sight" of the General.

Capt. Cook witnessed the scene but did not go to the rescue of Paul. Paul claimed that he would get even with us some day for letting him stand up to the General by himself. Paul said, in speaking about the General saying he was "too low of rank and too slow to talk" to him, that he "did not want to talk with the General anyway", which we all agreed was right. Paul claimed that this General must have been at the front for the first time and was in a hurry to get out of sight.

It so happened that we did not change the guns the way the General thought he wanted them. The General left and we left the guns as they were, because they were in the proper position to protect the terrain.

Just before dark that evening we again moved forward, taking up a position, our farthest position in St. Mihiel sector, near Hattonville.

We "Flip" for a Bed

At this place Capt. Cook told the three platoon officers, Lieuts. Hose, Paul and me that one of us could go into the town to sleep. To settle who should go, we "flipped" for it. It so turned out that Paul and I remained out in the open. A colder night I don't believe we ever spent. It seemed as though it was the dead of winter. In order to make ourselves comfortable Paul and I found a shell hole which was large enough to accommodate both of us. We then went out on a salvaging party of our own and collected up a bunch of blankets and put them into the shell hole. We were so close to the Germans here that we could have no fires nor smoke cigarets. However, we were quite snug in our little home. We spent the next day in this position reading a book which I had managed to carry along. I think the book was "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come". Paul would read to me and then I would read to Paul. I forgot to mention that we had done this several times on other fronts. Another book we read to each other was "The Gentleman from Indiana".

It was also here that Paul had a man in his platoon who was writing a letter home when a shell came along, a piece of which went through the man's hand. Paul made the remark, "that was a dickens of a way to treat a man when he was writing home", and again his old remark, "that is playing rough; that is what I call dirty".

That evening we moved back to a woods near Buxerulles. We remained in this woods a few days and then the movement was begun towards another sector, unknown. Again all of the movements were made by night.

The route taken was by way of Commercy, Bar-le-Duc, Rembercourt, Jubecourt and Montzeville, which place is just behind the trench system. Near each of the towns named we spent maybe a night or two in the woods, arriving at Montzeville about the 23rd of September.

At Montzeville there was a shack in the woods that we used as our officers' mess hall. We spent about four days here, playing cards and doing one thing or another. This is the first place we had remained long enough, or rather had the opportunity, to take a bath since the St. Mihiel drive. This bath we took in the Meuse River.

Paul and the Jam

During the trip between the St. Mihiel sector and the Argonne sector I had the thankless job of mess officer. Being the lowest rank commissioned officer in the company, they naturally pushed this job off on me. To make things more miser-

able and a little harder, rations were slow in coming through. The only thing we had plenty of was sugar. Jellies and jam came in only two and three cans at a time. In order to have a spread of jam at one time to feed the company we had to save up from time to time.

Paul was a great lover of jam and sweet stuff. I had a certain place to keep the jam until we could have sufficient to feed the company. I noticed that it kept disappearing, a can at a time. The Mess Sergeant and myself were unable to find out the cause, so we set a guard to watch our jam and discovered that Paul was the guilty party. I then issued orders to the Mess Sergeant not to allow Lieut. Funkhouser to have any jam without a written order from me as the Mess Officer. Paul, in trying to get the jam, told the Mess Sergeant to get him a can of jam. The Mess Sergeant told him that he had orders from Lieut. Cobbey not to let him have any jam. Lieut. Funkhouser tried to get on the good side of the Mess Sergeant and get the jam, but failed to get it, so in order to get the jam, and ranking me, he told the Mess Sergeant to follow him:

He said: "I hereby reduce Lieut. Cobbey from Mess Officer and appoint Lieut. Funkhouser Mess Officer".

Then he gave the sergeant orders to "trot out" the jam. While he was in the act of devouring our precious jam I walked in on him. Supposing, of course, that I was still Mess Officer, I gave the customary growl.

Paul informed me that he had already relieved me and appointed himself as Mess Officer. Naturally, I was tickled to death to get rid of the job as Mess Officer.

Paul not caring to be Mess Officer any more than I did, after he had finished the jam, said the following: "I hereby reduce Lieut. Funkhouser from Mess Officer and officially appoint Lieut. Cobbey Mess Officer."

I then decided that I would have to use a different method in order to protect my jam, so I had the Mess Sergeant put the jam down in the sugar at the bottom of the sack, a place that was beyond Paul to find; however, I was greatly surprised that he did not, as I supposed that he could find jam anywhere.

Being unable to discover the hiding place he came to me and asked that he might be given a little jam. Before I would give him any I told him to "plead like a good fellow", and he made a plea that any lawyer would envy. It was, in part, as follows: "Lieut. Cobbey, Sir, if I could but make you realize what harm you are doing your country by keeping this jam away from the said Lieut. Funkhouser you would give him the jam at once. By giving Lieut. Funkhouser jam you might even enable him to issue orders even to General Pershing himself. It might even enable Lieut. Funkhouser to save the American army from

a great defeat". He argued along this line until I either could not stand it any longer or else I figured that he deserved the jam; then I would write an order to the Mess Sergeant to allow Lieut. Funkhouser to have a can of jam, which, by the way, I always made him share with me. With such things as this we were able to create a little fun and get a little enjoyment out of the most tedious jobs and undertakings we had.

Paul always in talking about returning said that he was to study law, and in order to not get fully away from or forget how to argue on one thing or another would start such arguments with me. For instance, while we were on the Marne one of the boys found a little deer which we carried with us everywhere we went. Paul's arguments were first about the deer's name, "Fritzie", which he claimed was enough in itself to kill an innocent, inoffensive animal of that kind. He would claim that the deer loved him more than it did me. We would try to prove to one another by calling the deer; that the deer would come to the one it loved best, but the deer paid no attention to either of us. Another one of Paul's arguments was. "Which is the most harmful, gas shells or H. E. (High Explosive)?" I always argued that the High Explosive were the worse. Paul would take the other side. We would carry this argument back and forth, and at times we have had the whole company around us to listen to the different arguments that were made.

Writing Home

I recall one other instance from which we derived a little pleasure and drew us closer to each other, was in writing letters home. Nobody will ever realize what a job it was on account of the censorship, to write an interesting letter home. Several times I would decide to write home and then get disgusted, and call to Paul: "Funky, dictate a letter"; and Paul would then dictate a letter which I would write and send to my different brothers and sisters. Paul was about my equal when it came to spelling, which I am sorry to say, on my part, was rotten. I would ask Paul how to spell a word. Paul would say, "How in the dickens do you expect me to spell a word like that?" He would spell it the way he thought was correct. I would do the same thing. If by hard luck we did not spell it alike, we had to decide which was correct by flipping a coin. If it came tails, I was the best speller; if it was heads, Paul would say, "I told you so".

On an occasion of this kind I remember Paul asked me the question: "Cobhey, do you realize or understand why it is I have such a wonderful vocabulary?" Naturally I could not quite gather what he meant, and said "No". He said, "It is be-

cause I am such a rotten speller that I have to know many words that have the same meaning in order to find one that I can spell and use."

On the night of September 24th, about 11 o'clock, the biggest and most terrific barrage that we had yet seen was laid down by the allies. It lasted until zero hour, which was about seven o'clock in the morning. Our Division was in reserve at the time and we made no movement.

We remained in this place until September 29th, when we received a hurry up call to take position, that another Division (the 79th) had fallen down. We were rushed into the line that night to relieve this division. On arriving at the respective lines we found nothing to relieve, this division having been broken up, and had retreated.

From now on until October 20th our Battalion was in either support or reserve. At this time we went through worse shell fire and gas than at any other time during our past experience, either in the Argonne or elsewhere. It was raining every day and night and things were generally uncomfortable.

At Montfaucon—Our Tin Shack

Somewhere around the 5th of October we moved to Montfaucon. At Montfaucon Lieut. Wood, Lieut. Hose, Paul and I had a little tin shack for our sleeping quarters. This tin shack stood on top of ground. Most of them were underground. The only protection that it gave us was from the rain. We had in there a little stove. We spent several days and nights here in comparative comfort. In fact we were so much better off than the majority that we thought ourselves mighty lucky.

From this tin shack Paul wrote his last letter home, October 12, 1918.

To sleep we never removed any clothing, and always kept our respirators around our necks and our pistols under our heads. One night I will not forget. We were all in bed or lounging in our bunks. We were kidding one another or telling jokes when the dutchmen decided to shell the woods we were in. None of us cared to get out into the mud and rain and go into a shell hole, so we laid there. Paul made the remark that the dutchmen were again taking advantage of a little pleasure we were having and were trying to "muss things up". About that time a piece of shell passed through the side of the tin shack, passing between the upper and lower bunks and going out through the other side of the shack. We decided that was getting a little close, or a "little rough" as Paul called it at the time, so we got off of the wooden bunks and lay flat on the floor. Another shell sent a fragment through the side of the shack and passed through the bunk that Lieut. Hose had just vacated.

Paul claimed that if it had not been for his suggestion to get on the floor that Hose would have been "spending the rest of his life in bed", meaning, of course, that Lieut. Hose would have been relieved from any more worry at the line.

Later on we moved from these woods on to the same hill on which the town or village of Montfaucon was located. Here Paul and I made a truck our home.

Out of Our Truck into a Shell Hole

Again, at this place we had a book which we took turns in reading to one another. There was nothing in particular to do, except to wait for orders and try to keep the men from getting bumped off from shell fire. One afternoon Paul and I were lying in the bottom of this truck, covered with blankets, making ourselves just as comfortable as possible. I was reading the book to Paul at the time. The shells commenced to come a little close and I made the suggestion that we had better get out of the truck and get into a shell hole, as it would probably be safer. Paul was disgusted with me and says, "What do you think? Do you think I will move from this comfort out into the mud?" I replied that he might wish later on that he had, but he said that if a shell did hit the truck he would not know the difference any way, and might as well enjoy life if possible. About two more shells came over before Paul was finally willing to move; and what convinced him was a piece of shell that came through the roof or canvass of the truck and hit Paul on the chest. It did not have enough force to go through the raincoat that Paul had on, but any way Paul beat me to the shell hole. I told him then that he would probably listen to me after that.

Little things like this were continually coming up that we would make light of, and in this way obtain what enjoyment or pleasure we could out of the life we were living.

While at Montfaucon Paul was sent on several reconnaissances to the front line. To make a reconnaissance of this kind meant a great deal of danger and many thrilling experiences. When Paul would come in he would relate the things that he had gone through during his reconnaissance. He told me on his return from one of the reconnaissances that if I wanted a thrilling experience to go out alone, or wander around the front line without anybody you knew with you, without any of your men. I did not suppose that was such a great experience; but nevertheless I was sent out the next day on a reconnaissance like Paul was telling about, and believe me, I never envied Paul the job of reconnaissance after that.

The reason for Paul going on these reconnaissances was on account of the great faith that Major Walsh had in him.

Later on we moved from this position in the day time by trucks near Farnes-de-Madelaine. On this trip one of Paul's trucks for his platoon was hit by a shell and burned up. He wished at that time, that after the men were out of the trucks, shells would come along and blow the rest of the trucks away. Having to move in trucks at the front was a dangerous undertaking, and especially in rainy and muddy weather.

"On Top of the World"

It was at this place that Paul and I rigged us up a shell hole by enlarging it and salvaging blankets and shelter halves. We placed the shelter halves over the shell hole to keep the rain out; then we crawled into the hole and got between the blankets. Again the dutchmen started their rough play. They sent over gas as well as high explosives. We remained in the shell hole with our respirators on and tried to carry on a conversation. I wish that I could repeat the conversation in the way it sounded. Talk with a respirator on is a comical sound any way. This gas kind of spoiled our rest the first part of the evening. The gas finally cleared away and then it started to rain. Paul says: "What do we care. We are sitting 'on top of the world' and rain cannot get into our hole"; but it rained for a couple of hours and instead of the rain coming through the top it seeped in through the bottom. Again the dutchmen began to make things uncomfortable and sent more gas over. We had to put on our respirators again. The shell hole filled up with water and in order to be able to breathe we had to hold our canisters up out of the water. Not being able to stay in the shell hole any longer we spent the rest of the night leaning against each other in a standing position.

The Last Battle

It was two nights later that we were ordered, on the night of October 19th, to assist a battalion of our 7th Infantry for attack on Hill 299 just beyond Cunel. We started forward about twelve o'clock. We were going all the time through artillery bombardment. We lost several men getting into position.

We finally reached the starting-off position about six o'clock in the morning. We knew we were getting into a very tight place and during the hour between six and seven we spent the time at rest, and to see Paul going from man to man cheering them and telling them to stay by, cheering everybody, and joking with them, was a great sight. In this place we were also under machine gun fire.

About seven o'clock the officers met with an Infantry officer to receive our final instructions. We had just gathered around this officer to get our instructions when a shell hit

close by and the only man hurt was the infantry officer who received shell shock. We therefore received no instructions. The only thing that was left to do was to get what infantry we could and what co-operation we could and start on the attack.

Lieut. Wood went to the left and I went to the right. Paul was stationed on the left, but was not to move forward. It was at this time that Paul put out of commission two machine guns and captured 15 prisoners.

Then Lieut. Wood was wounded. Paul, learning of this, offered and asked to take Lieut. Wood's platoon because it was to move forward. In order to make this movement Paul came to me to make plans. The Infantry, so far as we were concerned, was of no further assistance. It was not co-operating with us in any way; it had been practically annihilated.

We were in a path in these woods, Bois Claires Chenes, with our two platoons, Paul and I, and we made our plans with the aid of a map. Knowing that it was one of the biggest and most dangerous propositions that we had ever undertaken, we were careful in our plans. While we were still talking several of our men and several of the Infantry who were still there were knocked out by this machine gun which was firing in a flanked position into our woods.

After completing our plans Paul reached out with his hand and says: "Good-bye". I grasped his hand and said: "Good-bye, Paul. Good luck and God speed." Before we released one another's hands Paul was hit, and fell at my feet. He had been struck in the left temple by a machine gun bullet. The bullet had passed through and out the right temple. I knelt by Paul's side and saw that there was nothing I could do for him; but I wish to say that I did utter a prayer at that time.

Thus one of the best friends I ever had, one of the best comrades, one of the bravest officers that ever wore a uniform, and one of the most cheerful men under all conditions, was taken from me. I wish that I were only able to give a more thorough understanding of what Paul had gone through and what he meant to his men and to the officers of his company.

From that on through the rest of the day the men of the company and the officers of the company fought only with the idea for the revenge of Paul's death. The men would be heard saying "This for Lieut. Funkhouser", and down would go a dutchman. Capt. Cook to my own knowledge, got three dutchmen and each time he said: "This for you, 'Funk'." This, in a way, may convey a partial understanding of the real respect and great love that we all have for Paul.

* * * * *

Memo:

Major Taylor, after the action at Chateau-Thierry, disap-

peared from the lines. Captain Mendenhall was made a Major about July 30, 1918, and was given command of a battalion of the 30th Infantry. He was wounded by machine gun fire in the Argonne. Captain Cook followed Captain Mendenhall as C. O. of "B" Company, and was wounded October 20, 1918. For gallantry in this action Captain Cook was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. Lieut. Goddard was killed in action by shell June 1, 1918. Lieut. J. H. Ransdell was transferred to M. P.'s about 20th day of August, 1918. Lieut. Montgomery was transferred to 9th Machine Gun Bn. about August 20, 1918. Lieut. Funkhouser was killed in action October 20, 1918, near Cunel. Lieut. Cobbey was decorated with Croix de Guerre, for bravery at Chateau-Thierry; was wounded October 20, 1918, near Cunel, promoted to 1st Lieutenant November 11, 1918, and discharged January 9, 1919. Lieut. Hanus was made Battalion Adjutant.



CITATION

GREAT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS of the French Armies of the East.

STAFF

Personnel Bureau
(Decorations)

Order No. 11,875 "D" (Extract).

With the approbation of the Commander-in-Chief, American E. F., in France, The Marshal of France, Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies of the East, cites in Orders of the Army:

THE 7th MACHINE GUT BATTALION (AMERICAN).

"Under the command of Major Taylor, barred to the enemy the passage of the Marne. In the course of violent combat, particularly the 31st of May and the 1st of June, 1918, it disputed foot by foot with the Germans the northern outskirts of CHATEAU THIERRY, and covered itself with incomparable glory, thanks to its valor and to its skill, costing the enemy sanguinary losses."

The great General Headquarters, 24 November, 1918.

(Signed) PETAIN,

The Marshal of France,
Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies of the East.

CHAPTER III.

SKETCHING CHATEAU THIERRY

WITH A BATTLE PARTICIPANT AS GUIDE, CAPT. JOS. A. MINTURN HEARS ONE OF THE WAR'S MOST THRILLING TALES

Major John R. Mendenhall, Whose Hoosier Ancestry Maintains its Family Tree at Westfield, Was One of the Commanders of a Yank Machine Gun Force Sent Forward on the Double-Quick to Relieve the Tension When the Germans Threatened the French Lines—Then Came the Yankee Onslaught That Turned the Tide of War in Favor of the Allies—Minturn Tells Mendenhall's Story as He Heard It.

How the Machine Gun Fighters, Hurrying Forward by Motor, Had to Face and Solve the Problems Involved in a Shortage of Gasoline Supply—But, Yankee-like, They Went Ahead and the World Gained a New Admiration for American Valor—There Were Times When the Tide of Battle Did Not Flow Toward the Americans, but Doggedness and Strategy Won—Incidents of the Arrival and Entrance of the Yanks.

It was the happy privilege of Capt. Joseph A. Minturn, a lawyer, of Indianapolis, attached during the war to the 309th engineers, to be assigned by general headquarters in France to sketch for the American Government the military lay of the land at Chateau Thierry, where the Americans turned the tide of the war and started the Germans homeward. Captain Minturn's sketches are to go into the war archives at Washington. One of them, the large sketch here shown, discloses the terrain of the Chateau Thierry country, and Captain Minturn tells the story of Chateau Thierry as he heard it from Maj. John R. Mendenhall, a West Pointer of Hoosier ancestry, who was in the fighting that turned the fortunes of war for the allies. * * * And here is Captain Minturn's story, interestingly told:

Visits Chateau Thierry

I had been sent to the front several times while stationed at Ft. Plesnoy, near Langres, and one of these trips had extended as far west as Chateau Thierry, where I made sketches of the town itself, of Hill 204 and Belleau Wood, which are visible from the old fort hill, below which the town is built. * * *

Big Battle Discussed

I had heard so many discussions by officers at headquarters about the fight at Chateau Thierry and vicinity when the German drive had broken through the British lines to the north and had bent the French back within fifty miles of Paris to the point of despair, I confessedly eavesdropped while a young major, with a deep scar from his eyebrow to the hair across the right forehead, described to Colonel Fulmer, my immediate superior, his experience as captain of one of the machine gun companies that saved the day for the Allies and started the Huns back through the Argonne, and to their final defeat.

"That youngster's had a great experience, Minturn," he said. "I must get the general to send him with you so you can make drawings of the battle for our manual." A few days later the official order came from General Pershing. We had a chauffeur and a fast motor placed at our disposal.

The man was Maj. John R. Mendenhall, then only 25 years old, a graduate of West Point, as his father and grandfather before him had been. It will be of interest to Indians to know that the grandfather lived at Westfield, Ind., when he received his appointment to West Point, and the family still owns property in that Indiana town.

Travel French Roads

Major Mendenhall and I left Chaumont by the Paris road which winds three times, under the high stone arches of the great railway viaduct, and were kept busy saluting the colored American soldiers who were everywhere, remaking the once beautiful roads now full of chuck holes, developed by the heavy trucking of the war. The easy grades of the highways of France, here winding along and across the high hills and ridges, are splendid examples of engineering developed through centuries, reaching back to Caesar's time, and they can be located as far as the eye can see by double rows of high poplars and other trees, aged, moss-covered and full of mistletoe. The moss, in fact, is everywhere. Its velvet of golden green is a mantle to the ground, to the stone walls and houses, to the tiles on the roofs, and almost to the people who live so slowly and so far behind the times—blending everything into that restful harmony is the special charm of France.

Major Tells Story

"We arrived in France about April 15, 1918," said the major, as we drove along. "I was captain of Company B, 7th Machine Gun Battalion, 3rd Division. The division was billeted in the training area around Chateau-Villian, and our battalion at La Ferte-Sur-Aube. We'll go there first and then follow the same roads we took when ordered to Chateau Thierry. Our organization was the machine gun battalion of the division and had two companies with twenty-four active and eight reserve guns; twenty-four officers and 353 men. Our motor equipment was not received until May 20, when we got twenty-four half-ton Ford trucks and two Ford touring cars for each company and six trucks and one touring car for battalion headquarters. We began at once to teach the men how to drive the cars. Our other training schedule called for two months of preliminary, followed by a short period of trench duty in some quiet sector of the front. This should have put us on trench duty about July 1, 1918.

"Around 10 A. M. of May 30, Decoration Day at home, an order came to our major, Edward G. Taylor, to go at once on our own transportation to Conde-en-Brie, and report to the French officer commanding that sector. Speed was urged because the German drive was forcing back the French and the British troops, and all reserves must be thrown in at once to stop the enemy and save Paris."

Major Mendenhall and I had now reached La Ferte and were crossing the bridge over a small stream on which was a large mill.

Ordered to Battle Line

"Here is where we started to train," he pointed, "and where we received the hurry-up order to go to the front. When loaded we found that our cars had on three times their capacity, but the battalion left La Ferte at 2:55 P. M. in good order. Major Taylor went ahead, followed by Company A, and then by Company B, after which came several three-ton trucks with extra ammunition, gasoline and equipment.

"We had difficulty in making the steep grades on account of unavoidable overloading. In many cases the rear springs touched the axles, and blow-outs were frequent because the tires could not stand the extra pressure and we were soon badly strung out along the road.

Refugees Block Roads

"We made no stop for supper and reached Arces-Sur-Aube by 8:30 P. M. We were out of gasoline and hoped to get some there, but could not, and had to wait for our three-ton trucks.

which came in near midnight. Our route was by Mer-Sur-Seine, Anglure, Sezanne, Montmort and Orbays. We came out of Sezanne on this road we are on now about 5 A. M. of May 31. It was blocked with refugees with their household goods, babies, old women and little children, crowded and piled on carts, to which cows and donkeys were hitched. Many pulled the carts themselves; and loaded wheelbarrows and dog carts were in the jam. Men and women carried their heavy loads with frightened children clinging to what they could to keep themselves from being trodden down or lost. The expressions on the faces of the refugees were most pitiful, and we began for the first time to realize something of the real meaning of war. Farther on, spaces between cars were forced and filled by small detachments of French and British troops, all looking thoroughly demoralized and discouraged. Following these came artillery, blocking the road entirely at times, the faces of the men showing signs of great fatigue and many sleepless nights. Some of the light batteries were going into position there on the slopes of these hills and were firing vigorously, which added to the confusion and frightfulness. One cannot look at the road now and imagine what I can but faintly describe.

Traffic Jam Appalling

"This appalling jam of terrified traffic made it impossible for us to keep our train intact, and as a result our arrival at Conde-en-Brie was very fragmentary. Great credit is due the individual man, and especially the drivers, for the way they handled the cars and for their untiring efforts to keep them moving and on the proper roads to reach our destination.

"The major and I reached Conde-en-Brie, built on a hill. Its many shell-shattered buildings told us that we were getting into the battle area. We negotiated the steep hill and reached the center of the town. A shell had demolished all but the sign on the village book store, but in a kitchen in the rear we found the proprietor, who sold us out of a scant remainder of her larder.

Gasoline Runs Low

"By 2 P. M. the entire battalion except the three-ton trucks had arrived here at Conde," the major went on. "We were again almost out of gasoline and our major reported to General Marchand, of the French army, at Janvier Ferme. We were told the enemy was expected to begin shelling Conde at any time, and were ordered to evacuate Janvier Ferme. Our gas tanks were so nearly empty that our Fords would not pull the hill southwest of the town. So, filling a few tanks by emptying

gasoline from the others, we moved as many of our companies as we could and the remainder marched on foot, carrying their guns, equipment and packs. They were later picked up by the cars who had filled their tanks upon arrival of the three-ton trucks.

"A French courier, greatly excited, met us here. The major pointed to a part of the road by which we were leaving Conde. He urged us to hurry or all would be lost. A full regiment of French cavalry was apparently waiting orders in yonder field, and numberless detachments of French and British soldiers were hurrying across the fields in every direction in what seemed to be the greatest confusion.

"We were on a ridge road and approaching Nesles, a suburb of Chateau Thierry, when Major Mendenhall stopped the car and we dismounted.

"Our Major Taylor, with the two company commanders, preceded the battalion from Conde to this point above Nesles," he continued, "where he reported to a French general commanding a colonial division. This officer, after outlining the scheme of defense, instructed the company commanders to report to a French lieutenant-colonel, then in the town of Chateau Thierry, who would indicate the positions we were to occupy. We left instructions for our battalion to rendezvous in Nesles, and, proceeding to Chateau Thierry by automobile, found the lieutenant-colonel had crossed to the north side of the River Marne, where he had been captured by a German patrol. The officer, a French captain, who gave us this information, urged us to bring our troops into the town with all speed to prevent the enemy crossing the bridge to the south side of the river.

"When we got back to Nesles about half of each company had arrived from Conde-en-Brie, and, assembling gun squads as quickly as possible, we transported them hurriedly in what cars were still in running condition to Chateau Thierry, where we reported to Major Taylor in the Place Carnot. By 6 P. M. about six gun squads from each company were available, and were assigned positions which roughly divided the town into two sectors—Company A on the west toward the cathedral and Hill 204; Company B on the east toward the sugar factory and Brasles—each being responsible for the defense of a bridge, the local river margin and one flank.

"Second Lieutenant Cobbey of Company B had a machine gun in a two-story brick house on the bank of the river, ready to fire from a lower window and cover the river bank from the bridge east, and one in a shed on the east of this building with

range to the northwest. Second Lieutenant Paul T. Funkhouser had three guns in a wooded peninsula about 600 yards to the east of the bridge we were defending; two guns ranging west along the river, and one east. Two guns, under First Lieutenant Charles Montgomery, were in a sunken garden 200 yards south of the bridge, which also enfiladed it. The other guns of Company B were held at battalion headquarters as a reserve. My post of command was established under the railroad bank, giving me a covered line of communication to all my guns and to the battalion post of command, located in a house facing Place Carnot. This arrangement was completed by 3 P. M., June 1.

German Infantrymen Seen

"About 4 A. M., just as daylight was getting strong, a column of German infantry was observed marching west of the town of Brasles along the road paralleling the river toward Chateau Thierry. They apparently did not know they were in danger. In fact, we afterward learned that they believed the French had abandoned the town and they expected to march through and cross the river, halting for the night at Montmort. The guns under Lieutenants Cobhey and Funkhouser opened fire when the enemy arrived at a slight bend in the road. The German discipline was such that the soldiers continued to advance until our positions were apparently located, when they deployed into the wheat fields between the road and the river. The grain stood waist high and the men were lost to view. However, our men whipped the field continuously with machine gun fire, causing heavy casualties to the enemy. At 5 A. M., or within an hour, our guns on the peninsula were located and fired upon by enemy machine guns, wounding a man and forcing the rest to withdraw. Our other guns continued their effective fire. Making a rapid reconnoissance with First Lieutenant J. W. Ransdall, I placed him with two guns near some small buildings where the railroad crosses the Crezancy highway. By this time the enemy machine gun fire was much heavier, coming apparently from the high ridge in the north distance across the Marne from us. A call by phone to the French artillery brought a response within just two minutes, in the form of a '75' barrage on the north, or opposite side of the Marne, and extending from the railroad bridge we were defending, 500 yards east toward Brasles, and creeping north for 500 yards toward the long ridge there. It was the prettiest job you ever saw from our point of view and practically cleared the wheat fields of all Germans. A general artillery duel now commenced, which lasted through the next three days. This shelling made it advisable to move Lieutenants Montgomery and Cobhey's guns.

Artillery Fire Increased

"At nightfall of June 2 the enemy machine gun and artillery fire increased tremendously, and we increased ours in the same proportion, keeping at least one gun firing on the bridge at all times. About 11 o'clock that night I heard a terrific explosion, shortly after which all of my guns ceased firing, and in a little while Lieutenant Bissel of Company A came to my post with several wounded men belonging to his company. He said he had taken part in a counter-attack by the French and got left on the north bank of the river; that the French had blown up the west bridge to keep the Germans from following them and this had prevented his retreat, forcing him to make a run for the railroad bridge we were defending. Lieutenant Cobbey controlled the fire of our guns on the railroad bridge but knew the Germans had enfilading fire from their side of the river. He heard Lieutenant Bissel's call for Company B to hold its fire; that some of Company A were about to cross. But not being satisfied with holding his fire, Lieutenant Cobbey unhesitatingly crossed the bridge in the face of the enemy fire, found Lieutenant Bissel with his men preparing to swim the river, and dissuading them led them back over the bridge to safety. This act of heroism was characteristic of all our men.

"Fearing that enemy troops had followed Lieutenant Bissel's party across the bridge and were hiding for a surprise attack, Major Taylor sent me four of the battalion reserve guns which I placed as best I could, but, except for heavy gas shelling, nothing further occurred during the night.

Hun Airmen Locate Gun

"On the morning of June 2 we dug a pit in an open field as a better position for one of the four extra guns, but the enemy air scouts saw us and we put the gun in a building near the wagon road. Just a few minutes after we abandoned the pit, which we camouflaged before leaving, a German shell was dropped almost into it and would have killed our men had they been there. There was a French passenger coach on a switch in the yard near the bridge under which our men, who were in the open, would duck for cover from aerial observation. During the morning Lieutenant Montgomery, leaving his former guns under Lieutenant Funkhouser, took those having no overhead cover to positions where he covered the railroad track, and to a house, from the second floor of which he did effective long-range firing at the enemy groups on the long ridge across the river. After the slaughter on the level roads near the wheat field the enemy worked toward Chateau Thierry on the ridges, where they

could be seen by the aid of our field glasses. For several days our men tried out their machine gun theory by practice on human targets.

Supported by French

"We were supported by French colonial troops, among them the Senagalese sharpshooters—wild, fierce, dark-skinned, silent fellows, who gave you constant thrills at night by unexpectedly challenging at the point of a wicked looking bayonet. By day also their conduct excited my curiosity. A group would be sitting silently under cover, when, without any command, one of them would get up at intervals, face the enemy ridge across the Marne, gaze intently for a minute or two, raise his rifle and fire, then go back and sit down. After some observation with the glasses I learned what they were doing. They could see incredibly far, and when they located a gap in a far-away hedge back of which the Germans were moving, up came a rifle and down dropped a German!

"We were relieved at 3 A. M. on June 4 by Lieutenant Hose and Company A, 9th Machine Gun Battalion, 3rd Division. My company left town for the woods south of Fontenelle in three large trucks over a road being constantly shelled. The firing was so heavy during the early part of the night that it was necessary to change the guns under Lieutenant Cobbey for cool ones and these fresh guns became so hot after a couple of hours of firing that they could not be dismounted and were left with the relieving company.

Assembled Near Fontenelle

"Our 7th Machine Gun Battalion was assembled near Fontenelle by 5 A. M. on June 4, and proceeded to billets at Courbon, where we were met in person and congratulated by Maj. Gen. J. T. Dickman, at that time commanding the 3rd Division.

"Our losses throughout the entire engagement were relatively small, being one officer, First Lieutenant Thomas Goddard, Company B, and four enlisted men killed, and thirty-two men wounded, in nearly all cases from shell fire. No American troops except these two machine gun battalions of the 3rd Division were at any time engaged in the town of Chateau Thierry itself, this town being in a French sector throughout the second and third battles of the Marne, with the 2nd Division sector on the west, and the sector of the 3rd Division on the east."

This is the story of the Battle of Chateau Thierry as gathered from the officer in command during the critical hours and at the places where the German pressure was most intense. It was not told at one time, but on several occasions, as we visited the spots referred to.

Men Given Credit

"Two much credit cannot be given the men of the battalion; their action throughout was cool and courageous," was the closing declaration by Major Mendenhall to a class of generals and high army officials escorted by General Crookshank, who happened to be at Chateau Thierry on a tour of the front when we arrived, and who pressed the major into service to explain what he witnessed here and at Mezy while history was in the making. "Our men did their duty and carried out orders or used their initiative where orders were not at hand, absolutely regardless of personal danger. Coming fresh from the United States, without the opportunity afforded the earlier arrivals for completing their training, they were rushed practically overnight into a battle upon the outcome of which depended in a great measure the success of the allied cause. Had the enemy succeeded in crossing the Marne at Chateau Thierry on that first day of June, there was nothing to hinder its advance to Montmirail and Sezanne, as they had done in 1914, and threatening, if not actually capturing, Paris itself."

—Indianapolis News, Nov. 1, 1919.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS.

7th Machine Gun Battalion.

AISNE-MARNE DEFENSIVE.

31st May to 4th June, 1918.

Reference: * wounded, slight.

** wounded, severe.

*** killed in action.

Major Edward G. Taylor	1st Lt. Erskine J. Hoover
Captain John O. Mendenhall	1st Lt. Ray W. Vail
Captain Lloyd H. Cook	1st Lt. Arthur B. McCormack
Captain Charles F. Houghton	2nd Lt. Frank Cagle
Captain James F. Arthur	2nd Lt. Herbert D. Bowman
1st Lt. Francis F. Patton	2nd Lt. Elias Lyman, Jr.
1st Lt. John T. Bissell	2nd Lt. Paul T. Funkhouser
1st Lt. DeWitt S. Hose	2nd Lt. Luther W. Cobbey
1st Lt. John H. Ransdell	2nd Lt. Selden K. Griffin
1st Lt. Chas. Montgomery, Jr.	2nd Lt. Joseph G. Hanus
*** 1st Lt. Thomas W. Goddard	2nd Lt. Oliver H. Dickerhoof

AISNE-MARNE OFFENSIVE.

18th July to 6th August, 1918.

Major Roland F. Walsh	1st Lt. Erskine J. Hoover
Captain John O. Mendenhall	1st Lt. Ray W. Vail
Captain Lloyd H. Cook	**1st Lt. Arthur B. McCormack
Captain Charles F. Houghton	2nd Lt. Selden K. Griffin
Captain Hardin C. Sweeney	2nd Lt. Frank Cagle
Captain James F. Arthur	2nd Lt. Herbert D. Bowman
1st Lt. James F. Arthur	2nd Lt. Elias Lyman, Jr.
1st Lt. Francis F. Patton	2nd Lt. Paul T. Funkhouser
1st Lt. DeWitt S. Hose	2nd Lt. Luther W. Cobbey
1st Lt. John H. Ransdell	2nd Lt. Joseph G. Hanus
1st Lt. Earle C. Aument	2nd Lt. Oliver H. Dickerhoof
1st Lt. Chas. Montgomery, Jr.	Chaplain David S. Lamb

ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE.

12th September to 16th September, 1918.

Major Rowland F. Walsh	2nd Lt. Selden K. Griffin
Captain Charles F. Houghton	2nd Lt. Elias Lyman, Jr.
Captain Lloyd H. Cook	2nd Lt. Paul T. Funkhouser
Captain James F. Arthur	2nd Lt. Luther W. Cobbey
1st Lt. DeWitt S. Hose	2nd Lt. Joseph G. Hanus
1st Lt. Earle C. Aument	2nd Lt. Oliver H. Dickerhoof
1st Lt. Ray W. Vail	Chaplain David S. Lamb

MEUSE-ARGONTE OFFENSIVE.

26th September to 11th November, 1918.

Major Rowland F. Walsh	1st Lt. Erskine J. Hoover
Captain Charles F. Houghton	2nd Lt. Joseph G. Hanus
Captain Lloyd H. Cook	*2nd Lt. Paul T. Funkhouser
Captain James F. Arthur	2nd Lt. Oliver H. Dickerhoof
1st Lt. DeWitt S. Hose	**2nd Lt. Luther W. Cobbey
**1st Lt. John A. Wood	2nd Lt. Selden K. Griffin
1st Lt. Donald C. Swain	***2nd Lt. Frank C. Curry
1st Lt. Earle C. Aument	Chaplain David S. Lamb



SOME CITATIONS, 7th M. G. Bn.

By Major-General, Third Division.

COOK, LLOYD H., Captain, 7th Machine Gun Battalion. He led his company to the attack upon Bois Claires Chene and Hill 299 (Meuse-Argonne Sector) October 20th, 1918. Personally, he was the first one of his company to advance upon the enemy. Always, he was in the lead, cheering his men forward and by his brave and undaunted example, instilled into his command the fighting spirit and will which had much to do with capturing these positions.

HOUGHTON, CHARLES F., Captain, Awarded Croix de Guerre for gallantry in action. Continually exposed himself to heavy Machine Gun fire in order to go around among his men.

HOSE, DEWITT S., 1st Lieutenant and Aument, Earle C., 1st Lieutenant 7th Machine Gun Battalion. Both officers assumed command of their respective Companies upon the wounding of their Company Commanders, in the attack upon Bois Claires Chene and Hill 229 (Meuse-Argonne Sector) October 20-24th, 1918. Both showing splendid courage, leadership and calm judgment in the strenuous fighting in these woods. In the subsequent counter attack it was the determined resistance of the guns commanded by these two Lieutenants which checked the Germans, causing them great losses.

GODDARD, THOMAS W., 1st Lieutenant. Killed while loading ammunition through a heavy bombardment. Decorated with Croix de Guerre.

HOOVER, ERSKINE J., 1st Lieutenant, 7th Machine Gun Battalion. Decorated with Croix de Guerre for gallantry in action.

COBBEY, LUTHER W., 2nd Lieutenant. Refused to be evacuated even though seriously wounded until the wounded men had been tended to and evacuated.

COBBEY, LUTHER W., 2nd Lieutenant. Although heavily shelled in his position and knowing that other guns had retired, he kept his guns in action and held the upper bridge across the Marne.

FUNKHOUSER, PAUL T., 2nd Lieutenant. Kept up liaison with infantry under heavy shell fire.



7th Machine Gun
Bn., 3d Div.

In Germany

Colors, 7th M. G. Bn.
in Germany.



Chap. David S. Lamb,
and
"Fritzie"

Left to right —
Sr. Turner, Capt.
Hammond, Corp. Rippe,
Lt. P. S. Hose, Sgt. Dell,
Lt. Dickerhoff
Co. B, 7th M. G. Bn.,
in Germany



HANUS, JOSEPH G., 2nd Lieutenant, 7th Machine Gun Battalion. In the Argonne-Meuse repeatedly went from Battalion Headquarters to the front line under shell and machine gun fire to obtain information of enemy.

DICKERHOOF, OLIVER H., 2nd Lieutenant, 7th Machine Gun Battalion. Intelligence and Liaison officer with the Infantry. Rendered very valuable service and was continually exposed to enemy fire in order to perform these duties.

LAMB, DAVID S., Chaplain, 7th Machine Gun Battalion. In the Argonne-Meuse, north of Montfaucon, had charge of the burial detail for the Div. and carried on work during heavy bombardments. In spite of the artillery fire and the unpleasantness of the task he held his detail together and completed the work.

FERRIER, WILLIAM J., Sergeant. Took charge of a platoon when the officer was wounded and led the men over the top, showing exceptional bravery and leadership. His courage was a great factor in the capture of Bois Claires Chene.

WOOSLEY, HUBERT, Sergeant.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM THE PRESS

EVANSVILLE ATHLETES OFFER THEIR STRENGTH TO WAR FOR DEMOCRACY.

Among the Evansville boys who have filled or are about to fill Uncle Sam's ranks are a number of the best athletes the city ever produced in all lines of sport. If some of these fellows can hit the kaiser's line as hard as they hit Louisville's in football; can grapple with a German who is storming their trench as well as they can wrestle on the Y M C A mat; or hurl a hand grenade as they have a baseball or bowling ball, the chances of Germany to win the war looks slim.

Taking up our E. H. S. football teams first, there is Clyde Baugh of the cavalry, who played tackle many years ago.

Famous Eleven Gone.

Of the famous 11 of 1913, which will always be remembered as the greatest football team Evansville ever produced, four are now in Uncle Sam's service. Paul Funkhouser, who made all-

state high school in that year is in the officers' reserve and has just received his commission as second lieutenant. Alfred Davis, who played alongside him at tackle, is in the officers' training camp.

Carl "Dotta" Rohsenberger, who played guard on that famous aggregation, has been commissioned a first lieutenant. Al Slade, one of the substitutes, and a star pole vaulter and jumper of E. H. S. track teams, is in Cavalry Troop A. Charley Folz, an old E. H. S. distance runner, is a member of the Infantry company.

Steve Cook, an old halfback, was made a second lieutenant in the reserve camp.

Wrestlers Enlist.

Of last year's E. H. S. team, John Erskine, end, Sellman Schultz, fullback, are in Troop A. Carl Pleak, a substitute, has joined the marines. Prentis Connor, who played on several high school teams, belongs to a national guard artillery company at Bloomington, Ind.

The loss of Bink Lowe, lightweight champion, Wesley Guenther, king of middleweights, Bruce Hitch, to say nothing of Schulz, will cripple the Y. M. C. A. wrestling squad hopelessly. All are members of Troop A. Joe Stewart, former middleweight champion, is in the regular army.

Will Miss Jud

Harold Berges, a well-known amateur baseball pitcher, belongs to the cavalry.

Bayard Park Sunday School basketball five loses three members in Bink Lowe, Al Slade and Clyde Baugh, while Trinity suffers too since Jud McGrew become "Lieut. C. Judson McGrew."

McGrew will be missed too in this year's tennis tournament. Jud is no slouch with the racket.

Even the Y. M. C. A. bowling league loses two men in Karl Hyde of the officers' reserve and Sam Thurgood, who were selected.

—Evansville Press, Aug. 10, 1917.

TRANSFER FUNKHOUSER

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, son of Attorney Albert W. Funkhouser, has been transferred from Gettysburg to Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., where the Montana soldiers who paraded Evansville several weeks ago went. Camp Greene is the post where United States troops are sent for the final training before departing for France.

Lieut. Funkhouser has been acting commander of his com-

pany for several weeks, since his captain was promoted and the vacancy had not been filled.

Paul writes his father that the regulars, of which he is a member, had a fight with the national guardsmen at the camp. The regulars were victorious in the friendly scuffle.

—Evansville Press, October, 1917.

WITH THOSE IN THE UNITED STATES SERVICE

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser writes his father, Albert W. Funkhouser, that he expects soon to be on his way to the front.

—Evansville Courier, March 15, 1918.

PAUL FUNKHOUSER ARRIVES IN FRANCE

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser has arrived safely in France, according to a cablegram received by his father, Attorney Albert W. Funkhouser, Saturday.

—Evansville Press, April 15, 1918.

LIEUT. FUNKHOUSER AT CHATEAU THIERRY

Local Young Man a Member of Outfit Whose Machine Guns Do Deadly Execution

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, son of Albert W. Funkhouser, of this city, probably is in the midst of the hardest fighting in which American troops in France are now engaged.

Yesterday's dispatches mentioned the name of Capt. Mendenhall as participating in the machine gun fighting against the Germans at Chateau Thierry, where the United States forces made such a brilliant record. Lieut. Funkhouser is a member of the same outfit and so it is practically certain is in the midst of the hot fighting which is adding luster to the name of America and its forces.

The elder Funkhouser is proud that his son is with an outfit making such an enviable record, but is torn by anxiety for the fate of his son at the same time.

—Evansville Courier, June 7, 1918

LIEUT. FUNKHOUSER IS IN PRESENT FIGHTING

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser is among those brave American fighters who are giving the Boches a taste of Yankee fighting at Chateau Thierry and about which Evansville people have been reading such glowing accounts. Lieut. Funkhouser is in Capt.

Mendenhall's machine gun crew. All Evansville will congratulate Attorney Albert W. Funkhouser, the lieutenant's father, on the record his boy is making, and join in the hope that he will come forth unscathed from the ordeal.

—Evansville Journal-News, June 7, 1918.

EVANSVILLE IN BIG BATTLE FUNKHOUSER

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, son of Attorney and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue, is believed by his parents to be in action at the battle of Chateau Thierry.

Mrs. Funkhouser read in the papers Saturday of the battle in which Capt. Mendenhall's troops are taking active part.

"Who is Paul's captain?" she asked Papa Funkhouser.

"He went across with Capt. Mendenhall's company," her husband answered.

"Then he is in the big battle now going on," the mother said.

And if ever a cloud of anxiety passed over her face, the sunshine of pride quickly drove it away.

"I'm so proud of Paul that there's little room left for fear," she said.

"Of course we are very anxious about him—oh, so proud of the brave deeds of his company.

"We received a letter from him Saturday morning written May 19, in which he tells of a promotion to judge advocate of the special court martial of his battalion. He writes that he was very busy, having two cases to try. He said that he had been asked not to tell anything, so his letter was brief."

—Evansville Press, June 8, 1918.

YOUNG OFFICER IN REGULARS IN ZONE OF BATTLE

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, 23, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue, was the first Evansville boy to volunteer and get a commission in the regular army.

When the first officers' training camp was opened at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, May, 1917, Funkhouser was attending Indiana Law School. He took a chance and went to the camp. Some of the men selected did not show up and Funkhouser was allowed to enter. He was one of the youngest men in the camp, but was not there long before he was put in charge of some of the men. At one time he was an acting captain.

When the commissions were awarded Funkhouser was

given a second lieutenant's commission in the regular army, and was the only man from Evansville assigned to the regulars.

He was sent to Gettysburg, Pa., with the 59th Infantry, and later went to Camp Greene, N. C. At Camp Greene, Funkhouser was trained as a liaison officer, and later placed in charge of a machine gun detachment of the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion.

At the battle of Chateau Thierry, in which the American troops distinguished themselves, Funkhouser is believed to have been engaged. His commander was mentioned in dispatches at that time.

—Evansville Press, June 28, 1918.

WITH THE COLORS

Word has been received from France that Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, with the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, Third Division, has been appointed special judge advocate. Lieut. Funkhouser is now working on two courts martial, and in a letter to his father, Attorney Albert W. Funkhouser, he writes that he is busy much of the time with similar cases.

—Evansville Journal-News, June, 1918.

LETTER FROM FIGHTER AT CHATEAU THIERRY

**Lieut. Paul Funkhouser Speaks Modestly of the Work Praised
by Allied Commanders**

A letter from one of the participants in the engagement by the Americans at Chateau Thierry has been received in Evansville.

It is from Lieut. Paul Funkhouser to his parents, Attorney and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, and was dated June 9. Attorney Funkhouser said:

"We know nothing as to his whereabouts in France from anything he has told us, but the press dispatch some time ago mentioned his captain as being at the Battle of Marne, at Chateau Thierry. You will remember that the engagement of the American machine guns begun at Chateau Thierry on May 31, so the six days Paul speaks of were from May 31 to June 5, inclusive."

Young Lieut. Funkhouser speaks very modestly of the work of his outfit, which has been so highly praised by the allied commanders. He writes:

"Our first experience on the line taught all of us many things. Our outfit, according to reports, has brought more or less praise from high commanders, and on the whole our six

days was a success, and we all feel very good on the work accomplished. Our casualties, of course, we cannot talk or write about, but the Germans are about ten times worse off than we are. The American troops are doing good work and it won't be long until the Huns realize that the United States turns out some good soldiers. I am still at the "ready zone" and hear occasional bombing. Think I experienced all the tactics known to the Hun. They have missed me so far and I am still in the best of health."

—Evansville Courier, June 30, 1918.

LIEUT. PAUL FUNKHOUSER UNDER FIRE EIGHT DAYS

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser has been under fire for eight days, according to a letter received by his parents. He is with the Seventh Machine Gunners, American Expeditionary Forces. His letter, dated June 7, follows:

"My Dear Parents—

"Sorry that I haven't been able to write. Have been under fire and in battle for eight days. Our outfit has won quite a name for itself. We have had French colonel and our division commanding officer compliment us. I am O. K. so far. Sent a cablegram to you to let you know I am O. K. Said, 'Hello!' Don't know when you will get it, if ever; but don't worry about me because I am O. K. We will clean out this bunch of Dutch within a year, and, believe me, I will be glad to get back home. Have not time to write more. Resurrected this paper in a deserted French house. Hope you are all well. Please write often. You might send the Courier to me."

—Evansville Courier, July 1, 1918.

BROTHERS ARE LIEUTENANTS

Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser of 920 Washington Avenue have reason to be proud of their sons, for both volunteered soon after the outbreak of war and both have been commissioned lieutenants.

Albert C. Funkhouser applied for the first officers' training camp; passed but was not called, so he enlisted as a motor truck chauffeur. He was admitted to the officers' training camp at Camp Bowie, Tex., and was commissioned as second lieutenant May 18, 1918, and assigned to Company H, 144th Infantry.

Paul Taylor Funkhouser was admitted to the first officers training camp and commissioned second lieutenant, United States Regular Army, Aug. 15, 1917. He arrived in France in

April and engaged in the recent great battle near Chateau Thierry. He has served on several courts martial.

Both young men have had university and legal education.
—Evansville Courier, July 4, 1918.

LIEUT. FUNKHOUSER SEES REAL SERVICE

Writes Parents That He Saw All Methods of Warfare While in Front Line Trenches

Among the Evansville men who are actually facing the Huns on the Western front is Second Lieutenant Paul T. Funkhouser, who in a letter declares during the eighteen days he spent on the front he saw all the methods of warfare in existence. His letter was written on June 18 and it is probably that he is back in the trenches by this time. His letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue, follows:

"Came back out of the line last night, am now back a few miles. Don't believe I have written you since the time I wrote that we had just come out of action. We were in the front line for two days. Have now seen all the methods of warfare there are in existence, I believe. Spent the last eighteen days at the front.

"Our outfit was the first American troops to enter one certain sector; and we had one very warm time.

"I am now living in the upper floor of a very good barn; think we will get better billets tomorrow. All that has happened along the line has been successful for the Allies and the American troops are doing their share. Hope to get time to write more tomorrow. This will at least let you know that I am in good health and spirits."

—Evansville Courier, July 13, 1918.

"MY BOY WON'T LET HUNS GET TO PARIS"

(Mrs. Schierholz-Mrs. Funkhouser)

The Germans cannot get to Paris in the great drive they started Monday.

"My boy will not let them!" said Mrs. Schierholz, 1206 Washington Avenue, when she was told that the Huns had launched their supreme effort of the war."

"Paul will keep them back!" said Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue.

The two mothers, from recent letters, knew that their sons were stationed at the point at which the Germans hurled their attack. They spoke for the mothers of all the other Evansville

Yanks who are, or may soon be, in the line which is protecting the French capital.

"Though the Germans have been preparing for forty years, all they've got now to show for it is a bunch of men and ammunition, and—well—" Mrs. Schierholz's kind, motherly face lighted up and her eyes brightened at the thought—"it takes boys like mine to win this war."

Mr. Schierholz spoke with a slight German accent that was positively beautiful because it voiced words which, if heard in Potsdam, would strike terror to the hearts of Prussian autocrats. It expressed the determination of American mothers of German origin to wipe out autocracy at whatever cost.

* * * * *

Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser didn't seem very much surprised and not a bit alarmed when told of the new drive.

"I'm mighty proud that my son, Paul, is there," she said.

"There's sometimes a terrible anxiety about him, and yet with all that there is always foremost the great pride I have in him—a pride in knowing that he's a man and doing a man's part.

"We all feel perfectly confident of the Americans' success.

"We know the morale of the army is the highest, and that they are undisputedly the best fighters. Why, our Paul is already a seasoned veteran instead of a rookie.

"He wrote that he was in the first American unit in the Marne sector.

"It's hard for us to realize, I guess, just what he is doing right now, but it'll be easier for us as it is, knowing only that he is filling to the utmost his part as second lieutenant of a machine gun company." —Evansville Press, July 15, 1918.

TURNING THE TIDE

When motor trucks unloaded an American machine gun company at Chateau Thierry in the early and perilous days of June, it marked actual participation of the American Army in the war.

May it not be possible that it marked the turning point in the great conflict? In that first week in June the Germans' drive was definitely stopped. The war machine that had been so successful since March 21 henceforth was to move only with greatest difficulty.

In that machine gun company was at least one Evansville boy, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser. This city gave the first life to the cause. It would be an added honor if it turns out that the operation directed by a young Evansville officer was the turning point in the world struggle.

—Editorial, Evansville Courier, July 19, 1918.

LIEUT. PAUL FUNKHOUSER, ONE OF

FIRST MEN IN CHATEAU THIERRY

CENSORS OWN LETTERS TO FOLKS

From Billet in Barn, Local Boy Writes of Vacation Days That Men Enjoy When Returning From Front Line Trenches

MONOTONY AND HOMESICKNESS HIT THEM HARD;

BOCHES' PROWESS AS SOLDIERS OVER-RATED

Vacation days of the soldiers in France are spent in writing home, it would seem, judging from the fact that Lieut. Paul Funkhouser wrote two letters in as many days to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser. One letter was dated June 20 and the other June 21.

Lieut. Funkhouser, although graduating from the first officers' training school of Ft. Benjamin Harrison, was commissioned in the regular army, unlike most of the other, who were placed in the officers' reserve corps.

Together with Lieut. Morris Levi and Capt. Winston Menzies, whose pictures were published last week, Lieut. Funkhouser was one of the first local men to reach France.

He is now attached to Major General Dickman's division as second lieutenant in a machine gun battalion. His company, the dispatches from Washington stated, was the first to enter Chateau Thierry during the memorable attack of the American troops on that French village several weeks ago, in which the Boches were cleaned out of the cellars after severe hand-to-hand encounters.

The casualties mentioned in his letters printed below probably refer to the losses sustained in the attack.

Both letters bear his own initials as proof that they have been censored.

“June 20, 1918.

“I am still back in a so-called ‘rest billet.’ I have been taking life easy for the last two days. Cannot think of anything interesting to write. Might describe some of the expe-

riences that I have had lately but since I am back out of action don't care to write about what has happened. War is about as General Sherman says, with apologies to h——. Our men have taken in everything that has happened in a most wonderful manner. Our casualties have not been very great, and on the whole our battalion is in good condition. Think I wrote you that we were the first American troops to enter a certain sector, and I believe we have had a very thorough initiation. I feel more like a veteran than a recruit. Things are going well with me now. I am in good health and have had quite a bit of experience. Will tell you some very interesting things when I see you all again, but have no appetite to write them. I believe you know that our battalion is motorized. I think it is the one thing that affords pleasure now, as we have several opportunities to enjoy our Fords and motorcycles.

"Mail is about as scarce as hen teeth. Had two letters about a week ago but none for two weeks before that. My clothes are in rather poor condition. Have to sew up a few holes tonight. Would sure give a good and plenty to be back home tonight, but suppose it doesn't do any good to get homesick, so I won't. The chances are these Boches will be cleaned out before long. All this 'bull' about the Boche being such a good soldier is bunk. The only thing they have is a lot of men and ammunition and won't have that long. They don't make near as good soldiers as the French and Americans."

"June 21, 1918.

"Expect we will be here for a few days, and hope we do. There is not much for me to write tonight but at least will mail this and you will know I am O. K. We had our first religious service tonight that we have had for some time. Have a new chaplain and he is a real fellow. Expect that we will have a baseball team and play Company A tomorrow. Life over here is naturally monotonous, but on the whole it is not so bad. While actually in the front line time passes so quickly and so much happens that when we get out it is a little like a Summer vacation. We probably will be in this zone for some time to come, going in and coming out of the line at irregular intervals.

"We are now living in a town with about fifteen houses and as many barns. Only a few of the people have deserted the village, and we are living with the people who are here in empty barns and in available places. Every one is fairly comfortable and in good spirits. Hope the next time we come out of the lines we get a better town.

"My clothing and equipment are strung from one end of this country to the other; don't know when I will gather them

all up and if I don't before long there will be one naked lieutenant. Bought a suit in England that I have been expecting to arrive for some time and hope to get it before long. Don't know that my personal equipment howls will be of any interest, but so be it. Will close this and hit the hay.

"I almost forgot to mention that I have a 'soda' mustache. Doesn't show up much now, but next time you see me will be all decorated with a misplaced eyebrow."

—Evansville Journal-News, July 14, 1918.

EVANSVILLE OFFICER HELD GERMANS BACK AT MARNE

Paul Funkhouser One of First Yanks to Cross Marne

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser has participated in two of the most bitter struggles of the war, the first crossing of the Marne by Americans on May 30 and the remarkable holding of six and one-half mile front for twenty hours, east of Chateau Thierry, June 15, according to a letter written by Lieut. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue, received Monday.

Lieut. Funkhouser states that he cannot tell where he has been fighting, but—

"I have become quite familiar with the Marne River and with Chateau Thierry," he writes.

In Cobbey's Company

In giving the list of officers of his company June 15, to his father, he mentions the name of Lieut. Cobbey. This officer was reported by newspapers to have stood on the bridge at the first crossing of the Marne when the Americans and Germans were both shelling it, and to have called out "Cobbey! Cobbey!" until the American machine gunners, of which Lieut. Funkhouser is a member, heard him and quit firing on their own company.

"Paul's company, under Major General Dickman, probably was the first to cross the Marne after the Boches," Attorney Funkhouser said Monday.

"He is in the Third Division, Regulars, and it is known that they are right there."

In the crossing of the Marne, May 30, the company to which Lieut. Funkhouser belongs, was surrounded by Germans and held out four or five days.

Goes Where Needed

Lieut. Funkhouser is known to have been in the Allied divisions which held a six and one-half mile front along the Marne River, east of Chateau Thierry, July 15. Here a few thousand

Americans held out twenty hours against 24,000 Germans, allowing only 5,000 Germans to cross, all of whom were either killed or wounded.

"I have been in action since May 30 and, believe me, it has been action with emphasis," Lieut. Funkhouser says.

"Our battalion is motorized (Fords and motorcycles), and we move about quite a bit wherever we are needed, and it seems that we are needed somewhere most of the time."

Paper Praises

"I am quite sure that Paul is referring to the same movement as is referred to in the New York World, under date of June 21, in explaining the battle, when it says, nothing in this war has been more distinguished than this bitter defense which enabled the American unit to hold the position it took up May 31, when its partially complete machine gun battalion traveled 110 miles at top speed."

"I'm O. K."

"In addition to being lieutenant, I am liaison officer for our battalion," Lieut. Funkhouser adds.

This means that he goes ahead of the company, selecting nests for the machine guns. It is this position which leads Attorney Funkhouser to believe that Paul probably was the first to cross the Marne.

"Our outfit has won the warm approval of the high command in back of the American and French armies," the letter says.

"One of my brother lieutenants in my company has lost his life in action and he was a darned fine man. He died gloriously, poor chap.

"Don't worry about me. I am O. K. and will remain so."

—Evansville Press, July 22, 1918.

FIRST LETTER FROM CHATEAU THIERRY TELLS OF BASEBALL GAME AND RULES OF VILLAGE

**Evansville Officer Writes From Apex of German Salient on
Marne and Relates Adventure of Boche Airman—Wonders
How Home-folk Keep Track of Him in Fight**

TELLS OF DEATH OF BROTHER OFFICER THERE

Chateau Thierry! The first news from that village of France marking the passage of the Americans across the Marne on toward the sacred goal of freedom! Once before, in the

earlier days of our war, just a few weeks ago, this selfsame Evansville lad, now an officer of the machine gun company that distinguished itself by being the first to enter the limits of the village and cleaned the Hun hosts out of the cellars of the crumpled stone houses, wrote of the great adventure of battle.

Below is the first account of the new battle, told in a letter from Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Funkhouser, which arrived here Saturday afternoon. More than a month underway, it tells of the beginning of the new struggle, the beginning of the great German offensive, heralded by the Hun press to a point where it seemed the defeat of the Allies would take place within a few days. And that offensive, the tide of which Foch and his French legions, aided by the Americans, turned after the second day, marked the beginning of the German retreat, the second decisive defeat at the Marne.

Now Chateau Thierry lies some sixteen miles behind our troops. It marks the point of the German wedge which was to have been driven into the heart of France.

Blithely young Funkhouser writes of a baseball game probably played with the ruins of the shell shattered houses for bases. His letter permits imagination to run wild. It runs the keyboard of thrills and is the first word of the big fight of an Evansville officer received here.

The letter of Lieut. Funkhouser, a member of a machine gun battalion, mentions that he is in the Third United States Division, which has recently been mentioned repeatedly as being in the thick of the fight at Cierges la Charnel and other engagements on the Soisson-Rheims front. There is little doubt but that Lieut. Funkhouser has been through the recent fighting, and Evansville awaits with interest the next letters from him, telling of the big push across the Marne.

His letter, dated June 30, follows:

"This is Sunday night. The day has been more or less one of leisure. We got impertinent this afternoon and played a game of baseball. 'B' Company played 'A' Company, both machine gun companies. We (Company B) were in tough luck and were trimmed, 14 to 7. During the game two French balloons were on the observation lines. A Boche aviator came over and pulled the prettiest stunt I ever saw. He first circled one balloon, causing the observer to drop, then set the balloon afire and destroyed it in a few seconds. He then followed the same procedure in destroying the second balloon. All this the Boche did under heavy artillery fire. I think I used the wrong adjective in saying it was the 'prettiest' thing I have ever seen, but the aviator's courage and work compelled the admiration and praise of all those who witnessed the exhibition. He went back

toward his own lines and met two French aviators, who put him down. This is the first demonstration of a Boche that I have admired or approved. The French aviators have it all over the Boches, but this particular aviator was a good one and a man of courage and daring.

"I have read the clippings of the newspapers from home which stated that I was at Chateau Thierry. You seem to be able to keep pretty close tab on me without my help, and, of course, I am glad of it. The home papers have certainly given us some good writeups, but they certainly cannot exaggerate the hotness of that combat. We have been pretty lucky so far as casualties go. Lieut. Goddard of our company, was pushed off. He was the only officer touched in that hot fight. He was one of my best friends in the battalion, and a fine, brave man. I do not believe that we can get into a place that will be much warmer than that was, considering that it was our first experience under fire, and that we gave the Boches a good cleaning. We all feel pretty good over our fight there. We have been in action twice since then—once in the front line trenches. We were successful each time, and if all the sectors hold as ours, Berlin will be reached in a year or two. I have been, and still am, company liaison officer, and also usually, when in action, handle a platoon.

"There isn't much I can write about without violating censorship, and there is not much otherwise to write. One thing, don't worry about me. I am safe and sound, am in perfect health, financially O. K. and spirits 100 per cent. Haven't won any medals, but haven't failed to do my duty at all times. When you do not hear from me take it for granted that I am all right in all respects. Of course, I am lonesome and would enjoy being at home with you all, but that is only a question of time. I know I have the best little mother and big dad in the world, and I don't want you to worry about me. Bad news travels fast, and if you do not hear from me then I am O. K.

"Now I guess that will hold you for a while. Mother is right in saying no Boche can get me. I am lucky and will be back home before you can realize that I have been away. Will close because it is getting dark and we're not permitted to use candles."

Mr. Funkhouser was in receipt of another letter late Saturday afternoon from his son Paul; just a line, saying that he was O. K. The letter was dated July 1.

—Evansville Journal-News, Aug. 4, 1918.

"NACH BERLIN" FOR THE HUNS

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser Says They Have About-Faced for Good—Praises Boche Aviators

The Huns have about-faced and will be facing Berlin from now until the end of the chapter.

That is the strain in which Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser of the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, Company B, wrote under date of June 30 from France to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser of 920 Washington Avenue. Excerpts from the letter follows: (See page 162.)

* * * * *

"I certainly appreciate the personal mention in the editorial in the Courier which Mr. Roosa was kind enough to write, and which you were good enough to send me. I am glad I had the privilege of helping, in an humble measure, in turning the Huns about face, and unless I miss my guess they will be facing Berlin from now until the end of the chapter."

—Evansville Courier, Aug. 4, 1918.

HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STARS SMASHING HUN LINE

Pals and teammates on the Evansville High School football squad for three years, and later members of the Northwestern and Indiana varsity teams, Paul T. Funkhouser and Carl ("Dotta") Rohsenberger, have just learned that they have also been "pals" in the bitterest struggles of the world's most terrible fight.

Each fought in the same Third Division which, during the last month, has pushed the Boche back across the Marne, taken Sergy, annihilated an entire force of Germans at Seringes, and captured Cierges. Now both boys—Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser, with the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, and Lieut. Carl Rohsenberger—only a short distance behind with the artillery of the Third Division, are pushing their way, together, across the Vesle and toward Fismes.

As in the old high school football games, when Funkhouser was a fast end, and led the interference, while Rohsenberger made deep gains, Funkhouser is now heading the American Army interference with Rohsenberger right behind him.

Attorney Albert W. Funkhouser, Lieut. Funkhouser's father, has been able up to this time to locate his son, almost exactly, by knowing that he is under command of Capt. Mendenhall, in the Third Division, and with the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion.

Rohsenbergers Learn

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rohsenberger, Monday, for the first time, knew the whereabouts of their son, Lieut. Carl, when a letter was received saying that Rohsenberger and Funkhouser were in the same division.

"Carl Rohsenberger is in this division," Lieut. Funkhouser writes, under date of July 9.

"Day before yesterday I passed some of his regiment going into action. I inquired and found that he is some place along the road within a few miles from me. I finally found a corporal who was marking the road for his battery but didn't get to see Carl.

"We will both be in the same big fight which will take place shortly. He is in the artillery which will, of course, be a few miles in back of me, but I may get to see him as he and I will fight in the same sector."

Another son of Attorney and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, Albert, has now been across ten days. (Paul refers to him as A. C.)

"Haven't heard from A. C. for some time. Will make every effort to get him in our battalion when he gets here. Will surely look him up if I get a chance."

—Evansville Press, Aug. 5, 1918.

LIEUT. FUNKHOUSER TELLS OF SERVICE IN FRANCE

Hon. Albert W. Funkhouser is in receipt of a letter from his son, Lieut Paul T. Funkhouser, dated July 4, in which he tells his parents some things that are of a most congratulatory nature, and which add to their pride in him as part of the country's great war machine. The letter says, in part:

"The day before yesterday," he writes, "we were reviewed, and today our battalion paraded again. A French lieutenant general and our division general (Maj. Gen. Dickman) were the reviewing officers. Our battalion flag will be decorated with a mark of distinction. A few of our battalion officers were recommended. Lieut. Cobbey was the only one in our company recommended."

In explanation for the review and honors, it must be known that the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, which is a unit of the Third Division of the United States Regulars, was the machine gun company that turned the Huns back at Chateau Thierry, May 31. It was the first machine gun battalion of the American Army to get into action in France. The great record made by the battalion was no doubt the particular cause for the general review and decoration of the flag.

In further explanation, it may be stated that a machine gun battalion consists of four companies of 172 men each, with six officers to the company. They operate sixteen guns in each company, making sixty-four guns in all. Each gun shoots 640 shots a minute, and when the full sixty-four guns are in operation they are sending out 40,960 shots a minute to the enemy, which is equal to 40,000 infantrymen in action. The ammunition for the guns is fed to them on tape. The gun has a water casing to keep it from getting overheated and thus put out of commission.

Lieut. Cobbey, who was recommended for orders, is in Lieut. Funkhouser's company. It will be recalled that it was Lieut. Cobbey with a company of men who rescued a company of Americans who had become separated from their commander at Chateau Thierry, and was fired upon by his own men before they identified him. * * *

—Evansville Journal-News. Aug. 8, 1912.

LIEUT. PAUL FUNKHOUSER WRITES FROM FRANCE JUST BEFORE NEW OFFENSIVE OF GERMANS BEGINS

Hunts Up Evansville Friend on Eve of Battle, But Lad Has Gone Into Action Before Local Boys Meet—Predicts Vic- tory in Offensive "Before Letters Arrive"

From battle-scarred Chateau Thierry, where the American troops launched their first big success against the hosts of the kaiser, come two other letters during the past week. Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, whose letter last Sunday proved of such interest to his friends in Evansville, has again written to his parents in an intimate way what the boys are doing in France.

June 28, 1918.

Suppose you think I am a pretty poor kind of a son for not writing more. We have been busy for so long and have so much work that I hardly have any time to write; and, am generally too tired. Will try to make this letter interesting enough to make up for lost time. Today is the first day we have received any mail in about two weeks, and I did well enough to draw twenty-one letters and most of them were from home. I can't just explain how good it makes you feel to hear from home, but, believe me, I am one happy boy today. Sometime soon we will have a grand house warming and all these dirty Dutch will be a thing of the past. Am now a few miles from the front line, activities here are comparatively quiet; we hear an occasional big gun and had a little shelling here last night; we are back in readiness and just far enough back to be very nearly out of danger. Suppose this will be a rather poorly written let-

ter, as we are in barns and tents, pup-tents, and my knee is serving as a table. Capt. J. R. Mendenhall is still my company commander. His picture has been in several New York papers and I have been with him in all maneuvers. Can tell some very interesting happenings and am darned glad to say that we were among the first to enter that sector. Have turned into an old soldier in the last month; at least, I feel like one. We have had three very interesting combats and all of them have been successful. Our battalion is a motorized outfit and can move here and there in a hurry where troops are needed. We consequently see some pretty active service as well as a good deal of France. American troops are being sent into the line in large numbers and the only possible outcome of the war can be success for the Allies. Suppose the news as to what the Allies are doing to the Austrians has reached you by now. Will no doubt eat Christmas dinner somewhere near Berlin.

There isn't any body of men in this war that can feel as the Americans do. We all know that our parents and the whole country is behind us, and that is what will win the war. Of course we take a few chances but the big thing is to know that the people in the United States are taking care of us and will not fall down on support, and that is what counts.

During the times I have been in action, have been in the front line trenches and have seen the Boche killed and taken prisoner. I believe they are about ready to quit, and as for their ability as an individual soldier they are far from the man that heresay makes them. They are pretty good soldiers, but are not superior to any of the Allied troops; at least, that is my opinion.

Am more than glad that A.C. (his brother Albert) has been home and had a chance to be with you all, and, as I said before, would have given most anything to have been with you all. Certainly am glad he has been commissioned, as I gather from his various changes he is now in Company H, 144th Infantry, of the 36th Division. If they have sailed for France and get anywhere near our sector, you may take it from me we will get in the same outfit, if possible. Will make every effort to get him in our battalion. Please let me know just what he belongs to, particularly his division; so, if I get an opportunity, can look him up.

The newspaper clippings are a very wonderful treat and you may take it from me I enjoyed them.

We are now cooking our meals on field ranges and living about as close to Nature as it is possible. I am in fine health and gaining in weight. Our outfit is in good spirits and we think we have the best little battalion in the land. We have had some

rather unpleasant experiences and hardships that every one expected, and every one laughs at them now.

Of course, it can do no other than make me feel good to know that I have such a proud family at home. But there isn't any particular reason why you should be proud. I am doing my best to serve the United States and that is no more than millions of other men are doing, or no more than is expected of all of us who are of the right age. I know that if dad were younger he would be here, but is doing more good at home now than I can do here. I appreciate all that both of you are doing at home to round up traitors and raise money to carry on the war; you doubtless know, without my writing it, that that is the only way we can clean the Boche. I am mighty proud of my dad and mother, and I want you to know it. Think I had better close for this time. Hope you are able to wade through this mess of scribbling. Haven't any trace of the number of letters I have sent but have written as often as I have found time. Have received letter No. 36 from you. Love for all.

Your son,

P. T.

(Self-censored, P. T. Funkhouser, 2nd Lt. 7th M. G. Bn., A. E. F., France.)

July 9, 1918.

I haven't written you for several days, but will try to make up for lost time this morning. From the newspapers you have sent I suppose that you know pretty well where I am. I am glad of that, for, of course, I wouldn't be allowed to tell you. All sectors are more or less active right now, and personally am back a few miles from the first line, but it will be a very short time until we are in action. The Boches have made several would-be attacks, but so far they have turned out to be more of an Allied attack than a Boche. There isn't any reason to believe that they, "the Boche," will ever gain ground that they can hold for any length of time again. In fact, the day of the "Hun" success is over. It is my opinion that it is only a question of time until they are forced to give up and submit to whatever terms of peace the Allied forces care to offer. The United States is now, of course, the big feature in the war; whatever she does will decide the length of time the Boche can hold out. There are more American troops here than I imagined the United States could send over in this length of time, and, believe me, it looks good to see them and makes you feel proud to know that you are one of them. They have been successful in all their maneuvers and have won a good name for themselves among the Allied forces.

Carl Rohsenberger is in this division. Day before yester-

day I passed some of his regiment going into action. I inquired from some of the officers about him and discovered that he was some place along the road within a few miles from me. I finally found a corporal who was marking the road for his advance with his battery but didn't get to see Carl. We will both be in the same fight, which will take place shortly. You might let his folk know about where he is, from the information you already have as to my whereabouts. He is in the artillery which will, of course, be some distance behind us, but I may get to see him as we are in the same sector. We expect the Huns to make their final drive here shortly, and we will let them have enough to make it a final drive. Hope to run into Carl before long.

Can't tell how long it will be before I see you again, but I will sooner or later, as I believe that I will come out of this O. K. By the time you get this the newspapers will have published another victory for the Allies. If you are still in the notion of sending me the home papers would appreciate it. Of course, the clippings are better, but I imagine that they are quite a bit of trouble. Your letters are certainly appreciated and I hope that you continue to write as frequently as you have been. I don't get mail but about once every ten days, but I usually get a good bunch at a time; and, I have gotten into the habit of waiting for mail day. Don't suppose that it is necessary for me to write that I get homesick, for, of course, I do; but the longer I stay away the more I will appreciate home when I get back. This will let you know that I am O. K. and thinking of you all, whether it is interesting or not. Will write again when I have a chance. Will tell the best mother and dad in the world good-night, and grab a few hours' sleep.

Your loving son,

PAUL T.

(Censored by P. T. Funkhouser, 2nd Lt., 7th M. G. Bn.)

—Evansville Journal-News, Aug. 11, 1918.

OFFICERS' LETTERS FROM FRANCE GIVE INTIMATE TOUCHES OF LIFE OF SOLDIERS IN THICK OF FIGHT

Albert W. Funkhouser and wife are in receipt of three letters from their son, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, who is fighting in France. The letters breathe the same spirit of confidence as his former letters, that American arms will be triumphant. He doesn't seem to fear that the Boche will get him, for so far he has been under a lucky star. As liaison officer, he is frequently in danger, but the American spirit pulls him right on, and it is

this same spirit that seems to impel the entire army in its advance on the Hun.

Mr. and Mrs. Funkhouser are also in receipt of the first letter from their son, Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, who has just arrived in France. He gives a fine view of the trip over, and the manner in which the men spent their time while on the high seas. Each transport has a "Y" man aboard, whose duty it is to "keep the ball rolling," and evidently this kindly spirit regaled the boys on Lieut. Funkhouser's ship during the entire voyage from the breezy time he seems to have had.

Letters From Lieut. Paul Funkhouser

Sunday, July 21.

My Dear Parents:

Have neglected you all for about a week. Please accept my apologies. Last Monday evening went into action. The Hun attempted to make a drive, and to his sorrow he met a rather unpleasant counter-attack. Now it is estimated that we have taken 20,000 prisoners and the "line" has changed quite a bit in our favor. The Huns are now on the run, and we hope to keep them going until we camp in Berlin. We, "our little crew," came out of the woods last night. Think we will go back up in a few days. As you know, we are motorized and travel here and there, where we are needed most, and in a hurry.

I received letters from you both while I was living in a hole in the ground, and, take it from me, I was glad to get them. The chow-truck driver brought your letters up to me, and they were more than enjoyed. There isn't much for me to write. Am on the lookout for the 36th Division and A. C., but haven't found him or the division. Will keep on the watch and, believe me, I will be glad to find him. If there is a chance, will try to get him in this outfit. Of course, by the time this reaches you all war news will be old, as the newspapers are pretty good at getting news.

The Hun had an idea that the United States soldier was a second-rate man, but I believe he will change his opinion ere long. Don't think that they can hold out more than two years at the most. With the United States sending over men as she is, probably it won't be that long. Any delay the United States makes merely means a prolongation of the war, and it doesn't look as if there will be any delay. All that you all are doing at home counts a lot to end things, and, I believe, really more than you know. We are all helped a lot by even knowing that you are behind us.

Give my best love to Uncle Arthur and Aunt Dude. A kiss for Alta and Ruthie.

Your loving son,
P. T.

Wednesday, July 24, 1918.

My Dear Mother and Father:

I judge from your letters that you know some of the places in which I have been. I am still in Capt. Mendenhall's company. Was with him in the place you mention. During that fight our battalion won a very good name for itself. I was in command of guns and also did liaison work. Had the pleasure of seeing the Boche killed on the other side of the river and let them know they were not fighting second-class soldiers, as they have described the United States troops in their newspapers. I think that is as hot a place, or was, as I will get in. During the fight we were initiated in this war. High explosives were rained on our side of the river along with numerous gas attacks. We also became acquainted with the feeling of being shot at by machine guns, as well as shooting them. Of course, that fight is over a month old now. We have been in action quite regular since then. Our division is in the hottest part of the drive now in action, and it is making a name for itself that will last. The Boches are falling back; they are suffering great casualties and losing many men. This is more or less military information, but the newspapers publish it, so don't suppose the censor law prohibits. Right now our battalion is not in action, but we go in and come out quickly, so we are always on the lookout for orders. I sincerely hope we go up soon, and probably we will in a day or two. Of course, the war will last for a year or longer. The more I see of it, the better it looks for an early victory. No matter whether it lasts for one year or ten years, it is only a question of time until the Boches are whipped. They won't gain any ground and hold it; at least, they won't in the United States sector, for our troops refuse to be pushed back. They have defeated the Boches in many battles in the last few weeks; and, when it is made public just what has happened it will be hard to believe any body of men would have such gallantry as they. The United States is surprising the world in the way she is handling the war situation, and is doing everything to bring an early close to the war. With troops coming over as they are, and the people at home behind them as they are, I don't see how the Hun will hold out very long. Some of the Hun soldiers are worthy of praise, but most of them are of inferior grade as soldiers. Have a small collection of souvenirs taken from the Boches but can't send anything home, as, of course, you know.

Received letters from all of you today and from A. C. Am certainly glad to get them, as well as I am the newspaper clippings. I received mail from you while in action last week. Read them in my dugout, and, take it from me, if there is any-

thing that is appreciated here, it is mail. Of course, I don't write enough to let you know all I am doing. When a division is in action and chasing Boches, there isn't much time, but remember I have written you many times that "no news is good news," and so you must think. Of course, it is natural for you all to worry, but there isn't any reason for you to do so. There isn't any Boches going to get me, and if they should you will hear of it very shortly afterward, so don't worry when you don't hear from me. I am all O. K. and in fine spirits and health, and intend to remain the same. Now both of you just content yourselves and think that I'll be back home and as much in the way as ever—even before you really know I have been away. You may take it from me that I think of both of you always and am trying to live the life that will make me worthy of being the son of such a mother and father as yourselves. The longer I am away the more I realize how good and fine you both are, and, although it is not all flowers and sunshine, it is working wonders for all of us in many ways.

I don't know when I will get to write to you again, **but I will be thinking of you**, and just remember I am O. K. I wish you would send me a small picture of every one in the family. My belongings are strewn from one end of France to the other, and I only have photographs I can carry in my pocketbook.

I guess both Alta and Ruth think they are being neglected, but I think they read my letters home and I think of them, and when I have time will write both of them.

Am certainly proud of my brother, Albert C. He has had a hard road to travel and has made good under hard circumstances. I hope he will not have to come over, but know he would certainly make a name for himself if he does. Am going to write him this evening.

This brings my love to the best mother and father alive, and hope to be with you before long.

Your loving son,
P. T.

A kiss for Alta and Ruth.

Monday, July 29.

My Dear Mother and Father:

Haven't written for a few days; have been very busy and haven't had the chance. We are on the lines and our whole sector is moving up. The Boches are in retreat and the United States troops and French have been gaining ground right along; you will have read about what has happened here long before this reaches you. We have, of course, suffered losses; but not as great as the Hun. We find equipment and dead Boches all along, and it certainly looks good for the Allies. Dad wrote

something about thinking the war would end in a year and a half. I haven't the slightest idea as to when it will end. If things go as good all along the line as they have here, it will end pretty shortly; but I expect you all can tell about when it will end as well as I can. Personally, I hope that it doesn't last much longer, as every one else does. Have seen my own men killed and wounded until it isn't of so great interest any longer. Our outfit is more of a defensive unit than an offensive one, and since the Boche has started to move back, we haven't done much fighting, but we get quite a bit of artillery fire. Things look good for the Allies, and we will all be here until the Boches say quit, no matter how long it takes. I am in good health and spirits; have an occasional lonesome spell, but so far am as good as new. Have prospered in many ways by being here; have had experiences that are rather rare and after this war ends they should be of some benefit. This war at least puts people's minds on serious things, if it doesn't do anything else. Hope this letter hasn't taken a too serious tone and is anything but cheerful; for we are all very happy over what is happening here. Carl Rohsenberger is some place in this sector. I had a letter from him, but haven't been able to find him. Haven't had any mail in about a week. The papers reach me at irregular intervals, and I am sure glad to get them. Don't know whether A. C. has sailed or not; am still on the lookout for him, and if he gets any ways near here will find him. Of course, I know he desires to come over, but I certainly hope he doesn't; I mean I wish the war will be over before he can get here. Anyway, it won't be so very long until we can have a grand family reunion, and I'll be glad when that time arrives. Wish that you would send me a small photograph of all the family, something I can carry with me. I foolishly left most of your pictures in one of my lockers, neither of which I have seen in about two months. When I get a chance I want to write a real for sure letter, but I haven't had the opportunity to really write for about two months. Suppose that you are all well. Will send an order allowing the blanket Ruth is making to be sent; but we can't have anything sent here that can be bought in this country. Of course things aren't as pleasant here as they might be, but all in all we are getting along fine and no one complains. Everyone wants to get the Boches and we'll be here until we do. We know that the people in the United States are behind us, and that is enough to make anyone satisfied.

Had better quit writing, as time is pretty valuable. A kiss for Alta and Ruth. Tell Karlene I enjoyed her letter, will write her some time.

Loving son,

PAUL.

P. S.—Have collected a bunch of Boche souvenirs. Cut this button off of a Hun coat. Don't know whether you will ever get it or not.

Lieut. A. C. Funkhouser's Letter

My Dear Parents:

I am writing this on board ship. We have had an exciting but interesting trip. Band concerts, quartets and solos. Have taken a "dip" in the ocean every day—that is, in a bath tub of it. We are due to arrive "over there" in two or three days. Ensign Edwin Karges is helping to convey us, but on another and different boat. Hope to see him when we land if we are not both too busy. When I get to France will try to find Paul as soon as possible.

Am sending you a copy of "The Hatchett," a tiny newspaper printed on board ship. The news comes to us by wireless.

("The Hatchett" referred to is a daily publication on ship board devoted to wireless news and happenings on the ship.)

—Evansville Journal-News, Aug. 18, 1918.

LIEUTS. ALBERT C. AND PAUL FUNKHOUSER PROBABLY IN SAME SECTOR BUT HAVE NOT MET

Two brothers—Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser and Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser—sons of Attorney and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue, are both on the front lines, probably fighting in the same sector, though neither has succeeded in locating the other, according to letters received from both boys by their parents Tuesday.

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser writes under date of Aug. 11:

"Have not heard from Albert C., but suppose he must be here now or some place en route. I keep inquiring about the 36th division, but have not seen anyone who knows anything about them."

In a letter dated Aug. 17, he also says:

"I got a letter from Albert C. yesterday, dated Aug. 6; I think he is some place in this sector, but have not located him. I think he is at the front, but do not know for sure."

Lieut. Albert Funkhouser in a letter dated Aug. 5 writes:

"I am writing to Paul tonight and every place we have been I have asked about his division, and sure do hope I will get to see him. I have written him five letters since I have been here, and have not heard from him yet."

—Evansville Press, Sept. 10, 1918.

DETAILS OF CHATEAU THIERRY BATTLE TOLD BY LOCAL OFFICER

Several weeks ago the Sunday Journal-News printed the news that Lieut. Paul Funkhouser had taken an active part in the battle which stemmed the German tide at the apex of the Marne salient.

A detailed account of the fighting in that historic little town is given in the letter to his parents which is printed herewith:

"Dear Father and Mother—

"Will try to make this letter as interesting as possible. Have not written you for some time due to the fact that I have been pretty busy. You write you would like to know as much about where I have been in the past few months as I can tell you. As the newspapers have published about all there is to tell, I don't suppose it will violate any censor laws to say that in the Boches' May drive they reached the banks of the Marne at Chateau Thierry. Our battalion was sent into the town to stop them there.

"We traveled a good long ways on our motorcycles and reached Chateau Thierry on the night of May 31, and were the first American troops in Chateau Thierry. One company had one side of the town and we had the other. Our battalion was on the south bank and the Boches on the other. The Marne cuts the city of Chateau Thierry into two sections. We put our guns up during the night. The next morning, June 1, the Huns tried to cross the river. I was in command with three guns and received my initiation in the war. The Boches were forced to expose themselves and consequently our machine gunners were given perfect targets. The Boches stopped on the north side of the river. After suffering pretty heavy losses they decided to postpone their party. We have not been able to decide exactly how great their losses were. It is estimated at between 300 and 700.

We stayed in Chateau Thierry for five nights and four days. We were under heavy artillery fire during our stay there, and we experienced Boche machine gun fire and gas. Our casualties were comparatively small, about thirty-two killed and wounded in the two companies. Lieut. Goddard was killed. I think I have written you that we were very good friends. The newspapers have published his death by now, so I am permitted to tell you. Our outfit is used more as a defensive unit than an offensive one, consequently since the Boches have been retreating, we have not had much fighting. We are still, of course, in the fighting zone, and most of our positions have been reserve. The infantry in this division has been doing the fighting

that has put the Boches back in this sector. You mention the fact that you read in the newspapers that the First, Second and Third Divisions were in this sector, the Soissons-Rheims sector. If you have read, as I know you have, it will be easy for you to see the Boches have had their hands full. They are being pushed back and before long will be saying "Enough!" Our line is being straightened out and by the time the United States gets her army over in the spring it will practically be a "practice march" to Berlin, and we will make the kaiser and his gang hunt their holes for sure. Of course they put up a fight over all the ground they lose, but it does not help them much.

Right now we are doing anti-aviation work. Was eight days behind the lines and was allowed to go to Paris for twenty-four hours and then come up here. It took us three hours to go and three more to get back to camp, so you see my trip to Paris was very short. I am O. K. in health and spirits, and there is not any reason in worrying about not hearing from me.

Capt. Mendenhall is commander of my company. Capt. Cook is second in command. We have two captains in each of our companies.

Have not been able to see "Scrapper" Campbell or "Dotta" Rohsenberger. I have been on the lookout for them. I have had a letter from Dotta; he is in my division, and his artillery regiment has been doing fine work.

We are taking life easy now, not doing much of anything except drilling and not much of that. Have had two trips to Paris. It is only a sixty-mile drive in a Ford. The roads in France are good and with our motor transportation we get around quite a bit. Things look good for the Allies and every one expects the Huns to give up by the Spring of 1919. With United States troops coming over as they are, it may end before then. It won't make me a bit mad if it does. We expect to move to another sector before long, but, of course, I cannot mention the name of the sector we are going into. After I get back I will tell you about the fight in Chateau Thierry, but it is too much to write.

Your letters are certainly fine, and I enjoy them but don't get to write to you as often as I would like to, but I try to let you know I am still among the living and all O. K. and intend to remain so until the war is over.

There is not much left for me to write about. Life here has plenty of excitement and plenty of monotony, and I am now and then homesick, but suppose the longer I am here the more I will enjoy being home again. Will have picture taken if I get a chance, as you request. Didn't do it when I was in Paris and don't know when I will get a chance again.

Got a letter from Brother Albert C. yesterday, dated Aug. 6. I think he is some place in this sector, but as yet have not discovered any way of locating him. I think he is at the front but don't know for sure.

From your letters to me I am beginning to think I am some sort of a hero. I haven't any particular honor attached to my record here. Have not failed to do my duty, but that is all I can be given credit for. As I wrote you, I had command of guns in Chateau Thierry. Our company was the first Americans in that town. That is more or less of a distinction, and we put up a good fight, but most any United States troops would have done the same.

The letters you write are fine, and even though most of them are flattering—that is, in regard to the honors I have gained—I enjoy hearing from you all more than I can write; also, the newspaper clippings are fine. I think I will see another part of France before long.

My work is more or less varied. Am liaison officer, but usually have a few guns and my work is more or less changeable.

I am in good health and spirits except being homesick, and that will leave when we get busy beating the Boches again.

Your letters certainly mean a lot to me and I enjoy them all.

It is pretty hard to send packages back and forth, but will get Maj. Walsh's O. K. later. We can only send such articles as cannot be purchased here. With love,

Your son,

PAUL T.

—Journal-News, Sept. 15, 1918.

FUNKHOUSER BOYS MEET IN FRANCE

Two brothers, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser and Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, who have been in the front lines in France for some time, but separated, have at last been able to see each other for the first time since they entered the service here, letters received by their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue, state:

"I talked to him this morning over the telephone," he wrote.

"This afternoon Paul came over and he and I spent the afternoon together. He looks a real veteran. He was right there when the drive started and has seen much of real fighting. I know you are as proud of him as I am. Just felt good and an honor to shake his hand, for to me—and I know he is to you—a real soldier and a real hero."

"This morning at breakfast I ran 'slap-dab' into Capt. Lige

Worsham," Lieut. Albert Funkhouser writes, under date of Aug. 26.

In letters dated Sept. 4 both boys write that they have again been separated but are endeavoring to be put into the same company.

—Evansville Press, Sept. 30, 1918.

PAUL FUNKHOUSER WINS GOLD STAR

**Local Officer After Taking Part in Numerous Battles Doesn't
Live to See War's End**

PARENTS ARE NOTIFIED

**Young Man Was One of the Most Popular in City and Won Lieu-
tenancy in Short Order**

**Had Happy Faculty of Putting Experiences in Writing and Kept
Friends Here Informed**

Another of Evansville's valiant sons has answered the call of his country and has given his life after brave fighting on the front-most line of battle. A telegram received last night by Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue, stated that Paul Taylor Funkhouser had been officially reported as killed in action on Oct. 20.

Paul Funkhouser was one of Evansville's most popular young men and word of his death spread like wildfire last night among his old friends and numerous acquaintances. Since his arrival overseas, in April, Lieutenant Funkhouser has kept his family and friends well posted as to his whereabouts and his activities in the war. Many of his interesting letters have been published, along with those of his brother, Albert, who is also in France.

Lieut. Funkhouser was born Feb. 21, 1895, and was a pupil in the Evansville schools. In the Fall of 1915 he entered Northwestern University. In 1916 he entered the law department of Indiana University at Bloomington, but in May, 1917, left school to enter the officers' training school at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, from which he graduated with the commission of second lieutenant on Aug. 17.

Sailed on March 30

He was sent at once into the Third Division with the 59th Infantry assigned to the Regular Army for training at Gettysburg. Shortly after this, he was transferred to the Seventh

Machine Gun Battalion at Camp Greene, going later to New York, from which point he sailed on March 30, 1918. Lieut. Funkhouser landed overseas on April 13.

While in New York he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn McCurdy and Miss Margaret Burns, formerly of this city. It was by Mrs. McCurdy and Miss Burns that he was taken in a Ford roadster at 3 o'clock in the morning of a gray day to the boat on which he sailed, Mr. McCurdy himself being on duty and unable to see his old friend aboard ship.

Lieut. Funkhouser went at once into battle after his arrival in France, being a member of the First American Army unit at Chateau Thierry. One of young Funkhouser's letters tells vividly of the Battle of Chateau Thierry and the Second Battle of the Marne, in which he saw active service. Later he was sent to the Verdun sector and played a part in the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient.

His death occurred, in all likelihood, at the Battle of the Meuse, the last great battle of the war. A letter received by Mr. and Mrs. Funkhouser from Gen. March, chief of staff, told of the location of their son on this sector, and was dated Sept. 26. Besides a lieutenant, young Funkhouser was a liaison officer in the machine gun battalion, it being his duty to nest the big guns.

Last Letter Oct. 12

The last letter received by the parents of the boy was written on Oct. 12, and was mailed Oct. 16. Only a few days ago an envelope containing a Red Cross Christmas label was received by the mother. The envelope was dated Oct. 24.

The parents and relatives of the local boy were prostrated with grief at the word of the death last night. Besides his father and mother, Lieut. Funkhouser is survived by a brother, Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser; and a sister, Alta, a pupil at the Central High School; and a younger sister, Ruth, a pupil at Stanley Hall.

Lieut. Albert Funkhouser when last heard from was at the Champagne front. This letter was dated Oct. 19.

Just an hour before the telegram arrived, bringing its sad news, Albert W. Funkhouser, father of the dead boy, was presiding at a dinner given at the Scottish Rite Cathedral. In his talk to the men who were initiated yesterday evening he mentioned the epochs and events in a man's life which he remembered with greatest pride.

"In my life," he said, "I remember best my first red-topped boots, my first day at school, my first sweetheart and my marriage. Then the birth of my two sons, the day I joined the Ma-

sonic order, the time when my boys went into service for their Country. Proudest of all will be the day when those two boys of mine come marching home."

—Evansville Courier, Nov. 20, 1918.

PAUL FUNKHOUSER KILLED IN FRANCE

Lieutenant Dies in Great Action on Battlefield in Late October

Lieut. Paul Taylor Funkhouser, the officer son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, was killed in action Oct. 20, according to word received Tuesday night by his parents.

Word of the death of the young officer came as a shock to the thousands of Evansville people who had made them his friends by his most delightful and informing letters from France after he had gotten into the front lines, and had participated in many of the initial engagements of the American troops. These letters were undated and from "somewhere" in France, but one could keep in touch with the action described through reading the news reports of battles that were detailed in the press reports.

Paul Funkhouser was one of the most popular men in Evansville.

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser was born Feb. 21, 1895, and was a product of the Evansville public schools. He spent a term at Northwestern University in 1915 and in 1916 went to Indiana University, law department, leaving there in 1917 to go into an officers' training camp at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, from which he was graduated a second lieutenant in August last.

He was sent at once to the Third Division with the 59th Infantry, assigned to the Regular army for training at Gettysburg. He was then transferred to Camp Greene for instruction in the machine gun service, going thence to New York, sailing on March 30, 1918, for France, landing early in April. In New York, Lieut. Funkhouser was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn McCurdy, the former having been a chum from early boyhood. Mrs. McCurdy and Miss Margaret Burns drove Lieut. Funkhouser to the boat, and bid him farewell on that morning when he sailed for the scene of the great conflict.

Arriving in France, Lieut. Funkhouser went almost immediately to the front with the American troops, being a member of the first machine gun battalion that took part in the Chateau Thierry battle, and also in the Second Battle of the Marne. Later he was in the Verdun sector and took part in the St. Mihiel battles. It was possible that his death occurred in the

last great battle of the war, known as the Battle of the Meuse, a letter from their son having been written while located in this sector, dated Sept. 26.

Besides his parents, Lieut. Funkhouser leaves a brother, Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, now in France; and a sister, Alta, a pupil at the Central High School; and a sister, Ruth, who is a pupil of Stanley Hall. Albert C. Funkhouser's last letter was written from the Champagne sector, dated Oct. 12.

The parents, as well as the other relatives, are prostrated by the news. Their hopes had been high that both sons might return home soon, since the way to peace is now open, and the anticipation for a family reunion often spoken of by the young soldier was running high in the family circle. While at the Scottish Rite dinner on Tuesday night, Mr. A. W. Funkhouser, an hour before the receipt of the sad news, spoke of the fact that the return of his two boys from the war with honorable records would be the proudest moment of his life.

—Journal News, Nov. 20, 1918.

LIEUT. FUNKHOUSER KILLED IN BATTLE

Paul Funkhouser Killed in Last Weeks of Fighting

After participating in the greatest battles of this world war—Chateau Thierry, the Second Battle of the Marne, fighting on the Verdun and later in the St. Mihiel's sectors—Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue, was killed in action Oct. 20, in one of the last great struggles of the war, the Battle of the Meuse.

He was 23 years old.

Official news of the death of their son came to Mr. and Mrs. Funkhouser, from Washington, Tuesday night.

Young Funkhouser went to Evansville schools and graduated from the local high school in the class of 1915. He entered Northwestern University in the Fall of 1915, and 1916 became a student at Indiana University, in the law department.

He entered the first officers' training school at Ft. Benjamin Harrison in May, 1917, and was commissioned second lieutenant in the Regular Army in August. He was assigned to the Third Division, 59th Infantry, Regular Army, and went to Gettysburg for Regular Army training. March 30, 1918, he sailed, arriving overseas in April, where he went into battle at Chateau Thierry in May.

Was Liaison Officer

He was liaison officer besides being lieutenant in his machine gun company.

Lieut. Funkhouser after several months finally located his brother, Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, was near his regiment. Both boys wrote home at the time. Paul told his parents how well Albert looked and how much it meant to both of them to be able to meet. Albert wrote that "Paul was looking fine and every inch a hero."

Lieut. Albert Funkhouser's last letter was dated Oct. 19 and written from the Champagne sector.

The last letter received from Lieut. Paul Funkhouser was written Oct. 12 and received only a short time before his Christmas label.

Besides his parents, Attorney and Mrs. Funkhouser and his brother, Albert, Lieut. Funkhouser leaves a sister, Alta, a Central High School girl, and Ruth, a pupil at Stanley Hall.

—Evansville Press, Nov. 20, 1918.

OUR OWN KNIGHTS

The name of Paul Funkhouser will be a golden memory and the story of his brave youth will live as long as Evansville lives.

His virtues were those of the days of chivalry, a young knight of the Twentieth Century—brave, valiant, gallant.

Such as he, won Liberty for the World.

Crushed as are those who loved him, by this sacrifice of the last battle, sad as it is to pay honor to the dead instead of the living, it is a solace to think that he did not die in vain.

The men, women and children of America owe a great debt to the heroes of the great war, and to Paul they will pay it in loving memory and gratitude, while his example will be one for Evansville youth to emulate.

—Editorial, Evansville Courier, Nov. 21, 1918.

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BAYARD PARK CHURCH—Corner Evans and Blackford Avenues; Rev. J. E. Murr, pastor. In the morning the pastor will preach on the theme, "The Supreme Sacrifice." This will be a memorial service in honor of Paul Taylor Funkhouser, and in the evening, at 7:30, "The True Estimate of Life." Sunday School at 9:15 A. M.; also, at this hour, there will be a short memorial service in honor of Paul Funkhouser. * * * Every one invited.

—Evansville Journal-News, Nov. 23, 1918.

CHURCHES MOURN THEIR HERO DEAD

Four Congregations Hold Memorial Services for Local Boys Who Recently Fell

GOLD STARS ARE PLACED

Paul Chamier, William Hayden, Lieut. Funkhouser and Capt. Loer Are Honored

Tributes Are Paid to Men by Pastors — Allied Flags Are Decorations

Gold stars, patriotic music and addresses, the display of the Star Spangled Banner, the flags of the Allies, floral tributes and obituary records marked the four memorial services held for the city's most recently fallen heroes, in churches of the city yesterday.

* * * * *

MEMORIAL FOR LIEUT. FUNKHOUSER

Had Lieut. Paul Funkhouser lived he would have been in the expedition that is crossing the Rhine under Maj. Gen. Dickman and is now taking possession of the fortress at Coblenz. This story developed at the memorial honors held for the valient soldier at Bayard Park M. E. yesterday morning. For the battalion of the Third Division, in which Lieut. Funkhouser fought so many battles and which was decorated for distinguished bravery and efficient service, is now going over the Rhine.

Bayard Park Church was crowded to its utmost capacity yesterday with friends of the popular young soldier who fell in action Oct. 20. A feature of the services was the reading of excerpts of a few of the 200 letters, telegrams and communications that have been received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue. Levi Hooker read from a dozen or more of the messages.

The communications from Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Edwards and Dr. L. F. Freeland, former pastors while Paul was growing up in the church, were read by the present Bayard pastor, Rev. J. Murr. Lieut. Albert Funkhouser's last letter home also was read. A record of Paul's life and his military achievements was given by Rev. Murr just preceding the sermon, entitled "The Supreme Sacrifice."

The immediate relatives present were the parents and two sisters, Alta and Ruth; and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Funkhouser,

brother of the soldier's father; Dr. and Mrs. Albert T. Funkhouser, and Paul's grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Craig, of Chicago.

The parlor of the home is almost filled with flowers and missives that tell of sympathy for the family.

—Evansville Courier, Nov. 25, 1918.

CITY'S CHURCHES REMEMBER HEROES

Four Congregations Hold First Memorial Services for Soldier Dead

Memorial services were held in four Evansville churches Sunday, for four of the gold star heroes.

In honor of Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, news of whose death was received in the midst of the rejoicing over peace, Bayard Park M. E. Church held memorial services, during which parts of the letters which Lieut. Funkhouser had written his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Funkhouser, were read by Levi Hooker.

Rev. Murr delivered the sermon, "The Supreme Sacrifice." The boy's parents, his two sisters, Ruth and Alta; his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Funkhouser; his grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Craig, of Chicago; and his cousins, Dr. and Mrs. Albert T. Funkhouser, and their son, Arthur T., were present.

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—Evansville Journal-News, Nov. 25, 1918.

TO HAVE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT HIGH SCHOOL

Philip Loewenthal and Jack Brand will be the speakers for a memorial chapel service in honor of Capt. Lige Worsham and Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, to be held at Central High School Wednesday morning. Special music is to be furnished by the newly-organized orchestra, and the military service will be used at the close of the hour. —Evasville Press, Nov. 25, 1918.

CHAPEL, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20

Mr. Benzet urged every one to be out at the Thanksgiving game and to bring friends and relatives. At this time last year 800 athletic tickets had been sold and this year only 240. He also spoke of the death "on the field of honor" of Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, a former Central High School student and star football player.

Central High School has again been plunged into gloom by the news of the death of Lieut. Paul Funkhouser. Our sorrow is mingled with a sense of pride as we place a fourth gold star

in our service shield for one more son of Central High School who gave his life that future generations may live as free men in peace and security.

—The Centralian, Nov. 26, 1918.

LIEUT. BLEMKER TALKS TO STUDENTS

* * * Memorials for two more Central High School boys who have given their lives in service were held. Jack Brand paid tribute to the memory of Capt. Lige Worsham and Philip Loewenthal spoke in honor of Lieut. Paul Funkhouser. Gold stars were placed beside their names on the shield by Assistant Scoutmaster Bennett Montgomery, and the entire audience stood while taps were sounded, as an impressive conclusion to the service.

—Evansville Press, Nov. 27, 1918.

PAUL FUNKHOUSER IS KILLED IN BATTLE

Son of Former Harrison County Citizen Gives Life for the Flag

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, of Evansville, was killed in action in France Oct. 20. His father, who was born and reared in Harrison County and served a term as prosecuting attorney of this circuit, is now a leading attorney of Evansville. The Evansville Courier of Nov. 20 prints a picture of the gallant young man who gave up his life for his country, and says: (Here follows Evansville Courier article, page 178.)

—Corydon (Ind.) Republican, Nov. 28, 1918.

FOOTBALL SPIRIT SHOWN IN BATTLE

Capt. Worsham and Lieut. Paul Funkhouser Displayed Courage First on Gridiron

That the Central High School heroes who fell in battle recently showed the same spirit of daring and bravery as in the football games of their day, was brought out in all the talks made yesterday morning at the memorial chapel, held in honor of Capt. Elijah Worsham and Lieut. Paul Funkhouser.

Both of these heroes were, in their high school careers, noted football players, and their records today are a matter of comment among the boys who play the game.

"Lige Worsham's captain told me that Worsham was a fine American soldier," said Lieut. Clarence Blemker, who is the first Evansville soldier in the overseas service to return to the

city. He is on transport duty from New York to England and is home for the Thanksgiving holidays. "And I know that Chateau Thierry, the battle where the Americans lost 6,000 out of 8,000 men, proved the turning point of the war, so bravely did the boys drive back the enemy. I can see Paul Funkhouser going over the top with the same dash that he used to show here in school on the football field."

Jack Brand paid tribute to the memory of Elijah Worsham and Philip Loewenthal to that of Paul Funkhouser in brief and well-chosen words. Gold stars were placed beside their names on the shields by Scoutmaster Bennett Montgomery and the entire audience stood while taps were sounded.

John Nolan told of the part Indiana had played in the war and war activities in giving a talk on the War Savings Stamp drive. Principal J. O. Chewning pointed to the four gold stars, saying the high school had aided Indiana to uphold her record in this war, and that the school would continue to do so in the war activities. —Evansville Courier, Nov. 28, 1918.

FLYING CADET RAY SPIEGEL, IN EVANSVILLE PRESS, DEC. 3, 1918

"I read in the Press of the death of my dear old pal, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser. One deeply regrets the death of men like him."

PAUL FUNKHOUSER

(By Philip Lowenthal)

Again we are assembled here to honor a man who at one time attended this school and who has been called upon to make the supreme sacrifice on the altar of Liberty. Just a few days ago the parents of Paul Funkhouser received an official telegram stating that their son had been killed in action on Oct. 20. "Killed in action." No explanations, no Fourth of July oratory, no attempt at the dramatic, just "Killed in action." Without waiting for particulars, but using as authority the few things I knew about the man, and the thousands of things that we all knew about him, I say I am morally certain that he died heroically. He feared nothing in life; we have no reason to believe that he feared death.

Paul Funkhouser was a student in the Evansville public schools. He played on our high school football team and helped to make that famous 1913 team what it was. Leaving high school he attended, first, Northwestern and then Indiana Universities. When the United States entered the war he left

the university to enter the officers' training school at Ft. Benjamin Harrison. He received his commission in August, 1917.

After several months in various training camps in this country he was sent to France, where he immediately went into the fighting line. At Chateau Thierry, at the Second Battle of the Marne, at the San Mihiel salient, at the Verdun sector—everywhere that Americans fought, Paul Funkhouser was in the thick of it. And then, in what in all probability was the last great battle of the war, he died gloriously as he had lived gloriously.

He was an American in the highest sense of that word. He was a man in the highest sense of that word. He was a soldier in the highest sense of that word. He and his comrades fought that Liberty might live, that democracy might be made practical. They fought as no other men ever fought, with their great purpose ever in mind. They fought, not to defend their homes, but for what is even more noble—to defend their ideals; ideals which were established by the blood and suffering of their forefathers.

We do not mourn these hero dead, for in our memories they can never die. Place one more star of gold upon the shield, for Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, soldier in the Army of the United States of America, has given his last full measure of devotion.

—The Centralian (Evansville Central High School), Dec. 6, 1918.

DOES NOT KNOW OF BROTHER'S DEATH

First Lieut. Albert C. Funkhouser, son of Attorney and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, 920 Washington Avenue, who has been in a front line sector for months, had not learned of the death of his brother, Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser, who was killed in action Oct. 30 in a neighboring sector, when his last letter was written to his parents under date of Nov. 12.

"They say war is 'finis' and now I believe it is, so it won't be long till Paul and I will get to plant our number 15's under the old table for some real sure enough eats. But best of all, we'll be getting home to the best mother and father in the world," Lieut. Albert wrote. —Evansville Press, Dec. 13, 1918.

OUR WAR HEROES

Memorial Tablet Erected to C. H. S. Dead

A large bronze tablet has been placed in the corridor of C. H. S. in memory of the former C. H. S. students who gave their lives for their Country during the great war.

The tablet, which weighs more than one hundred pounds, was designed by George Honig, an Evansville sculptor. It was cast by Hederick Bros., a local firm.

Centralian (Evansville) October 8, 1919

FUNKHOUSER VOLUNTEERED DEATH POST

Evansville Officer Asked to Lead Attacking Platoon When Killed

WAS TO COMMAND RESERVE FORCES

Capt. Cook Writes Father, Telling of Lieut. Paul's Death

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, one of Evansville's gold star heroes, met his death while commanding a platoon belonging to a wounded fellow lieutenant, according to a letter received by Attorney Albert Funkhouser, father of the officer, from the company captain, Lloyd H. Cook.

Lieut. Funkhouser took the command of the platoon, which was in a more dangerous position than his own, at his own request, because he wished to "go over the top" sooner than he would have with his own platoon. (Here follows letter of Capt. Cook. P. 199.)

—Evansville Journal-News, Jan. 5, 1919.

* * * * *

(Sergt. Ole Flagler, in Evansville Press, March 24, 1919.)

"Yes, and I want to tell you, the only Evansville boy I saw over there was Lieut. Paul Funkhouser—the latter part of August, in Paris. I says to my lieutenant: 'It's wonderful to see such a big, strapping kid from home.'

"Now I hear he got taken off. * * * Well, it's better to come back home all chewed up than to be over there kicking up daisies," and Flagler limped off.

WORLD WAR RECORD OF INDIANA ALPHA SIX PHIS GIVE LIVES

Total of 126 Enlisted in Service of United States—Many Hold Commissions

* * * Phi Delta Theta has the largest representation of all the fraternities. * * * When the call to arms was sounded it was heard by Phi Delta Theta in general and Indiana Alpha was among the first in the many branches to answer the call. With the exception of the ordnance department, we had a representative in every branch of the service, which goes to show what kind of action Indiana Phis wanted. * * *

One by one of the active chapter became depleted, many entering the various officers' training camps, while others cast aside their chances of gaining a commission in their anxiety to get into the scrap. * * *

Among those who gained commissions was Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser, one of the most active members of the fraternity in the State and the fourth of a loyal Phi Delta Theta family. He was among the first to see action. On Oct. 20 1918, he led his men over the sacks for the last time. After bidding "God-speed and a safe return" to the only remaining officer of his company, he was mortally wounded by machine gun fire in taking his final "objective." Lieut. Funkhouser was a fearless Phi and a real soldier, and the news of his great sacrifice came as a shock to all who knew him. * * *

—The Phi of Hoosier Alpha, Bloomington, Ind., April 19, 1919.

THIRD DIVISION GUN COMPANY STOPPED FOE

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser Assisted in Checking Germans at Chateau Thierry

It has been definitely established that Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, son of A. W. Funkhouser, one of the Evansville boys who paid the supreme sacrifice in the great war, played a part in stopping the Germans at Chateau Thierry. He was liaison officer of the Third Division divisional motorized machine gun battalion (the Seventh), and with two assistants led the battalion 100 miles to Chateau Thierry, where it was thought to have been the only Indiana boy in the battalion.

In a letter from First Lieut. D. S. Hose to Mr. Funkhouser, the lieutenant, who knew Lieut. Funkhouser, says in speaking of a divisional inspection by Gen. Pershing:

"The division as a whole was inspected by Gen. Pershing yesterday, and I was proud to note that we were the only machine gun battalion in the division that had won a flag. We had our flag out, but the others had none. We have a record that any one can be proud of, and I truly think you have reason to rejoice over the fact that, though your son gave his life to the cause, he was largely instrumental in getting that flag for us."

Official History Printed

The official history of the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, just printed, shatters the story that the marines stopped the Germans at Chateau Thierry, and shows by the official record that that work was accomplished by the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion and that the marines were never at Chateau Thierry and took no part in stopping the Germans at the Marne. The history concedes that the newspapers and magazines which gave credit to the marines did so in perfectly good faith, and while giving full credit to the marines for their gallant service at Bel-

leau Wood wholly acquit them of any desire or effort of claiming credit for work performed by the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion at Chateau Thierry. The nearest point to Chateau Thierry reached by the marines was ten miles and they did not get into action until in June. The Seventh Machine Gun Battalion stopped the Germans at Chateau Thierry on May 31, 1918.

The Seventh Machine Gun Battalion was the divisional motorized machine gun battalion of the Third Division, then under command of Maj. Gen. Dickman. On May 30, the Third Division, then in training 100 kilometers south of Chateau Thierry, received orders to proceed to the Marne. The Seventh Machine Gun Battalion by reason of being able to move on its own transportation reached Chateau Thierry a day in advance of the other units of the Third Division and went into action as soon as it arrived at Chateau Thierry, at 6 o'clock in the evening on May 31.

The history proceeds: "The enemy had already reached the town, and almost immediately the one machine gun battalion, consisting of but two companies with a total strength of twenty-three officers and 349 men, supported by but a mere handful of Senegales (French colored colonials), found itself in action.

Town Given Up as Lost

The town had been given up for lost but for the timely arrival of this organization undoubtedly would have been lost. The fight for the possession of the bridges was stubborn, hard and continuous, and, although it was their first time in action and although the Germans were apparently well supplied with artillery and their own artillery support practically nil for the first two days, these men, already greatly fatigued, having ridden for thirty hours in Fords, seven or eight men to a Ford with all their equipment, making rest impossible, not only held the bridges, but stopped effectively and finally the entire advance of the German army at that point.

Without any exception whatever, the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion was the first American unit to enter the town and when they were relieved on the fifth day of June, 1918, hardly a man had closed his eyes in sleep.

Loss they suffered; loss they inflicted all out of proportion to those they received. Honors in France they have in abundance; the French were quick to recognize the magnitude of the service which had been rendered to France and to the Allied cause by this organization.

As a result of this citation by Marshal Petain, the colors of the battalion were decorated with the croix de guerre, an honor seldom conferred, and an honor that will be theirs as long

as the battalion exists as a unit and long afterwards in the hearts and minds of its members; an honor that will carry with it pride and reverence; pride in work well done, and reverence because in performance of that work members, whose names and memories will live forever, gave their lives that justice and Liberty might be saved to the civilized world.

—Evansville Courier, Sunday, May 4, 1919.

AN EVANSVILLE HERO

The Journal-News today prints the story of the Battle of Chateau Thierry, with especial reference to the part taken in it by the famous Seventh Machine Gun Battalion. The story is related without flourish, but is in the nature of a true description of the heroic deeds and sacrifice of American boys who were rushed from a training camp in autos to stop the onrush of picked troops of the German army who were on their way to Paris. In this notable example of American pluck and endurance, Evansville was represented by Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, who as liaison officer of the battalion, was in the danger zone from the time his battalion entered the combat line until he gave his life for the great price the Allies were fighting for—humanity.

That this brave crew of men, less than 400 in all, should be able after the bit of training they had been given to stem the horde of German troops assembled to push their way southward to Paris seems now a miracle. To understand something of the task assigned the American lads, let it be understood that they were to go forward unattended without even a battery for a shield or the hope of troops to assist them. They were rattled off from the camp with no preparation further than the ammunition that could be crowded into their lorries with themselves, and they loaded their machine gun clips while speeding over French roads so that they might be ready for action the moment opportunity offered. The Marne bisects the town of Chateau Thierry from East to West. The Ger-

mans had crossed the river and had taken the south section of the city when the Seventh came upon the scene. As soon as they got into action the Germans were driven north across the river and then began to prepare a siege of the south section of the city. The machine gunners of the Seventh disposed themselves at the bridgeheads and held them for twenty-four hours, until the Third Division came up.

During this period young Funkhouser, as liaison officer, was at all points on the front of his battalion securing information to send back by his two runners to headquarters. The post of liaison officer is one fraught with greatest danger, but this brave Evansville boy never faltered in his duty to his commanding officers, to his flag, nor to his Country. Parents of such a boy can well be proud of the record he has made, and as they have suffered, may they not also rejoice in the fact that this young man had given the most precious of all his gifts in a cause whose justness is hardly yet apparent, but surely will mark an era in world history second only to that which was marked by new dispensation that came with the coming of the Man of Galilee.

—Editorial, Evansville Journal-News, Sunday, May 4, 1919.

FUNKHOUSERS GO TO MEMORIAL FOR SON

Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Funkhouser left Saturday for Bloomington to attend a memorial service in honor of five members of the Indiana University chapter of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity who gave their lives as a sacrifice to their country. They had been invited to attend the service as special guests.

Paul T. Funkhouser, who lost his life near Cunel, in the Meuse-Argonne, while leading an advance of a machine gun battalion, was a member of the chapter. Albert C. Funkhouser and Lynn McCurdy were present when Paul Funkhouser was initiated. His father and uncle, Albert W. and Arthur F. Funkhouser also are members of the same fraternity.

—Evansville Journal-News, May 11, 1919.

PHI DELTA THETA MEMORIAL

Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Funkhouser have returned to Evansville after being here to attend the memorial at the Phi Delta Theta house for Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Funkhouser. Lieut. Funkhouser, who was attached to Company B, Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, was killed in action near Cunel on the Meuse River, Oct. 20, 1918. He was with the first company of Americans to arrive at Chateau Thierry. This was the company which with 348 enlisted men and 21 officers held the Germans for two days until the arrival of fresh troops. He also was in the St. Mihiel drive and was in the fighting along the Meuse until the time of his death.

—Bloomington (Ind.) Evening World.

CHAPTER V.

RESOLUTIONS, TELEGRAMS AND LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE

I.—Resolutions

COLUMBIAN LITERARY CIRCLE

Evansville, Ind., Nov. 20, 1918.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Funkhouser,
Evansville, Ind.

Dear Friends:

We sympathize! The words are easily and sometimes formally said. But we sympathize. Our hearts are heavy. Heavier, because we dwelt on the prospect of the return of our boys. Our thoughts were of the coming peace, and the possibilities of no further casualties.

The news of Paul's death comes as a shock, and we feel it. Accept our assurance that we want to help you carry your burden of grief. We know he gave his life in the great cause for humanity.

"For greater love hath no man than this,
That a man lay down his life for his friend."

This thought relieves the strain a little, but the great wave of grief must reach its crest before the ebb will set in. We shall not forget Paul, and we shed our tears with yours in his memory.

UNITED STATES ARMY

IN MEMORY OF

*Paul J. Junkhoner, 2nd Lieutenant, 7th Machine Gun Bn.,
who was killed in battle October 20, 1918
He bravely laid down his life for the cause of his country.
His name will ever remain fresh in the hearts of his friends
and comrades. The record of his honorable service will be
preserved in the archives of the American Expeditionary Forces.*

John D. Harding
Commander in chief

But, too, we are proud of the zeal, daring and courage that this **real** soldier showed in his fight for the rights of man.

Again we say we sympathize. May God bless you and keep you.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY CIRCLE.

Henry J. Graf,
George S. Vickery,
Louis A. Daus,
E. Q. Lockyear,
Levi Hooker,
A. F. Karges,
Louis J. Graf,
Mary M. Graf,

Hannah J. Vickery,
Lavinia L. Daus,
Mrs. Hooker,
Mrs. E. Q. Lockyear,
Mrs. Albert F. Karges,
Mrs. Louis Graf,
Gustav A. Miller.

FIDELITY SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Fidelity Savings & Loan Association, it was

Resolved. That we have learned with great sorrow of the death upon the battlefields of France of Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, son of our friend and co-laborer, Albert W. Funkhouser; and that we express to the father and mother and brother and sisters the wish that we could help them carry the burden of their grief.

Paul Funkhouser was in the eyes and hearts of all our people.

It was ordained that he should be called upon to bear an unusual part in the battles of the world for Liberty and justice—from Chateau Thierry to the banks of the Meuse—his life was daily laid upon the altars of democracy until it pleased God that he should fall in the mighty cause in which he was enlisted.

May God give his stricken mother and father and brother and sisters the grace and strength to sustain them in this, their hour of sorrow.

ANDREW C. RICHARDT,
WILLIAM E. BARNES,
W. H. BIBER,
JOHN J. NOLAN,

ALBERT SCHARDT,
CHARLES E. FINKE,
WILLIAM H. DRESS,
AARON WILLS.

CHARLES P. BEARD

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, FRANK ALBUS, Secretary

On behalf of the membership, board of directors and myself as secretary of the Evansville Chamber of Commerce, I wish to hasten to assure you and Mrs. Funkhouser of the heartfelt and

sincere sympathy that goes out to you in this, your sadden hour. It is our hope that this assurance will contribute toward assisting you to bear the burden thrust upon you, occasioned by the sad news just received. Evansville mourns with you.

MISSISSIPPI HUNTING CLUB

In a recent meeting of the Mississippi Hunting Club many events of the present and past were talked over, and while of recent years you have not been an active participant in our annual hunting trips the old story still holds good with all members, "Once a member, always a member."

If not active in its hunts and meetings, in memory always present.

On behalf of the entire membership we wish to extend to yourself and family our heartfelt sympathy in your recent bereavement in the death of your son, Paul, in action in France.

Sincerely yours,

MISSISSIPPI HUNTING CLUB,

Wm. H. Elmendorf, captain; Max H. Ritter, Sec'y-Treas.
Newton W. Thrall.

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS WAR MOTHERS OF AMERICA

We wish to extend to you and your family our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy in this trying hour of your sad bereavement. Words fail us in our attempt to offer comfort and consolation. Paul, as he was familiarly known, stricken down in his young and promising manhood, while fighting so valiantly for his Country, has gained for himself honors which can only be surpassed by the glorious heritage that is now his.

Yours in loving sympathy,

NATIONAL WAR MOTHERS.

INDIANA ALPHA OF PHI DELTA THETA, INDIANA UNIVERSITY

We, the members of Indiana Alpha of Phi Delta Theta, do hereby resolve that, since six of our gallant brothers have in the late struggle for world betterment made the supreme sacrifice within the power of patriotic man, and since the chapter feels very deeply the loss of these loyal brothers who took their vows on this altar to uphold the right, we adopt the following resolutions:

First, That we dedicate this memorial service to the memory

of Brothers Paul Taylor Funkhouser, Orlander Leslie Doster, Clifton Earl McFadden, John Vernon Burns, Lloys Suggs and Burton Henry Woolery.

Second, That we keep the memory of these brothers ever living and sacred in our minds.

Third, And finally that we extend our warmest and heartfelt sympathy to the families and friends of the deceased.

L. FRANCE CONTER,
THOS. V. BROADSTREET.

WAR MOTHERS OF AMERICA

We, the War Mothers of Evansville, extend to you our heartfelt sympathy in your sad bereavement. Your son gave his life for the noblest cause in the world, and only the Heavenly Father can give you any measure of comfort. We, as mothers, keenly feel your loss. Our prayers and our love are with you.

II.—From Overseas

FIRST LIEUT. LUTHER W. COBBEY, COMPANY "B," SEVENTH MACHINE GUN BATTALION, BLOIS, FRANCE

Paul and I were close friends while we were together. I want in some way to tell you about Paul but I don't know how to go about it.

I was talking to Paul when he was killed. He died instantly.

There was no braver man ever lived than Paul. I cannot say anything more or better about any man.

Paul and I used to have many talks together. He has told me about his father and mother and two sisters. I met his brother over here. * * *

I am in the hospital, being wounded shortly after Paul was killed.

Now if this letter reaches you and if there is anything you care to know, write to me and ask any questions you care to. If you wish when I return to the States I would be very glad to come by and see you. My home is in Nebraska and I could do it very easily.

It was just outside of Cunel, France (near the Meuse River), that Paul was killed, Sunday, Oct. 20.

Paul being a very dear friend of mine, I miss him greatly and only wish I could do something to help his loved ones at this time.



CAPT. LOYD H
COOK



1ST LT THOMAS W.
GODDARD



1ST LT. LUTHER W.
COBBEY



1ST LT CHARLES D. MONTGOMERY JR.

CAPT. LLOYD H. COOK, COMPANY "B," SEVENTH MACHINE GUN BATTALION

Base Hospital No. 43, France

I am writing you to attempt to give you what details I can concerning the death of your son, Paul, on Oct. 20. Of course, censorship regulations are very strict, but will do the best I can.

The company was camped in the woods about seven miles north of Montfacon. This is just west of the Meuse River, north of Verdun. At 11:45 P. M., on Oct. 19, I received orders to take the company up and put it into action northeast of Cunel, a few kilometers north of our camping ground. We marched up and took up our position along the edge of the wood. At 7 o'clock the following morning our battalion attacked with my company supporting the attack.

Wood's platoon was on the left flank and Cobbey's on the right (I assume you have heard of these boys). Paul's platoon was placed along the front line that we occupied when the attack started, in case the attack should prove unsuccessful, we were to fall back onto his line.

About five minutes before we actually went "over the top" Paul came to me with the news that Wood had been shot through the arm and was unable to go over the top with his men. He then asked to take Wood's platoon, turning his own over to his sergeant. He had previously been disappointed when he found that his platoon was not to go over with the first bunch. Consequently, I ordered him to take over the platoon and I went to another part of the line. Five minutes later an orderly reported to me that he was dead.

Cobbey had been talking with him when he was hit. He had been shot through the head and death was instantaneous.

Of course, in the excitement of battle I had no chance to remove the personal effects from the body, nor any chance later, as I myself got two machine gun bullets through the arm and abdomen a few minutes later. Doubtless the burial party will take care of this and you will receive these articles in due time.

I cannot say too much for the courage and ability of your son. He was always anxious for the most difficult or dangerous job, under fire, and no job was too tedious or too unpleasant for him while we were back from the lines. He was a thorough soldier, an efficient officer and under all circumstances a gentleman, the idol of his platoon and a favorite of all his fellow officers.

I sincerely hope that your other son has come through without injury.

San Diego, Cal., Aug. 2, 1919.

Both Mrs. Cook and myself were deeply grieved to learn that the First Lieut. Funkhouser, whose death was reported in a recent Army and Navy journal, was your other son. We had read of the death of this young man but were hoping against hope that it was not a member of your household, but it seems that such could not be the case. I had never met this young man, although Paul and I were on our way to look him up in Gondrecourt one Sunday but missed the truck. I can well realize that your hearts must be, as you say, broken. Words fail me, Mr. Funkhouser, but we want you both to realize that you have two sympathetic friends who nightly pray to God to give you strength the better to bear your burdens. * * *

Did Cobbey tell you how I got my first Boche? It occurred about five minutes after Paul's death. One of his men came to me with the laconic report, "Sir, Lieut. Funkhouser's dead." I said, "Good God, dead?" entirely unable to comprehend, for you know I loved Paul like a brother. I turned over the company to the second in command to go down to see for myself. All this time I was hoping that it was merely an injury and that prompt medical attention would save him, but I met Cobbey, who was already there, and had convinced himself that all was over. As we stood there, both of us on the verge of tears, I saw a Boche less than 200 yards away, evidently lost. I seized a rifle from a doughboy, and, well, Mr. Funkhouser, I could not miss that shot. He never moved another muscle. Later in the day I got three more with a machine gun.

I recently received a distinguished service cross for a little stunt I pulled later that same day. I owe that to Cobbey, for he recommended me for it. He certainly deserved one as much or more than I, and certainly hope he received one, too.

MAJOR CHARLES F. HOUGHTON

(Presenting History of the Third Division, United States Army,
to Paul's Family)

Please accept this as a slight token of our appreciation of the faithful and courageous work of your son, Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser.

He was our friend and comrade, and his memory is very dear to us.

Sincerely,

CHARLES F. HOUGHTON,

Major Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, Commanding,
Keil, Germany,
May 12, 1919.

FIRST LIEUT. DE WITT S. HOSE, COMPANY "B," SEVENTH
MACHINE GUN BATTALION, AMERICAN EXPEDI-
TIONARY FORCES, FRANCE, DEC. 31, 1918

* * * * *

We were stationed at La Ferte Sur Aube, near Chaumont, Haute Marne, when we were ordered to Chateau Thierry. At Chateau Thierry, Paul, with his platoon of four guns, was given a position in a little wood just south of the Marne and just east of Chateau Thierry (just out of the limits), and his mission was to inflade the river bank, and fire on the bridge which we were guarding. Paul did very effective work here, and in the attack where he was located the Boche opened up on him with machine guns. Paul withdrew without having any casualties. One man had been hit previously. He helped all of us to "keep our hats on," if you will excuse the slang, with his cheery smiles and jokes, though it was very warm at times.

After Chateau Thierry, our next time up was in La Marette Wood, and we were firing indirectly on Hill No. 204. Here Paul was liaison (communication) officer between our company and the French. He was always going from one headquarters to the other and he said after we were relieved, "They may get me, but it won't be with gas, for I have drunk enough to be immune." Paul's platoon, which proudly called itself "Funky's Men," were in reserve here.

Our next trip up was on Hill No. 204, and Paul's platoon again being in reserve, Paul was used as liaison officer, and it was he who convinced the French commanding officer that it was time for us to get a rest. This would have made any one love him, if they had hated him before, for we did need rest.

We went into reserve at Pertibout, just south of Chateau Thierry, and Paul took charge of the athletics for the company and sure did do lots to make us quit pining for home, and in a way made us forget our times at the front.

Next came the ever-to-be-remembered fifteenth day of July and with it came the Boche. When the barrage opened up, Paul remarked, "The Boche is out again, let's go up and stop him." We were ordered up about 7 A. M., July 15, and Paul's platoon was given a position on a hill overlooking the Marne Valley, and his mission was to assist in a counter-attack which was pulled off beautifully. The world knows the 38th Infantry, and Paul was there and helped make it famous.

After we came out of there, and it was after the Boche were across the Vesle River, we rested at Pertibout for a few days and then, on Aug. 16, we moved to the Toul sector. Our "Ville" was named Villers Le Sec, near Gondrecourt. Here we re-

mained, reorganizing and resting, until Sept. 9, when we moved up to the front at Rambicourt, near St. Mihiel, and here we went "over the top" for the first time. We were attached to the 16th Infantry, First Division, our division being in support. Paul led "Funky's Men" here, and it was this that Paul had reference to in his letter of Sept. 19, I am quite certain. There was not a casualty in our whole battalion here.

From here we moved to the Verdun sector, between the Meuse River and the Argonne Forest. We lived in shell holes and the wood until Oct. 19, when about 11 P. M. our company was ordered to report to the commanding officer of the Fifth Brigade, and found that we were to assist in an attack at 7 A. M., Oct. 20. Paul's platoon was in reserve, Lieut. Wood's platoon was to furnish the supporting fire for the infantry. About 8 A. M. a runner reported that Lieut. Wood was wounded. Paul asked to be given Lieut. Wood's platoon, and his request was granted. About 9 A. M. a runner reported that Lieut. Funkhouser was killed. I can truthfully say that I was never more sick, nor madder than I was at that moment, the Boche had gotten my two best pals. Another officer took the platoon, and, thank God, had better luck.

The storm of battle forced us to leave Paul's body where he fell, until that night. At 4 P. M., Oct. 20, again we went over the top, and I was left with only one lieutenant, who is now in a hospital. Capt. Cook, Lieuts. Wood and Cobbey had been previously wounded. We drove the Boche back far enough to allow us to remove Paul's body after night, and it was taken to the Ferme de Madelaine Cemetery, south of Cunel, and interred in Section "N," grave No. 17, by our battalion chaplain. Paul gave his all in our last and hardest fight.

As a friend, Paul was the finest ever, and was loved truly by both officers and men. As an officer and a fighter, he was second to none. Where the fight was the thickest there was Paul.

His coolness under fire was a great stimulant for quite a few of us less gallant chaps.

I sincerely hope that I can meet you personally when I return to the states, and then I can tell you of some of the everyday life of my dearest friend in the American Expeditionary Forces.

* * * * *

Kell, Germany, March 18, 1919.

I know that it was great to have Cobbey with you for only a while, for all officers in this battalion are all very glad to have known Paul, and there is not one that is not proud of the fact that they knew him, for I can say that he was a mighty fine boy. I know that Cobbey had nothing but praise for him.

The division as a whole was inspected by Gen. Pershing yesterday, and I was proud to note that we were the only machine gun battalion in the division that had won a flag. We had ours out, but the others had none. We have a record that any one would be proud of, and I truly think that you have reasons to rejoice over the fact that, though your son gave his life for the cause, he was instrumental in getting that flag for us.

* * * * *

We were billeted in a small town about twenty miles from Coblenz, but moved up into the mountains, and are now watching the snow fall. It seems funny that we should have it this late, as we have had such hot weather, but then we are in Europe and things are not supposed to be normal; not even the weather.

* * * * *

Kell, Germany, March 28, 1919.

If there is a thing that I can do to show that Paul was my best pal, and if you want proof, just ask for anything and I will do all that is possible to grant the request. * * *

FIRST LIEUT. J. G. HANUS, SEVENTH MACHINE GUN BATTALION, TO ALBERT C. FUNKHOUSER

Lieut. Paul Funkhouser was a very good friend of mine, and a friend of every member of the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion. It was a striking story and pitiful news when a runner from his platoon came back to headquarters with the news that Lieut. Funkhouser had been killed.

During the Meuse-Argonne fight our battalion was held in reserve until the night of Oct. 19, when orders were received for our battalion to accompany the Seventh Infantry in attack. Company "B" went forward through the wood west of Cunel, just north of Montfaucon, at 2:50 A. M. on the 20th. Lieut. Funkhouser was with the Third Platoon of Company "B" until about 7 A. M., when Lieut. Wood was wounded and was sent to the rear. Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, at his own request, took over Lieut. Wood's platoon and was advancing under terrific cross fire from the German machine guns and a heavy artillery barrage. I heard later that it was about 8 A. M. on the 20th that Lieut. Funkhouser was shot through the head just above the left eye and never changed the expression on his face, and died just a few seconds after being hit.

I can assure you that Lieut. Funkhouser was an officer whose absence is sadly felt by the entire personnel of the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, and whose record has been a great mark for any soldier to achieve. His services and bravery will

always be remembered by any and all soldiers who he came in contact with in the United States and American Expeditionary Forces service.

I extend the sympathy of the battalion and myself in your bereavement.

LIEUT. DAVID S. LAMB, CHAPLAIN, SEVENTH MACHINE
GUN BATTALION

Dec. 20, 1918

This is not an official letter but just a word from a friend about your son, Paul.

I joined the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion on the 16th of June and at the same time met Lieut. Funkhouser, with whom I formed a friendship that I shall never forget. It was so with the other officers and the men, for we all loved him. The men of his company and the officers speak about him very often, and just the other day I heard one say: "Lieut. Funkhouser was one of the most generous fellows I have ever known." His character was excellent and his courage was sound. I was with him in the St. Mihiel drive and he was always at the head of his men as their real leader. I went into action with him again north of Cunel. He led his men forward several hundred yards before he fell. We did all that could be done for him before he died, and then removed his body to Ferme de la Madelaine Cemetery, where I buried him.

I know that there is nothing I can say that will make up for the loss of your son, but I pray that you might have the Christian faith that God is with us and that your son is in His care. May God always comfort you is our prayer.

* * * * *

Germany, March 18, 1919.

I feel so ashamed to think that you will be so late in hearing from me, but I assure you that it is not my fault for I have written before, but by a letter I received from Lieut. Cobbey I see that you have not heard from me. I am only too glad to do anything for Paul or his parents, for he was my dear friend and when he was killed I made a resolution to try to do some extra good as I went along which I knew Paul would do if he were still here.

By a letter Lieut. Hose showed me I learned that you received the details of Paul's death. At the time I had charge of the burial work of the entire division, but I made it a special duty to find time to be present at Paul's burial and see that he received every possible care. I closed his eyes and he looked peaceful and tranquil as we laid him to rest. His grave was in

the cemetery at Ferme de la Madelaine, Section "N," grave No. 15.

I cannot over-estimate the respect and love of the men of this battalion for your son. He was a good friend and a good soldier. He had a frank, sincere personality which won everybody to him.

I would just like to tell you of one or two little experiences which are not connected with Paul's death, but his life, which I shall never forget.

We were in the Bois de Hess, south of Montfaucon, a few days before we went into the line. I came into the section where our battalion was stationed after dark on a cold rainy night. I had my bedding roll and wandered about for some time trying to find a place to put it, but it was heavy and the rain was coming down so fast that I finally threw it down in the wood and started to hunt for shelter. I wandered around for some time but all the dugouts were filled, so at last I crawled up under some corrugated iron which extended over the top of a dugout. I started to think of home and better days to blot out the misery of the present and at last dozed off to sleep. About 2 o'clock I awoke, stiff and aching with the cold, so I started off again in search of a dugout. At last I went into the one where Paul and several other officers had made down their bedding rolls. I took off my shoes and leggins and my wet clothes, and laid down between Paul and another officer. I had just laid down and was trying to get under the edge of the blankets when Paul awoke. He said: "Is that you, Chaplain?" I said: "Yes," and he said: "Come in; come in," and at the same time he put his arm around me and pulled me into his warm bed. Nothing ever seemed so homelike and comforting. In a few minutes I was warm and sound asleep. He would always share anything he had with you whether it was his bunk or his last piece of hard tack or "corn-willy."

On the St. Mihiel front we were together a great deal. One night we went on a bunk searching expedition together. At first we tried it on the ground, but before many hours had passed I woke up and Paul was sitting beside me rubbing his hands and swinging his arms to keep warm. I had to laugh. We decided it was too cold there on the ground without any blankets, so we started out for a better place. There were some artillery batteries close by, so we started to look in their wagons for a place to sleep, but as we came to each one we would always see about four or six feet sticking out of the end of it. At last we came to one that had nobody sleeping in it but was entirely empty and the boards of the floor were about three inches wide and an inch apart. However, we decided to try it by sitting up

in the front end. Paul dozed for a little while and as he slept I heard some trucks pull in. Ours had been trying to catch up with us for several days but could not get through the congested roads. I thought that perhaps these were our trucks at last so I told Paul. He said: "We'll certainly go and see," and sure enough they were our trucks. The boys on one truck had plenty of hard tack and a big can of apple-butter. We made a good meal on these and then went to sleep in the back of the truck, where the boys had plenty of blankets.

At the front and in the rear Paul was always thoughtful of his men, by whom he was dearly loved. We miss him more than I can tell you.

Hoping you will forgive me for being so slow, and that this letter will be of some help to you, I am,

* * * * *

P. S.—Paul's effects were all forwarded through the Effects Section Base Quartermaster, American Expeditionary Forces. I hope you have received them by this time.

(TO CHAPLAIN NEWTON EMOSS, 144TH INFANTRY)

In answer to your telegram I am glad to give you the particulars concerning the death of Lieut. Paul T. Funkhouser.

On the night of Oct. 19, 1918, Company "B," Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, was ordered to go into action north of Cunel. The men were prepared at once and on their way by midnight. I went with the company and was with Lieut. Funkhouser. We advanced through the Boise de Pultier and awaited at the edge of it until daybreak. The first man who was killed was only a few feet from Lieut. Funkhouser and myself. The next three men who were wounded were also right by our side and I stopped to help them, while Lieut. Funkhouser went on. The attack commenced at daybreak and advanced from Bois de Pultiere to Bois de Clairs Chenes, and it was while leading his men across the open space between these two wood that Lieut. Funkhouser and several of his men were killed. He received a direct hit in the head with a machine gun bullet which killed him instantly. This was about 8:30 A. M. on the morning of Oct. 20, 1918. * * *

I cannot say too much about our love for Lieut. Funkhouser. He was a good officer and a good friend. We all remember him with pleasing thoughts.

(TO LIEUT. ALBERT C. FUNKHOUSER)

I wrote to your parents concerning Paul's death but would like to say just a word to you also.

We could not over-estimate our love for him. His generous disposition and ability as an officer won the affection and admiration of all.

He went into action north of Cunel and was killed by machine gun fire while leading his men from Bois de la Pultier to Bois Clairs Chenes.

It was one of the saddest things I ever had to do to bury him. We took him to the Cemetery at Ferme de la Madeleine.

* * * * *

I think it would be impossible for me to over-estimate our affection for your brother. He was always a good officer and a good friend. He had a mind and heart that made him capable and lovable at the same time. I don't believe any officer was with him more than I was toward the end, and I miss him as a true friend.

B Company went into action just north of Cunel on the morning of the 20th of October. I was with him when the first man in his platoon was killed, then when the next three were wounded I stopped to help them while Paul went on with his men. We were in the Bois de la Pultier and as Paul led his men from Bois de la Pultier to Bois Clairs Chenes, he was hit in the head with a machine gun bullet and killed instantly, without saying a word. * * *

His name is still often mentioned in our conversations, and he will never be forgotten by any of us who served with him.

LIEUT. OLIVER H. DICKERHOOF, 7TH M. G. BN.,

Kell, Germany

* * * * *

We who served with him (Paul) and were associated with him so long under the trying circumstances will never forget the incidents of those days and with it we will ever remember your son an officer and a gentleman.

It may be some satisfaction to know that your son possessed all the qualities and personality of which real men are made. His loss was a loss to us among whom thrown in our lot under the very unusual existence we live—there is a vast difference between the friendship of that life and that of civil life; we are more brothers than friends.

CAPT. JOSEPH B. HAMMOND, CO. "B," 7TH M. G. BN.,

Army of Occupation, Germany

As I was not in command of this company when your son was a member of it, I am having Lieut. Hose write about his services in general and his interment.

All the officers and men of this (his) battalion speak very highly of Lieut. Funkhouser, and I am very sorry that I did not have the pleasure of numbering him among my acquaintances.

FIRST LIEUT. WILLIAM E. BARTON,
805 Pioneer Inf., U. S. A., France

A few days ago Albert chanced to come to Romagne, where I have been since Dec. 6, in search of Paul's grave. I had not heard of your loss. I regret this very deeply, and wish to convey to you and Mrs. Funkhouser my sincere sympathy. I was able to render Albert some assistance in locating the grave. It is on Madeline Farm about one kilometer south of Cunel. This is approximately forty kilometers northwest of Verdun, five kilometers west of the Meuse. Albert has the correct co-ordinates; but the above will give you a general idea of the location.

The cemetery probably is permanent, containing perhaps 250 graves. It is on the side of a hill, and has good drainage.

I gave Albert a detail of men and a truck. Now the body is in a metallic casket, hermetically sealed, and encased in a heavy oaken casket. The grave is now adjacent to that of four other officers who were removed to the spot; and all will be well taken care of. I should say his remains now are in the best condition possible under the circumstances, and will admit being removed at any time should you desire to do so.

Albert is a great deal stronger than when in civilian life. He is to be congratulated on his success.

As for myself, I was first attached to the 89th division at Camp Funston, General Wood's, until it came over, then sent to the depot brigade. I had the valuable experience of commanding the 31st Company for five months, until I was sent to my present organization just prior to its departure. While in command of the 31st Company I had sometimes 550 men in the company. This was during the great rush to build up the army.

We rushed to the front in about ten days, in the Argonne Meuse sector where we are at present. I have been in liaison work considerably and at present am in charge of transportation for this area. Among other troubles, I have forty-seven Ford trucks to look after.

I do not feel that relating what has happened to me is an imposition on your good nature, as I have always considered you as one of my good friends in Evansville. I assure you that it has been a pleasure to me to carry out Albert's wishes.



SGT. WM. J.
FERRIER



CORP. LONNIE
H. COOPER



SGT. H. H.
WOOSLEY



SGT. ERNEST P. TATRO



PVT. GEO. W. JOHNSON

EX-FIRST SERGT. WILLIAM J. FERRIER, La Crosse, Ind.

I hope you will excuse me for writing you and causing what I know must have been a sad blow to be brought back with force to your memory, namely, a note to you regarding the life and death of your son Paul, than whom no better soldier fought or died.

Having been with the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion since its organization, and being in Company B, I well remember the day he came to us from the 59th United States Infantry. Naturally, being a new officer in a new organization, the executive and personnel of which were new each to each and in each, it was some time before he was given a place in the esteem of those under him. However, this esteem he succeeded in establishing before we left the States. The severity of the training overseas only enhanced his rating among his subordinates. Here he did all in his power to assist them in whatever way and whenever he could.

Our training period was short. Too short! But the Germans were delivering smashing blows and making such headway that Marshal Foch decided to accept our own commander's, General Pershing, offer to use American troops anywhere. Therefore, May 31, 1918, found us scrambling into positions in and near Chateau-Thierry. A platoon crossed to the north bank of the river and had quite a little excitement in a battle in the streets, where Heinie discovered he had a job on hand.

The first to arrive were the first to go into position, it being simply a case of the need of the hour compelling disorganization—in that platoon commanders were in command of mixed platoons, some of their own men and some from another platoon.

Your son was supposed to be in command of the headquarters detachment, company headquarters of course. As such he was responsible for the gathering of information regarding the enemy, our own situation, and the dispersal of all news through the arteries, or liaison, to each and every gun commander. So you see he was assigned as nerve controller, so to say.

However, such was the demand for immediate action, that he was placed in command of a nest on the extreme right flank. Taking up his position at night, and in a strange place, dawn found him holding a scrubby wooded projection on the left, or south bank of the river. In this position he controlled the river in both directions. However, his front was poorly protected and so, when the Boche, who had crawled up through the night, opened a terrifically heavy machine gun fire from three sides and compelled him and his men to lie low as they were

at the double disadvantage of not only being outnumbered and flanked but also of being targets for an unseen number of foes. He did the best thing possible, retire and take up a new position. This retirement he successfully accomplished with the loss of but one man, who was unfortunate enough to receive a bullet through the flesh of his left forearm. The coolness and skill displayed here endeared him more to us. He had proven himself a man and a faithful leader.

Never retreating, always with his face towards the foe, a smile on his face and a cheery word on his lips is how we will remember him.

In the last engagement I was privileged to be in with your son. I requested to be allowed the honor of being in his platoon, the Third Platoon of Company B, Seventh Machine Gun Battalion. This was the platoon I was proud of and I knew it would do itself full credit, as would any of our battalion, and so when I learned that not only was I to be allowed my request but that your son, Paul, was to command the same I was doubly happy, as a strong feeling of comradeship had sprang up between us.

It was a long tiresome journey to the jumping off place and we arrived there shortly before "H" hour, the time set to "go over." Our luck was against us and our platoon was left to organize for a resultant counter-attack, in case our doughty dough-boys, who were getting severely thinned in flesh and numbers as a result of weeks of continuous warfare, should get a setback. Having settled on our plan of position I went to work seeing it was put into operation and Paul went to consult with Lieut. Cobbey, who was going over with the Second Platoon.

That was the last I saw of your son alive. In a few moments I learned he had been struck in the head with a bullet and killed instantly. My commander and chum had died for humanity. He is buried near Cunel, our own chaplain, Rev. David Lamb, of Boston, Mass., directing the service.

At about 8 A. M. on Nov. 20, 1918, your son and my friend died, his face to the enemy, a smile on his lips and purpose in his life's mission.

He died that we might live. God bless and comfort you and those he loved.

* * * * *

Lieut. Cobby probably told you how much we thought of Paul as an officer and as a man. They were the best of friends. I should certainly enjoy seeing Cobbey. Perhaps you can give me his address. Is that asking more than I dare?

FIRST SERGT. ERNEST P. TATRO, CO. "B," 7TH M. G. BN.,
Mechanicville, N. Y.

I will * * * let you know how proud I was to serve under your son as an officer of the United States Army. * * * I was first sergeant of the company for a long time, and was in close touch with him, and he was **always** the **man**. You and your family have my heartfelt sympathy. We all loved him, and there is at least one consolation, he died fighting, his face to the enemy * * * .

SERGT. GUY MADDEO, CO. "B," 7TH M. G. BN.,
Kell, Germany

Just a word about your son, Lieut. Funkhouser.
Maybe it will help both you and me in our loss.

I served in his platoon as platoon sergeant, and I know of no better leader over here than he was.

Would always have a cheery word when things were tough, and we saw plenty of such times while in action. Both in and out of the front line and he always spoke to all the men like a regular fellow, so any of us would follow him no matter where he lead us.

If we had a chance of choosing a platoon when going into action, well, the majority of the men would go in "Funky's" platoon.

He also died like a man, and the way he always said he would like to get it, instantaneously.

SERGT. HUBERT H. WOOSLEY, CO. "B," 7TH M. G. BN.,
Army of Occupation, Bell, Germany

I have just received from my commanding officer your address, and am sending these few lines in an effort to describe briefly the patriotic and manly disposition of your dear son, Lieut. Paul, who, on Dec. 20, was required to make the supreme sacrifice, and whom I have known both in training and in service.

I feel quite safe in saying that every member of our company and battalion had learned to regard him as a thorough man. While army discipline would not permit our personal association we all saw in him the personality and reflections of a dear, good father and mother of whom he has so often spoken.

This message is mailed with the hope that you may get some idea of the high regard I have had and will always cherish for him even though he has been taken from us.

Sad, indeed, it is, and yet you, Mr. Funkhouser, have every reason in the world to feel proud to know you had so noble a gift for so noble a cause—that of protecting all future generations from the jaws of the kaiser's militarism.

I again assure you of my heartfelt sympathy.

* * * * *

Kell, Germany.

Your letter came this P. M. and I am pleased to know that I have caused you to realize in a measure the high esteem and regard we all have for your dear son Paul.

I feel confident that, without exception, he was an officer who was admired by every member of our company and the entire battalion, regardless of rank. In the performance of his duties he always maintained the old traditions which characterized our battalion, and made it one big, happy family. I am real proud to say that I am one of its charter members.

I wish to assure you that if, in any way, I can inform you of anything concerning him, I shall be very glad to do so.

I was not more than fifty yards away from him at the fatal moment, and less than five minutes before that time he had spoken to me.

At that particular time and place we all had a knowledge of the dangers which surrounded us, and it was not at all uncommon to hear remarks expressing the hope that we might not have to be wounded and to suffer the pain and torture we had witnessed on previous occasions of that sort.

With Paul, or rather with Lieut. Funkhouser, as I have always known him, there was no pain or suffering whatsoever, for his was instantaneous; he was struck in the head by a bullet from a "sniper's" machine gun while he was **leading** his platoon into action, not while "**driving** them." This fact should be a great consolation to you, Mr. Funkhouser.

You have every reason in the world to feel exceedingly proud that you have reared so noble a son, of such calibre and that **he always moved forward into the enemy's lines with a smile**, and with a full knowledge of his duties towards humanity as well as to our own dear relatives. He had always a clear conception of right and wrong, and gave his all to accomplish the right. I shall always remember him as a man of the highest moral principles.

You ask about his burial, but I'm sorry, Mr. Funkhouser, that owing to the great numbers of deaths on that memorable and fatal day, it is impossible for me to give the details. I am sure, however, that he was given a decent burial with ceremony provided by the chaplain of our battalion, he as fine a man as you ever met, and also a close friend of your son; there-

fore, you may be sure he was well cared for by the burial detail.

My home address in the States is Pocahontas, Ill., and if at any time I have an opportunity to call on you at your home, I will gladly do so, and may perhaps be able to tell some few things which have been omitted.

Again I assure you of my heartfelt sympathy and of my anxiety to give you all possible information.

SERGT. HENRY E. RILEY, CO. "B," 7TH M. G. BN.,

Army of Occupation, Germany

It is with the greatest of pleasure that I undertake to write to you, the father of a brave and a good boy like your son, Paul, and I can assure you my heartiest sympathy, for your son was the commander of the Third Platoon under whom I am a sergeant, and he was the best lieutenant in our company and a grand good man and leader of the Third Platoon. I can assure you that there will never be another man any better than your son Paul.

CORP. JOE HERR, CO. "B," 7TH M. G. BN., Kell, Germany

It is with pleasure that I send these few lines and am proud to say that I am fortunate enough to be one of the boys belonging to the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion which your son, Lieut. Funkhouser, was one of the most highly respected and loved officers.

Through his big heart and squareness, regardless of where we were and of what danger, he was always there to see that we boys got the best that could be had.

I wish I had the gift of being a good writer so I could express my feelings the way I would like to, but anyway I will do my best. I am a charter member, having been transferred into the battalion when it was organized at Camp Green, N. C., and belong to the Third Platoon, the one your son, Lieut. Funkhouser, was in command of. After the Chateau-Thierry battle, I was made corporal and I honestly believe it was the best platoon in the battalion. I am proud to have been one of his boys.

The spirit of the boys is wonderful; all anxious to get back home, I'll admit, but satisfied to stay until things are all straightened out. One thing, if we had our say about it, there would be something doing on the other side of the Rhine.

CORP. LONNIE H. COOPER, CO. "B," 7TH M. G. BN.,

Germany

Pardon me for not writing you sooner, as I was the closest one to Lieut. Funkhouser upon the moment of his death and I have felt like I was to blame for his death, which I will explain.

I, being Lieut. Cobbey's runner, was waiting to go across an opening with a lieutenant of the Seventh Infantry. Lieut. Funkhouser came up to Lieut. Cobbey about the snipers which were playing havoc with us. The advance was stopped for a few minutes. Lieut. Cobbey asked me if I would go with him and locate the snipers. I walked back down the path where our platoon was awaiting orders. I had gone some few yards, stopped and was waiting for them. Lieut. Funkhouser followed me some few yards behind. I stepped out of the path to let him pass and just as he was even with me his attention was called and in turning a bullet came "zip" in my left striking the lieutenant just above the left eye. We both fell together and in falling he turned with his back to my chest. Lying there a moment, I heard some one ask me if I was hurt, and not knowing I felt of my left ear and replied, "No." Then the reply came, "Well, some one is." Raising I saw where the bullet had entered. Needless to say that I began to get afraid; I noticed that pleasant smile upon his face and in his eyes. It was so quick that there was not time for the expression of pain to show.

I can sympathize with you and have done so with readiness. To kill your enemy and seeing your own beloved officers and comrades get killed are two different things. I am proud that I was commanded by such good brave soldiers as Lieut. Funkhouser. There are three others that have a warm spot in the hearts of the men of Company "B," Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, namely: Capt. L. H. Cook, Lieut. Cobbey and Lieut. Woods. I was not a member of his platoon (Lieut. Funkhouser), though I loved him as much as if I had been.

P. S.—Regards and sympathy to the Mrs. Funkhouser.

* * * just a few nights ago I heard some verses written by a soldier, and I pictured Paul as he lay upon the battlefield. I hadn't quite understood those dear smiling eyes and the satisfied smile on his face until I heard this bit of poetry; those eyes were saying Love, Truth and Honor! I wish I had the verses to send to you, for I think you, too, would understand and would be comforted * * * .



PVT. WALTER J. FOUTZ, CO. "B," 7TH M. G. BN.,

Army of Occupation, Kell, Germany

I am taking the liberty of writing you my condolence on account of the death of your son, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser. I am one of the men in his platoon. We were all proud to be in his command. It gives me great pleasure to tell you that he was a splendid officer and a gentlemen. He was with us boys ever since we were at Camp Greene, and took great interest and pains in teaching us to use machine guns. * * * All the boys felt very sad when he was hit by an enemy bullet, as we always had a good standing with him. He repeatedly led us through the dense fire and gas, and always stayed with his men, taking all dangers and risks, and to know that his life was taken was a personal shock to all of us. The fight we had north of Verdun was our hardest, but we pressed on until victory came. * * * We are now situated on the Rhine until further orders. * * * Your son was surely faithful and stuck to us through everything until his life was taken. No braver officer ever lived. He was always kind to us, and always looked for our welfare. He led and we followed, and we followed wherever he led.

* * * When we started our first engagement with the Germans at Chateau Thierry, May 31, 1918, we had our machine guns placed zig-zag along the Marne and as Paul had charge of our platoon and (I being in the last squad) we got there at the break of day and we had no good position there, but we did our best by camouflaging our guns with high trees. The Germans opened fire on this squad and one of the bullets hit a boy in the arm, so they were coming in all directions so we couldn't stay there long, so we picked up our equipment and waded through the Marne. I happened to carry ammunition at that time and I fell in it safe and got on the other side of the river, so Paul directed us to set our gun along the railroad siding, and, believe me, there was no Germans advance on us, as we could pop every one that raised their heads above the sky line, and I tell you that we mowed them down like grass and you could see the German ambulances coming and picking up the wounded. We were not allowed to fire in sight of ambulances but they always did when they saw us or our ambulances. You see, if it wouldn't have been for the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion and our artillery the Germans would have been in Paris today, and where do you think we would have been? When we were going up, the French retreated, and had broad smiles on their faces and made remarks about us boys going up and holding the line after they couldn't

hold it; so we kept pushing them across the Vesle and the Aines River, and when we were crossing the Marne on the pontoon bridge the Germans were firing upon us from the air, trying to destroy our bridge, but soon we all got across anyway and you see where we are on this day. You may not get the same story from any one else, but this is what I saw of it. When we were in action we never did hardly know the day or date, and in the Army when in action we have no Sundays off like we do now. Well, we certainly did put the German balloons and airplanes down from Mont Faucon and we certainly did chase them away, as we had all kinds of artillery and heavy railroad guns that when they open it puts them on the run. They tried several times to fool us by night signal lights but it didn't do them any good as we had everything working fine. But why should we worry anything more about it as we got them all across the Rhine and if they don't sign we are going to pepper Berlin. We are getting tired of waiting on them and if they don't get busy, we machine gunners will. I certainly feel sorry for Paul as he was a good lieutenant to me and I know how the boys are when it comes down in sizing up an officer; well, I know that the officers have to be a little strict as their superior officers will call them down. Lieut. Cobbey was also a good lieutenant and also Capt. Cook, and took much interest in our work that was done on the front. * * * I know you feel bad about your son, and want to hear all you can about him and I could tell you more if I were at home.

* * * and how glad I will be when I can come home and meet, and be with my dearest friend on earth who is my mother; but how sad many mothers are now that will never see their sons any more here to talk to, but if they died happy and know they were saved from sin, they would be better off than we are today. * * *

PVT. CECIL V. JOHNSON, CO. "B," 7TH M. G. BN., Germany

* * * First, I want to say that Lieut. Paul Funkhouser was an officer that was loved by all who knew him. On Sunday morning, Oct. 20, we started "over the top" in support of the infantry, and as they were soon shot up it was up to us to drive the Germans out of the woods and hold it. I was in the First Platoon. My lieutenant was wounded early in the morning, so his place was taken by a sergeant. I was going through an open space with my machine gun and Lieut. Funkhouser was just in front of me talking with Lieut. Cobbey, and just as they separated Lieut. Funkhouser was hit in the temple with an explosive bullet from a sniper. I stopped to give him first aid, but soon saw that he was killed, instantly. So I went

across and took up a position. By the middle of the afternoon the squad I was in had all been killed or wounded, so I took a rifle from a dead doughboy and used it, and I will say here the German that killed your son paid the price, although he got a number of other men. A soldier from the Sixth Engineers and myself crossed down through the wood and took the sniper. He threw up his hands and shouted "Kamarad!" but it didn't save him. The engineer shot him through the heart. Your son was buried two days after. It was impossible to bury him sooner, as that was an awful battle. * * *

PVT. CECIL C. JOHNSON, CO. "B," 7TH M. G. BN., Germany

I have the pleasure to write to you. I am one of the men of the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion who fought in the streets of Chateau Thierry with your son, and was with him a good while. I was not very far from him when he was killed. Every one in the company likes him. I was sorry to see him go, but it is not as we wish but it is as the One above wills that is best. I am Lieut. Funkhouser's friend.

PVT. GEORGE W. JOHNSON, CO. "B," 7TH M. G. BN.,

Germany

I guess you will be surprised to get a letter from me. I just thought I would write you a few lines, as I knew your son. I had the pleasure of knowing him since we were in Camp Greene, and I don't think I ever met a finer young man than he was. I was with him all the time. I was sergeant, and he was my platoon leader, and I guess I knew him just as good as any one in the company. He was my best friend, and I sure was sorry that he was killed. Of course it is heard that he had to go. I can say this much, he was as brave as any man I ever saw.

I was with him a few minutes before he was killed. I helped carry him off the battlefield. We sure had a hard battle that morning.

Maybe some day I can get to see you. I live at Midway, Ky.

MAJ. WILLIAM R. DAVIDSON, M. C., Brest, France

My wife has sent me the clipping regarding Paul's death, and even after the long delay I want to offer my deepest sympathy and condolence. Human words of the present, even old Horace's "Dulce pro patria," do not take away the pangs, the sufferings of losing a child. So often in sickness of my own boy has he been close to the buried and I have felt the terror, so I know how the realization must come in all its grimness,

and my heart goes out to you and yours. The hopes, the expectation, the realization of a young life go and leave only the memories. I am seeing these poor, fearfully battered wrecks in this hospital, so many of them going back to a struggle of years, terribly handicapped and if in the nature of things, he had to go, I am glad he was spared the suffering and misery. I trust you have heard that Albert is safe and is left you.

ENSIGN EDWIN KARGES, U. S. S. "FREDERICK"

I was very sorry to hear of the loss of your son Paul. Please accept my most sincere sympathy.

It did not surprise me to hear that Paul died a true soldier, fighting bravely. It was his make-up—he was a man, and I am proud to consider myself as one of his friends.

III.—From Camp and Hospital in America

CAPT. SCOTT R. BREWER, U. S. A., Morrison, Va.

I just read in the Indianapolis News today of your great loss. Nothing that I can say, I know, can make it seem less, but I want to tell you that my sympathy goes out to you and Mrs. Funkhouser in this hour of your grief.

You have the consolation of knowing that both of your boys never shirked their part and I envy them and you for being able to make the sacrifice while peace left me stranded at the port of embarkation. If pride in good deeds well done can lessen grief, your burden should be lightened with the knowledge that your son was a hero who was not afraid to do his duty no matter what the cost.

MISS ALLIE E. BUTLER, Red Cross Nurse, Great Lakes
Naval Hospital

I just heard of your bereavement.

My heart goes out to you and your family at this sad time. I cannot express to you what I would like to say, words fail me because I know what sorrow is.

I know the sympathy of others is appreciated but that words seem empty.

But the honor, the glory of knowing that the sacrifice was not in vain, will help you bear the great loss.

LIEUT. LEROY S. FOSTER, U. S. A., Fort Sill, Okla.

I hardly know what to say to you at this time. I know what a shock it was to you and Mrs. Funkhouser, as it was to all of Paul's friends, when the sad news came from the War Department.

I have felt that I have kept in closer touch with Paul and Albert than any of the other boys "overseas," as I have read all their letters in the Courier. They have both given good accounts of themselves and have shown the true American spirit from the day war was declared.

While it is very, very hard for you and Mrs. Funkhouser to bear the thought of not seeing Paul again, still I know you are proud and happy to feel that he died fighting like a man and did not stay at home as so many others did and let some one else do the fighting for them.

My wife and I want to extend our heartfelt sympathy to you and Mrs. Funkhouser in your hour of trouble. Paul's memory will always be fresh in the minds of his friends and will always stand out as the true, red-blooded American that he was.

ARTHUR GUY FUNKHOUSER (Paul's Cousin),

Great Lakes, Ill.

Just a little note that you may know that my heart is aching with yours. From the viewpoint of a man in uniform the honor which has come to Paul can only be considered as an investment, but I know how hard it is for you to take that attitude. That is the attitude Paul would have you take. The cities celebrate and the people fly their flags, but only a few who sit silently in their homes and look longingly at his picture know how dearly peace has been won. All honor to those silent few.

So know, during this sad Thanksgiving season, that all your friends and relatives are thinking of you, and that you have their most sincere sympathy.

LIEUT. RALPH M. FUNKHOUSER, M. C.,

Camp Zachary Taylor

(To His Uncle, Arthur F. Funkhouser, Evansville)

Since learning of Paul's death, several weeks ago, I have felt too badly about it to write to any of my Evansville relatives. Your letter reached me yesterday, and I feel as you do, that it will be some satisfaction to have more specific details later on.

I cannot write to Uncle Albert. I know that I could say

nothing to lessen his grief, and I feel that any letters or messages coming to him now from an Army camp would only call more vividly to his mind our lost soldier boy.

I was in Evansville long enough to become well acquainted with Paul. He visited my office many times, and aside from his splendid young manhood and winning personality, his mind was ever keen and alert, and his heart always right. I loved Paul as though he had been my brother, and can only say that I am proud and glad that he partly belonged to me.

Several of my men here are from Evansville, and their expressions of sorrow upon learning the sad news proved to me how well Paul was loved and admired by his old associates. One of the sergeants brought the paper to me and said, with husky voice, "Doctor, he was a prince; we'll never have another Paul." This sergeant was a man who had been in his classes at high school.

While we all know that this life was given in the highest possible cause, we cannot help but feel that it is not just and right that such a life is lost to the community while so many of the unfit are permitted to exist.

But God knows best. My children shall always revere the name of their hero cousin, and in the years to come we should all bow our heads at twilight hour and say a prayer to the memory of our soldier boy who gave his life that right and justice should prevail.

MISS MARY KEENEY, U. S. Gen. Hosp., Ft. McPherson, Ga.

I have just heard about Paul, and as I always liked him so much I must write to you to tell you of my very deep sorrow. I am now in the hospital at Ft. McPherson and there are so many returned soldiers here.

If you could see the pitiful condition some of them are in and will be that way for life I am sure you would be thankful that Paul was taken and will not have to suffer any for the rest of his life. * * *

Words are shallow, but I just wanted you to know how I felt. * * *

LIEUT. L. H. LEGLER, Camp Hancock, Ga.

I have read of the death of Paul. There is so little I can say, but I am with you in your hour of bereavement. In the death of Paul, I am losing a true friend, and I feel the loss keenly.

But please try to be comforted. Paul died the death of a hero. I knew him from a little boy on, and he was afraid of

nothing. He went to death without flinching. I am sure he must have died in some gallant charge. He was always generous, courageous and the very soul of truth.

All honor and glory to Paul. His memory will live as a precious heritage to all of us. He is gone, but his spirit will live forever.

SERGT. LYNN H. M'CURDY, New York

(Telegram)

Charlotte and I wish to express our sympathy to you both on the sad news just received. Albert's last letter to us was dated Oct. 19 and he was in fine shape. Give my love to Mrs. Funkhouser. Tell her I wish I could be with her at this time.

PRIVATE SHELDON MALONE, COMP JACKSON, S. C.

Mother informs me that Paul's life has been offered up on the altar of Freedom—freely sacrificed that this world might not be controlled by the damned fiends who threatened it. And yet some sentimental fools are already preaching that we should be easy with Germany. I am not going to try to tell you in many words how I sympathize and sorrow with you, as words could not express it. Just realize that my whole heart goes out to you, and that Paul's memory will ever be dear to me and that my respect for him will never die. Let your grief be tempered by the knowledge that your boys proved men among men, and that Paul's life could not have been given in a better cause and that he did not die in vain. God grant that Albert will return safely.

JOE WARD NEIMAN, Chief Ins. U. S. A. A. O.,

Plant No. 3, St. Louis

My heart is sad and I extend my most heartfelt sympathy to you all in this, your hour of grief.

The news reached me today that an honorable leader and soldier fell in action. It is with a heavy heart that I continue my duties today, as I have carried both Lieuts. Paul and Albert in my heart these past ten years.

It is not our will, but God's will be done.

LIEUT. VAL F. NOLAN, Columbia, S. C.

(Telegram)

Am shocked at news of Paul's death. Accept my sincerest sympathy.

MRS. JEANETTE COVERT NOLAN, Columbia, S. C.

I have just learned through a letter from home of Paul's death. I cannot tell you how deep my sympathy for you and his father is. Of all the boys I went to school with—who were little boys when I was a little girl—I liked Paul best, and I have always felt the keenest interest in him. Val and I have each much enjoyed the letters from him which the Courier has printed from time to time, and we often have talked of the splendid things which both of your boys are doing.

It seems just now that, in spite of the coming of peace for which we have worked and hoped and prayed so long, there is a great deal of unhappiness in the world, and almost every home is touched with sorrow. It is hard to believe that everything is all for the best and a part of God's plan, isn't it?

I am sure it is a consolation to you and Mr. Funkhouser to know that Paul died as he did—in the performance of his duty. He was a splendid soldier; so fine and manly, so clever and so likeable.

I am only one of a host of friends who mourn his death.

MAJ. CARL J. ROHSENBURGER, 68TH FIELD ARTILLERY,
Camp Knox, Ky.

I received your letter and I am so very glad if the flowers cheered you one bit in your terrible moment. I wish I knew what I could do or say to lessen your burden. Words are so inadequate to express one's thoughts. In a time like this, it is not for us, the living, to call back the dead. I would have written you sooner; in fact, I did write a letter, but in comparison with my sentiments it sounded ridiculous.

Dad sent me the paper telling of Paul's death, and at first I couldn't comprehend that it was true. Peace had been declared and I was counting the days when we would all be together.

You have lost your son; I have lost my pal. Beside your loss, mine fades into insignificance. He was the best friend I ever had, too. How I regret that I didn't get to see him when we were so close together in back of Chateau Thierry, last July.

I know how futile words are to you both, but always remember Paul did the most honorable thing that man can ever hope to do: "He gave his life that others might live!" He did this for you, for me, for all of us that live under "Old Glory," and realizing the nobleness of this act of his I know that you are just as brave as he was in his last hour.

PAUL H. SCHMIDT, U. S. N. A. R. School, Evanston, Ill.

My good wife has just sent me the sad news of your son Paul's unfortunate end on the Field of Honor. Our hearts go out to his mother and you, and anything we can say or do in this hour is too small; but I know you are conscious of the rich heritage, the greatest honor and the worthiest tradition which this noble son has bestowed upon you, his parents, and in this sense we hope that your grief may be greatly assuaged.

LIEUT. JOHN W. SPENCER, JR.,

Camp John Wise, San Antonio, Tex.

Word came today of Paul's supreme sacrifice. Frances and I want to extend to you our sympathy. Knowing him as we did we can appreciate your loss, tempered though it is by the eternal respect that will be paid to his memory.

CAPT. GEORGE H. STEEL, U. S. A., Hattiesburg, Miss

I just learned through the Army and Navy Journal, and had the information confirmed by Geringer, of our commandery, who is working with my outfit, of your loss of Paul.

There is nothing can be said by any of your friends that can make a thing like that any easier to bear; as for Paul himself, as an officer and a gentleman, I can safely say that I am voicing the sentiments he would express himself that when he had to go he would want to go that way. I should myself; I know that. He was an officer and a gentleman and he did his duty to the very utmost, and the supreme sacrifice was made by him, I know, cheerfully and bravely.

I know the boy—I had a talk with him before he got into the game, and he had the right stuff in him; he felt the necessity for him and every other man who could going into it.

You can feel only the sorrow of your personal loss; right now, it's those of us who are left behind who have that part of things to stand up under. I'd like you to know, thoroughly know, how much I and all your friends grieve with you—not for him, he doesn't need it; but for the loneliness and heartache which you have to bear.

He's all right, never fear that. A man who gives all he has for the extension of Freedom and decency, and the extension of the things God calls on us to fight for won't be found standing far from the throne of Grace. If he could make himself understood to you as he is today, if he could some way pierce the thin veil which seems to separate us finite beings from those who have the great privilege of passing beyond the

finite limitations, he'd say that as for himself if it were all to be done again, he'd do just as he did and be glad.

We're nearer those we love who have passed across than some of us altogether realize. I know that; and some way I know and feel that we'll be surprised at the simplicity of it all when we really do know.

I can't say anything that would help. I only wish I could. As I say, I simply want you to understand and know that your friends wherever they are would help if they could, and they are thinking of you.

MISS MARY TYNER, Red Cross Nurse, Camp Meade, Md.

I received clipping mailed by Uncle Arthur today telling of Paul's death. Words fail me in expressing my feelings to you. I have been very proud of my fine boy cousins since their enlistment, and to think of this happening so late seems unjust, but such thoughts must not be entertained for I am sure Paul would not have any of us feel that way but would want us to be proud of him. That we surely are, indeed.

Remember me to Aunt Alta, and I want you to know that Paul's sad death was a blow to me, and my deepest sympathy is with you at this time.

MISS MILDRED WOODS, COLUMBIA, S. C.

I know that nothing I can say or do will lessen your grief. But just a word to tell you and your family that I, as one of Paul's friends, share your grief and your pride.

MRS. ROSE HEILMAN WOODS, AUGUSTA, GA.

It was not until John's father wrote us that we knew of Paul's end. If it had to be, I know you are glad it happened the way it did, that he was one of the heroes of democracy. It seemed doubly hard, I know, to get the news after the fighting was over. I just want to tell you that John and I both extend to you and Mr. Funkhouser our sincerest sympathy. We are proud to say that we knew your son.

IV.—From Out-of-Town Friends

JUDGE ERNEST B. ANDERSON, OWENSBORO, KY.

I noticed in our paper the other morning that your boy had been killed in France. You do not know and I cannot tell you how shocked we were, and how much we sympathize with you. I remember what misgivings you were having in March of this

year when he started across. I certainly do sympathize with you, but you have, however, to comfort you the fact that he lost his life in the holiest cause that any soldier ever fought for. I extend my sympathies, as well as that of Mrs. Anderson, to you and your wife.

MRS. MARTHA B. BARTON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

It was with great sorrow that I read my husband's letter telling of the death of your fine son. I am, indeed, happy that Lieut. Barton was fortunate enough to be at his friend's side to render what comfort and assistance he might in looking after Paul's grave.

May I extend to you and yours the heartfelt sympathy of Lieut. Barton and myself?

MRS. HARRY D. BALDWIN, AKRON, O.

Have just received the sad news of Paul's death. I am unable to write to you my feelings, but I want you to know that my thoughts are with his dear little mother, whose heart is torn with anguish at the thoughts of her boy whose life should end when it really was just beginning. Be comforted and be proud of the fact that he was a noble and brave son of dear old U. S. A., and that he died for a cause in which his whole heart and soul was centered. We pray that God in his infinite mercy will sustain and heal your broken hearts.

MISS MARIE BOICOURT, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

I am taking the liberty of sending you a page from yesterday's New York Herald, which might otherwise not be brought to your attention.

I was very deeply grieved at the sad death of Paul and assure you that yourself and family have my sincere sympathy.

COL. SAMUEL L. BRENGLE, S. A., ARLINGTON, N. J.

Commandant Staiger of the Salvation Army has written me about the death of your son, Paul, in the last engagement between the Americans and Germans. His death in battle would have been painful to you under any circumstances, but it seems peculiarly so in view of the fact that the close of the war was right at hand. I write to assure you of my tenderest sympathy and prayers for you in your great loss. You have suffered what many of us feared we might suffer, and for which we sought to

prepare our minds and hearts, and while we now rejoice in the safety of our loved ones we bow our heads in tears with you, and look upon you with solemn awe as you bear your proud sorrow.

God bless you and comfort you. My only boy is a captain in Porto Rico and was most eager to get to France, but his troops were tropical and unfit for the climate of France and Flanders, and so he did not get across.

Your boy made the supreme sacrifice, while mine and others are now confronted with the great tasks of reconstruction and peace, and for them we must pray that they may have wisdom and high and holy courage.

REV. and MRS. W. H. BRIGHTMIRE, Indianapolis

I was quite overcome with grief yesterday when I was apprised of the death of your dear Paul. You may remember that the night that he went to the "officers' training" I was at the depot as he went with my Willis and they always seemed great chums. I have cut the report out of the Courier and mailed the same to Willis at his headquarters in New York City.

I wish that I might say something to comfort your poor, broken, bleeding hearts in this awful hour, when we seemed at the apex of victory and peace and then to be apprised of his death, and to think that his manly form and sweet sunny face is to be seen no more in Evansville seems almost too sad to conceive, and yet he made the supreme sacrifice for his country and democracy and the Freedom of the world. His death was not in vain and he sleeps the sweet sleep of the just in blood washed, redeemed France. I have had three sons in this awful war, and all are living so far as I know, but I know something of the separation and yet not what you are experiencing; but the great God will hear your prayer and heal your broken hearts. God bless you and remember that Mrs. Brightmire and I are deeply and profoundly touched with your great loss.

MISS MARGARET BURNS, MT. VERNON, N. Y.

Mother wired me a couple of days ago about Paul, but I simply didn't feel equal to writing. You can't realize how deeply this has affected us here, Charlotte, Lynn and me. We can't realize it's true, that our sweet Paulie won't come back to us. It seems such a short time ago that we took him down to the ferry, the afternoon before he sailed. We knew then, of course, the chances that he was running, but we never can tell or realize how awful these things really are until they are on us. This

coming so close to us makes the war seem even more horrible. Thank God it is over, and Albert has been spared to us. I know he will try to make up to you, in some measure, the loss of your dear, sweet, baby Paul. Oh, it's too horrible to think of men such as Paul dying so young; but my! what a glorious way to die. I know you are proud even now that you gave one son, both sons, but that one was left to you. It must be a glorious feeling, even with your grief and sadness, to know he died in action, on the Field of Honor.

* * * * *

Don't grieve too much; remember you still have Albert.
Best love and deepest sympathy.

LA VEGA CLEMENTS, Attorney-at-Law, Owensboro, Ky.

I read in the paper this morning that your boy had been killed in France. There is no person who can extend to you and your wife more heartfelt sympathy at this time than Mrs. Clements and myself. Our boy who was at Camp Sherman, O., answered the final call last month. He was our oldest and my law prtner. Words from one's friends in hours like this can do little to ease the grief and pain of a torn heart, but I can assure you, old man, that having gone down into the valley of shadow, where you are at this moment, I can readily mingle my tears with yours for "our boys" who have gone West, and for whom the Service Flag will hereafter bear a bright golden star.

Accept these few words in sincere sympathy for your loss; and whilst our loss is great and the blow is heavy, let us still hope and pray that some other fathers' and mothers' boys may come back safe. Our boys have performed their duty as citizens, patriots and Christian men, and having performed their work worthily and well we can sincerely hope and believe that they have crossed the river to a better and happier land where sunshine and happiness with their God will be their lot forever.

MRS. JUDGE HERDIS F. CLEMENTS, MT. VERNON, IND.

I just picked up the morning Courier and read of your sorrow. I could not read farther till I write you how sincerely we sympathize with you. I have read his letters each time in the paper and really thought of you when the glorious peace message came. His letters seemed so like a real man, yet like a mother's boy.

But parents who can claim such noble manhood will, I'm sure, look to the right source for comfort. God will not give

us more than we can endure; and you will have the sympathy of so many for whom he died.

Mr. Clements is in Indianapolis, and I know he, too, will join me in this expression of sympathy.

HON. LINCOLN V. CRAVENS, Hammond, Ind.

I was shocked as well as greatly surprised at the news of the death of your brave son, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser, and my heart goes out to you and your good family. I realize, as I know you do, that words are idle when they attempt to express courage and hope to the bereaved, and yet, my dear friend, such a death as Paul's was glorious, and it is much honor to be the father of such a boy. I can only say, "Be brave!" in this great sorrow as Paul was brave in his great sacrifice. May the God of our fathers ever be with and comfort you and yours.

MRS. ESTHER KARGES DAUS, NEW YORK

I just had a letter from mother telling me the sad news about Paul, and you don't know how sorry I am for you all and how much I feel for you. It just seems too dreadful that our boys have to go, but there is one thought to help you all, and that is that he gave his life for the country. Paul was a mighty fine man and everybody respected and thought so much of him.

It doesn't seem right that a man like Paul who had his whole life of so much promise before him must go so soon; but the only thing we can do, dear Mr. and Mrs. Funkhouser, is to do as Eddie says: "Pack up our troubles and smile, smile, smile!"

I know it is hard, but try to bear up as best you can, and remember that he gave his life to his country; and lived and died like the gentleman and hero that he was.

Please accept John's and my deepest sympathy, and know that we think of you and feel for you all in your sorrow. Lots of love.

MR. SILAS A. DAY, TENNYSON, IND.

I have read, with pain, the news of the death in France of your son, Lieut. Paul Funkhouser.

I have followed, as with a personal interest, the military careers of your two boys, since I feel that the proximity of our nativity makes neighbors of you and me.

I can fully sympathize with you in your bereavement, as death five times has touched my little ones with icy fingers,

chilling my heart also, and I know how human sympathy can help to alleviate the pangs of sorrow. (My last and greatest loss is too sacred to share with any but our God.)

In the case of my children, sweet memories of their innocent way; their sweet, childish manifestations of love, "the touch of vanished hands" did much to assuage my grief, and you also shall recall many incidents of Paul's life, which will by their sweet compulsion draw your thoughts to his life and obscure your vision of his death.

You were justly proud of your service stars, this one has not been dimmed, but by the Divine touch has been transmitted into gold.

Oh, the stars, the golden stars, that light "Old Glory's" field of blue!

Turn your eyes away from the grave and fix them on your star, looking beyond unto Him, the work of Whose fingers are the stars in the Heavens, and you shall find comfort.

HON. GEORGE K. DENTON, M. C., WASHINGTON, D. C.

I called on Col. Parker of the adjutant general's office, who has charge of the casualty lists, and he tells me they get no information in his department except just what is reported at the time to the parents, and he advised me to tell you to write to the commander of the company.

You gave me the company, and I am writing the commander myself today, thinking that perhaps he might give the matter more prompt attention by receiving a letter from a member of Congress.

I have instructed him to write you, and also to have any one who may know any of the facts to also write.

If I can be of any further service to you at any time, do not hesitate to call on me.

JUDGE J. L. DORSEY, HENDERSON, KY.

Just a word to say how much I sympathize with you on account of the loss of your dear boy. I have two boys in the service, one in camp and one on the ocean, and I pray that God in his goodness and mercy may bring them back to me.

I know you are proud of the memory of your boy—you have every right to be—and there is only one thing to do, bear the loss philosophically, and remember, as Job said, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." We all have our griefs to bear. Accept my sincerest sympathy.

EX-GOV. WINFIELD T. DURBIN, ANDERSON, IND.

Permit me to assure you of my profound and deep sympathy in this, your hour of bereavement. No words I can pen will relieve your almost broken hearts. You must go to and rely upon Him who doeth all things well for comfort and consolation. No other relief is worth while. It is, however, a comfort to know your son loved his country and answered the call to duty, and served in the hottest of the fray, and at last placing himself on the altar—precious thought and remembrance. May our God give you and Mrs. Funkhouser strength to bear your loss bravely, is the prayer of your friend.

REV. AND MRS. C. C. EDWARDS, BOONVILLE, IND.

I see in the morning paper the account of Paul's death. I need not tell you that this was to us a great shock. We can hardly realize that so long after his death the news has come. It is inexpressibly sad to have them give up their lives, but more so in the very end, when the war has finally come to a close. But such is war. I was just thinking the other day that it was very unusual that none of the Bayard Park boys had given up their lives in the war. Paul, from what I know, must have seen more actual service in battle than any of the other boys. I do not know what to say to you. One has to pass through an experience to know what it means. I want Mrs. Funkhouser to know that Mrs. Edwards poured out her mother tears with hers when she heard the news, and we want you to know that you have much to be proud of in your brave, manly sons, and that you have tasted the bitter with the sweet in this great sorrow. May God comfort and sustain you and help you to be resigned to His will. Yours fraternally and in deepest sympathy.

MRS. NELLIE BENZ ESHMAN, RANKIN, PA.

Words fail to convey my feelings of sorrow on receipt of the news of the death of your beloved son. It sure is hard, and to think he held such a dangerous position all through the war and when near its end was his last also. It is for a cause, and we will never know, and may the Almighty in His goodness console you in this dark hour of your tribulation.

MISS EVA EULER, DENVER, COLO.

I can't begin to express to you how sad it made me feel when I heard about Paul. To think how brave he has been all along and after peace had been declared to receive such word

as that. Of course, we know he gave his life willingly and for a good cause, but still it doesn't seem just. If we were only strong enough to understand these things but all we can do is to pray to the Lord to help us understand. I hope Albert will come home soon, as I know he will be such a comfort to you and he can help make your burden lighter.

I can't realize that Paul is really gone; to me he is still alive and like I knew him when we used to play together.

My love to you all.

JOSEPH FORSYTHE, BANKER, GRANDVIEW, IND.

It is with deep sorrow that I read in this morning's paper the loss of Lieut. Paul. I have been reading the letters from both of your boys the past few months with a great deal of satisfaction and pride. I was so in hopes the boys would be returned to you, sound and well. It, however, could not be. Lieut. Paul has paid the price. It certainly will be a comfort to yourself and Mrs. Funkhouser to know that such boys as yours are the kind that pay the price, being brave, true to duty, honorable, upright and willing to face death and die for their home, fire-side and country.

I wish to extend to you and Mrs. Funkhouser my sincere sympathy.

FOSTER AND MESSICK, INDIANAPOLIS

We feel like we must tell you how genuinely grieved we are to hear of the death of your son Paul in France. We only wish that something we could say would really lighten the grief of yourself and family.

These are the losses that really constitute the cost of the war. Military glory is, of course, scant consolation to a parent, but it must be some comfort to feel that he went out while giving the highest, finest service any man is privileged to give.

We hope time will assuage your sorrow.

DR. L. T. FREELAND, Seymour, Ind. (Telegram)

Our hearts very much touched by evening newspaper report of Paul's death. You have our sincere sympathy. Loss on part of people of Bayard Park Church seems always to be our loss. There is a family-like tie that binds us to you and all our friends in that community.

MRS. KATE DOUGLASS FUNK, PRINCETON, IND.

With aching heart I read this morning the account in the Courier of the death at the front of your brave son Paul. I have not the words to express to you, to your dear wife and daughters, my sympathy. In these days of deep distress words are a mockery, but allow me to mingle my tears, and offer my prayers, for I, too, have three boys in France.

JUDGE FRANK E. GAVIN, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

I cannot find words to express to you my sympathy for the loss of your dear son. The hearts of both Mrs. Gavin and myself go out to you and Mrs. Funkhouser. Mrs. Gavin desires me especially to say to Mrs. Funkhouser that with a mother's comprehension she sends to her a mother's deepest sympathy. We know that words are not balm to heal or even soothe the aching of the hurt, but we do know that the consciousness of his duty so bravely done, the knowledge that he made the supreme sacrifice with such lofty motives of patriotism, these will help to uphold you now and the Great God above may soothe the pain and bring comfort to your hearts until these come, and it will in no event be long, a reunion which will not be broken. To you and his mother, the remembrance of his loyalty to the highest ideals, his brave and unselfish devotion to the cause of the right, will, as years go by, become a treasure beyond price.

MR. AND MRS. WILL GLEICHMAN, CHICAGO, ILL.

When the news was received that this terrible war was over we were so happy to think that all of the fourteen boys belonging to the dear friends of the Neighborhood and Sewing Clubs, who were in the service, were safe, not one being even wounded, that we were going to write a letter of congratulation to the two clubs, when the next issue of the Courier (which we receive every day) brought the sad tidings that your beloved son Paul had given his all for "Freedom and Democracy" just before "Peace" was declared, which gave us another example of the adage that "We know not what day may bring forth."

You have lost one out of four, while a great many others have lost their only one, some leaving a widowed mother.

Our hearts go out to you in this sad hour more than we can express in writing, and are sorry that we are not able to give you a heartfelt and sympathetic, true, clasp of the hand, which would express more than words.

We must try to console ourselves with the thought that his time had come, and that he died doing his duty, and gave his

life that "Democracy" might live, and that we may have "Freedom for All Forever."

We are sure that if Paul could speak he would say, like Lieut. Ely, the aviator, wrote to his parents: "In case I should die I do not want you to weep or mourn for me, as I consider my life an investment for my country, and you ought to be proud of it."

This letter was received by them two days after they received word of his "supreme sacrifice."

We know you will bear your loss bravely, like true Americans, as many other fathers and mothers have done.

GOV. JAMES P. GOODRICH, INDIANAPOLIS

It is with sincere regret that I learned of the death of your son Paul, while fighting for this country in France.

No mere words can adequately convey to you my sympathy, nor can they in any way lessen the grief you feel at this time. I hope, however, that this natural feeling of sorrow over so great a loss will be tempered by the knowledge that he did his full duty and gave his life to the cause of humanity. As the years come and go, this fact, I know, will be a source of peculiar pride to you and make it easier for you to bear your loss.

JUDGE EDWARD GOUGH, BOONVILLE, IND.

I want you to know that your friends here are deeply touched by the sorrow and distress that has come to your home. Their souls go out to you in wordless sympathy.

Amid the enveloping gloom two facts are clear as the sunlight: Nature has a balm for every torn heart, and your brave boy's life was sacrificed for his fellowmen.

MR. HERBERT A. GRAHAM, Grand Ins. F. A. M., Indianapolis

I was shocked to hear of the death of your son, and I extend my deepest sympathy to you and your family in your bereavement. I can appreciate how keenly you must feel this loss, yet, knowing you, I am sure your sorrow is lightened by the consolation that he gave his life in the defense of Liberty and justice, a glorious sacrifice so willingly offered by the best boys of our American homes. * * *

I am sending the notice to my daughter and her husband, at Waco, Tex., as they were both well acquainted with your son, and I have heard them speak of him many times. * * *

MRS. NORMA HAAS, SOUTH BEND, IND.

It was with pain and grief that I heard of the death of your dear soldier boy Paul. Though I knew that no words of mine can bring comfort to your sorely tried hearts, yet I cannot refrain from writing to you to express my deep and heartfelt sympathy. I have always spoken and read with pride the letters of the boys, and felt such a personal interest in them that I was, indeed, greatly affected over Paul's death. I wish I could have been with you and told you just how deeply I feel for you. Raymond is a sailor lad in a Navy school for officers, and he, too, feels so bad about the death of his friend. Indeed, the entire family—mamma, Fred and Milton—wish to be remembered.

There is, however, a higher source of consolation than earthly friendship and commending you to Him, I am, as always, your friend.

MISS KATHERINE B. HAHN, BLOOMINGTON, IND.

I have just heard of Paul's death and I want to sympathize with you in your sorrow.

Every other word heard on the campus today was "Paul." Of course, most of the people who knew him are gone, but it seems as though everybody has heard of or knew of "Funkie." He certainly made a host of friends at Bloomington, and we will all miss him.

One of the lieutenants down here is from Northwestern, and he called me up this evening to tell me about Paul because he heard that I was from Evansville and felt sure that I must know him. He said that, although he wasn't an intimate friend of Paul's, he felt that he knew him quite well because they had been in the same classes.

I know that Paul met a noble death and that you all are very proud of him, as you have every right to be.

JUDGE JOHN W. HANAN, LA GRANGE, IND.

I have just learned that your son, Lieut. Paul, has met the soldier's fate in his valuable services in the defense of his country, humanity and civilization. You, your good wife and family have my profound sympathy in this sad hour of your bereavement, but you have a great consolation in the memory that your son fell while fighting bravely for the democracy of the world, the liberation from bondage of millions of souls and for the principle that all men are created equal, that God is no respecter of persons. Words are useless under such bereave-

ment as you now suffer, but you may have the assurance that not only myself but the entire country is today in sympathy with you.

I assume you have learned that I have been appointed United States district judge for the canal zone, and I shall leave for my new post about the 12th or 15th of December. My address will be Ancon, Canal Zone, Panama, and when you find yourself in a condition so that you can write me I shall be very glad, indeed, to hear from you. I remember you with the greatest kindness and appreciate your ability and great service to our country.

DR. AND MRS. O. E. HAWN, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

News reached us yesterday about the death of Paul in France. It so completely shocked us that words cannot express our grief. We followed the list closely and so rejoiced each day that Paul had escaped, and that the war was over, and our own dear ones would all be back. Your loss is so great that no word from us can console you, as all comfort comes from a Higher Power; but let us say, we are so sorry.

MR. VERNON C. HARDESTY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

In looking through the Army and Navy Journal a few days ago I saw that Paul T. Funkhouser was listed among those lost in action in France. If this be true, my folks and I wish to express our deepest sympathy to all of you.

Will and I were in France, and Lucian in Siberia. The three of us were very fortunate in returning home in excellent health.

I would write this letter to Albert direct to transmit to all your family, but fear that he may not have returned home from the Army yet.

Please give Albert our sincerest congratulations upon his safe arrival back in "God's country" if he is back, and if not back when he does arrive.

I would appreciate a line from one of you stating whether or not the report of Paul's loss was correct, and, if so, again we wish to express our profound sympathy to you, only adding that we hope the sacrifice of such courageous young man as Paul was not in vain.

Hoping you are standing the loss as brave Americans and feel ennobled for your great sacrifice, I remain, a boyhood chum of Albert and Paul.

HON. L. B. HOLLEMAN, INDIANAPOLIS

I was shocked when I saw your son's name among the casualty list in the Indianapolis News of the 27th issue. I extend to you my heartfelt sympathy in these sad hours of your bereavement. The last time I saw you we talked about our sons. We are thankful that our son got through without harm. May the future be better to you, is my wish.

N. B. HUNT, ATTORNEY, HENDERSON, KY.

I note in the morning paper the sad news of the death of your son "over there." I extend to you and yours my deepest sympathy.

Doubtless his return home full of honors was a moment you looked forward to with the greatest of pleasure and pardonable pride. This is denied you, but you have the next greatest pride—the knowledge that he ungrudgingly paid the highest sacrifice in defense of world Liberty, the noblest thing any man could do.

I wish I were able to offer consolation; that is beyond words. I am sure, however, your exalted patriotism will find for you a sweetness in your sorrow.

JAMES KILROY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, POSEYVILLE, IND.

With a feeling of sadness I have just read in the morning paper of the death of your brave boy in France. I sometimes think that only he who is daily and hourly expecting the same such message can sympathize with you and yours in such an hour.

And yet, Mr. Funkhouser, when one thinks of the holy cause of such sacrifice, though it cost us the lives of our two million boys "over there" (and I have two among them), is not the prize still worth the price? A thousand times yes.

Realizing, then, that the boy fell fighting for the Freedom of all men for all time, must alone comfort and console.

JUDGE ROSCOE KIPER, BOONVILLE, IND.

My deepest sympathy goes out to you and yours because of the death of your distinguished son on the field of battle.

He was a part of the historic Army which was fulfilling the destiny for which our beloved country has been builded.

JUDGE J. H. LANE, M'LEANSBORO, ILL.

I have just learned with great regret that one of your sons has paid the supreme sacrifice in this great war.

My dear Mr. Funkhouser, I wish I could say something to you that would, in a measure, console you in this, your great loss. You have given more than I can give, for I have no fine young son to sacrifice to this great cause; but I think those of you who have given sons have given them in a worthy cause, however great the sacrifice.

I know how eagerly you looked forward to the day of this fine young son's returning to you and the hearthstone, and how proud you would be of him, but this fine anticipation has all been shattered, and the only thing we can do in this hour of affliction is to trust in Him that "doeth all things well."

MR. AND MRS. AUGUST LEHNHARD, KENNEWICK, WASH.

We were sorry, indeed, to hear of the death of your dear son Paul. Our son wrote us that he was a dear friend of his and felt very sorry that he had been killed "over there." We extend our sympathy to you in this sad hour.

JUDGE FRED P. LEONARD, MT. VERNON, IND.

Accept the deepest sympathies of one who has a little lad "over there."

MRS. LYNN H. M'CURDY, PELHAM, NEW YORK

What can I say? The paper just came which confirmed the wire from home which we wouldn't believe.

This is our second anniversary, and it started out such a happy day, but there is no more joy left in it. I can hardly see to write you, and can't think of anything to say, but knowing your heart is just about dead within you, the least I can do is make an attempt.

Margaret wrote you last Spring what we think of Pauly boy, and you know we all love him. I can't think of one boy in our crowd who is better liked by every one, and who has had the close friends whose hearts are just aching and longing to be able to do something to that German bunch of murderers.

Will you let me tell you something I saw about a week ago? It's not a pleasant story, but it has helped me a lot, and I'm hoping it will do the same for you. We sat at a table in a cafe next to one of the "Six Brown Brothers," who are famous saxophone players, and who played with Montgomery & Stone.

Well, this boy had been in service overseas for eighteen months; went over with the first 50,000, and was a sergeant-gunner. I never have seen anything half so horrible in my life as that boy's face and hands. He'd been gassed and caught in liquid fire, and his face and neck and head were one mass of deep scars, and even his eyes were drawn out of place. His hands were so warped and mutilated he could hardly handle a fork. As I looked at him I thought, "If I thought my little boy would live to have an affliction like that, I would easily kill him now." And so I think about our Paul. It's so much better to have a quick death than to go through life wishing God had been merciful and killed one outright.

I simply couldn't bear the thought of our sweet, good-looking Pauly having such a fate. Of course physical beauty amounts to nothing at all except as it is an index to the character which shines out from it, but Paul's good looks aren't only skin deep. There never was a sweeter, more lovable "goodee" big boy, and I only hope my little fellow will be as much of a man. After we come home I'll give him to you—to your heart, of course—and I hope you can help me bring him us as fine a chap as your two boy-men are.

We would give anything, honey, to be with you to give you such small comfort as we could, but I want you to know your other boy (big Lynn) is going to be more than ever one of your boys.

Just a world of love to you and Paul's father and the girls.

R. E. SIR GEORGE S. PARKER, GRAND COMMANDER, K. T.
OF INDIANA, INDIANAPOLIS

I learned today with regret of the great loss you have sustained and the most heart-breaking sacrifice you contributed to to the end of the great war.

Be assured, my dear friend and brother, that my sympathy and love go out to you and your good wife in this hour of your great bereavement. Words can convey little to soothe your grief, but if friendship and knightly love help to soften the feelings of sorrow, be assured that the full measure of it comes to you now.

PHI DELTA THETA, BLOOMINGTON, IND.

Max W. Billman, Secretary

In behalf of Indiana Alpha of Phi Delta Theta, I wish to extend to you and your family, in this hour of great sorrow, our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of your noble son, our

brother. Your prayers have been our prayers, that he might have a safe return; and the news of his great sacrifice, although the greatest man might give, and the most noble, cast a cloud of gloom over our midst, which shall never be forgotten.

Paul was everything that a Phi should be, and the oaths which he assumed upon uniting with Phi Delta Theta, in your presence, was upheld to the last. This is brought to my mind by the ritualistic question, which was my honor to ask him, "Wilt thou, like the good valiant knights of old, be ever ready to volunteer thy services in defense of virtue and the maintenance of right?"

As a personal friend I had none better, however, he was a best friend to all who knew him. Paul is the sixth Phi to give all in our great cause, in order that humanity might not perish from this earth, and may you find consolation in the fact that he was all a son could be. Phi Delta Theta stands ready to be of any possible service to you.

MR. CALVIN W. PRATHER, GRAND SECRETARY F. & A.
M. OF INDIANA, INDIANAPOLIS

I was most sadly grieved this morning on receipt of a clipping from an Evansville paper, of the 20th day, giving an account of your dearly beloved son and the great sacrifice of his life in the horrible war that has just closed. How my heart goes out to you in sympathy in this, perhaps, the saddest hour of your lives. I cannot find words to express myself and can only extend my sympathy, and hope you will have solace in the knowledge of his faithfulness, of his true American manhood and the wonderful record he has made at his age in life and the pride you have in what he did and what he accomplished, though in the last hours of the desperate struggle he gave up his life. My dear brother and Mrs. Funkhouser, accept, please, my deepest sympathy and affection.

My only son is a first lieutenant; a grandson is a second lieutenant; another grandson a sergeant in artillery, only 18 years old. I am proud of them. I am glad, of course, that they have escaped fatalities and are at present in good health and will soon return to their homes.

MR. WILLIAM F. STORK, HUNTINGBURG, IND.

I read in today's Courier where in your address at the dinner given at the cathedral you made mention of your joy at the anticipated home-coming of your sons, and of your receiving a telegram an hour later containing the sad intelligence

that one of them, Lieut. Paul Taylor Funkhouser, had fallen in battle in one of the recent actions in France. Having myself unexpectedly lost a son away from home, I know how you and your estimable wife feel.

Having on numerous occasions heard me speak of you and being acquainted with your likeness in the Scottish Rite class picture, Mrs. Stork has a sense of having met you personally, and joins me in extending to you and yours my profoundest consideration.

You and your family are stunned; the future as you now look at it holds nothing for you, I know. But time, the great pacifier, will assuage your grief. Slight consolation, you may say. Not so! Your son has joined the martyrs; is one of the sainted dead; has died for a cause that is holy. That fact ought to cause you happy reflection in this sad and trying hour.

I exhort you not to lose sight of Him who doeth all things well.

JUDGE ELBERT M. SWAN, ROCKPORT, IND.

I was greatly grieved to hear of the death of your noble boy, Lieut. Paul.

While I know that words are weak and unavailing to bring comfort and assuage the anguish of the broken-hearted family, I cannot refrain from expressing the deepest sympathy of my wife and myself for you and Mrs. Funkhouser and the family in your great bereavement.

It may be but poor consolation, but you have the proud joy of knowing that your son made this supreme sacrifice in the glorious defense of his country and flag—in the cause of right, civilization and humanity.

MRS. MOLLIE SONNER SHERRILL, New Amsterdam, Ind.

You certainly have my deepest sympathy in the sad news of your precious boy giving his life that we may live in peace. Evan spoke of Paul as a fine, intelligent boy, and it seems almost impossible to give up our fine boys, but it seems it must be.

Evan wrote me from France that if it was his lot to fall on the field of battle that God would understand and make it right for him; so let us hope and believe it will be true of all. After all, the life in the next world is the main thought.. Evan was at the front on the first of November.

Thanks for your sympathizing letter of a few weeks ago.

So I trust you and your wife will be comforted in time, but

I know no one can ever take the place of your fine boy. Oh! what a heroic death.

My prayers and best wishes are for you, my friend and schoolmate.

JAMES M. SHERRIL, ESQ., NEW AMSTERDAM, IND.

Just learned of the death of your dear boy Paul, who was killed in action in France. Words fail me to express my sympathy for you. Oh! that I could say something that would lessen the sorrow. How I would like to grasp your hand and say some word that might express my sorrow, for your Paul was a noble boy. I heard my son, Evan, who was with him at the officers' camp at Indianapolis, speak of him, of his good qualities.

With deep sorrow, I remain your sympathizing friend and old schoolmate.

MISS MYLA THORNBURG, MARTINSVILLE, IND.

I simply can't write—my heart aches so! Dear, it is so very hard, but as Paul faced his duty bravely—even to the supreme sacrifice—so must all those dear to him. Sometimes today he has seemed so close to me here that I feel he understands and with his lovable way is trying to help the hurt of it.

SENATOR JAMES E. WATSON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am shocked at the news of the death of your honored son, which I have just learned. Some one from Greencastle sent me a copy of the Evansville Courier of Nov. 20 announcing his death, and I hasten to extend to you my profound sympathy in this hour of your very great sorrow.

Of course the knowledge that he died for our country and fighting for the Stars and Stripes will be a source of pride throughout the remainder of your lives, but it can only partly assuage the grief that is yours because of the irreparable loss that comes to you as father and mother.

It will always be a source of consolation to you that you were the father and mother of a genuine hero, one who was willing to go to the extreme limit upon his country's call. Undoubtedly this will be a source of great gratification to you in the years to come, and as time tends to heal the wounds that now so tear your hearts, the recollection of his life will be to you a beautiful halo that will crown your final days with a peculiar joy.

Again I assure you of my profound sorrow over the death of so noble a son.

MRS. KATHERINE G. WELLS, Bloomington, Ind.

The picture of your hero son, Paul, was not received in time to present it to the chapter; however, two devoted friends of both your noble sons, Floyd Roberts and George Schenck, accepted this beautiful picture for the chapter. Truly, it will

"They shall be remembered forever,
They shall be alive forever,
They shall be speaking forever,
The people shall hear them forever."

To both of you and other members of the family we extend our deepest sympathy. May we write to you again soon? With kindest regards from all the Wells family to you all.

HON. JOHN C. WORSHAM, HENDERSON, KY.

On my return home last night I learned of the death of your son, Paul. It was, indeed, a great shock. I had always thought he was certain to come back, and knew the pride you and the members of your family would feel at his splendid record and achievements.

Now that he is gone I realize the difficulty of adequately expressing my sympathy. But I want you to know it is, in my opinion, a wonderful thing to have been a parent of such a son. All your life you will glory in the proud and imperishable record he made as a soldier, and your sorrow will be softened by the knowledge that he gave his life that others might live as free men. I would that he might have been spared, but since it was ordained otherwise, I know you will find much comfort in the thought that he lived and fought and died as a true American; and greater praise there could not be.

UNION W. YOUNGBLOOD, LAWYER, BOONVILLE, IND.

I saw the account of the death of your son Paul in the paper the other day, and did not write you my sympathy and condolence at the time because I fully expected to be in Evansville and see you personally. * * *

Of course, not having had such an experience myself, I cannot fully appreciate your feelings, yet I know that you and your good wife must have aching hearts that nothing but time, the great healer, can cure. If there was anything that I could do or say that would in any way alleviate or tranquilize your feelings or comfort you and your wife in your great bereavement, I feel that you know that the deed would be done or the word would be spoken.

Your son, together with the other brave boys that have

given their lives, have made the one great sacrifice for their country. We, the whole people of America, and so far as that is concerned the civilized people of the whole world, owe a debt of gratitude to your boy, and to the other boys who have saved civilization, a debt of gratitude that can never be paid. The sacrifice has been great but the cause for which the sacrifice was made was certainly worthy of the great sacrifice, and if one must needs sacrifice his life, no more worthy cause nor occasion ever presented itself to mortal man than to have died in the historic Army of the United States, fighting for his country, for humanity and for everything that sacrifice holds dear.

Please accept from me my heartfelt sympathy for you and your family in this great sorrow.

V.—From Home Folks

CAPT. AND MRS. FRED H. BRENNECKE

Kindly accept from us our most sincere sympathy in the loss of your son Paul, who gave his life in France for his country.

How eagerly we always looked in the *Courier* for his letters to you, and always read them carefully; and how we hoped that he would get back home safe.

We unfortunately have no sons of our own, but we can assure you that our hearts have gone out to our boys over there as much as any one, and hoped that your boys would return home safely; but in Paul's case it could not be.

HON. A. V. BURCH

It is with deep regret that I have learned of the death of your son, who, I am told, was a very splendid and brilliant young man, with a most promising future, and I assure you that you have my deep sympathy in your great sorrow.

However, I am sure that mingled with your sorrow is a feeling of pride, when you think that you have given your all for the great cause of Freedom and World Democracy, and unquestionably you find much comfort in this thought. You may rest assured that this entire community is very proud of this supreme sacrifice which was so nobly made by your son, and his name will ever be in the memory of all, as one of our heroes.

SENATOR WILLIAM B. CARLETON

From the bottom of my heart I sympathize with you in the death of your brave and gallant son, Paul, news of whose passing over you have just received. How feeble words are in a

case like this, and I realize how absolutely impossible it is for you to believe in this sad hour that everything is for the best in this world. But you will, I am sure, find solace and encouragement in the days and years to come that your son was not afraid to fight for his country and was not afraid to die for his native land, and I am sure when he fell it was in the full discharge of his duty; and that, I believe, you would prefer by all means to his having remained at home and to have had the world forever call him "slacker." Such men, such as your dear son, have given this world the freedom that we enjoy today and "in every age the bravest and best have ever given up their lives in defense of the right."

At this time may the "God of battles and of peace" sustain you, and may sweet memories of your departed boy ever linger with you and sooth your crushed and bleeding hearts, is my wish.

MR. WILLIAM E. CLARKE

I cannot help saying to you that my heart goes in the very deepest sympathy to you and your family at this time over the passing of your dear boy. Your friends and neighbors feel proud of the record he made in the service of his country, and have anxiously watched for tidings of his safety. I am well aware that mere words seem meaningless at this time, but as one who has suffered in like manner I have, Oh! so much sympathy for you today. May the good Lord comfort you and your loved ones at this time. I remain your friend.

MR. GEORGE S. CLIFFORD

I want you to know that my heart goes out in sympathy to you and yours in this hour of great affliction.

May time lessen the poignancy of your grief, as it increases the very just pride you may feel in the memory of the heroism of your brave son.

MR. LOUIS A. DAUS

It was with the deepest regret that I heard of the death of your son Paul while doing his duty on the field of battle in France. As president of the Columbian Literary Circle I wish to express to your family, your wife and yourself the heartfelt sympathy of all the members of the circle.

Personally Mrs. Daus and I cannot express in words how deeply this bereavement touches us, but can only say that your consolation should be that your son always did his duty as he saw it, and the remembrance of that should ever be a bright spot in your memory of him. * * *

MRS. THOMAS J. BOLUS

My heartfelt sympathy goes out to you all in your deep sorrow and, while only God can comfort you, I want to say how deeply and tenderly I feel for all of you. May the Lord comfort and strengthen you in your dark hour of sadness.

HENRY C. DICKMAN AND FAMILY

In these hours of your great bereavement, accept our very sincere sympathy.

Our acquaintance with Lieut. Paul Funkhouser dates back to the time he started to Trinity Sunday School with son Raymond, and as a boy and young man he was always considerate and courteous—at any time genial and well met. We all are very proud of Paul and his record.

In a letter from France, dated the eighth, son Ray wrote, "I would like to see Lieut. Funkhouser over here; you know, mother, Paul is some boy and will make a good officer." Raymond will sure be sad when I mail him the clippings.

Lieut. Funkhouser fought and died for dear Old Glory—and not in vain.

May time soften your grief, is our sincere wish.

WILBUR ERSKINE, ESQ.

It was with deep regret that I read of the death of your son in France.

I was particularly interested in the return of your boys to you, as you have taken such splendid interest in the welfare of our country and the boys so willingly went early in the struggle, but alas! your boy has shared the fate that has come to so many.

I fear a good many of the boys that we expect to see will never come and will appear on the list of casualties when the entire list comes in. These boys look to me greater than President Wilson or any other living man.

Death is the last chapter in life, and the closing of one's existence with the sacrifice of a life for such a country as this and the generations that are to come is the greatest honor that the world can bestow on any man, and his name and memory will be very precious to us all.

I extend to you and Mrs. Funkhouser and family my heartfelt sympathy in this terrible loss and may our Heavenly Father sustain and comfort you in this, the greatest loss you have ever had to bear.

MR. P. J. EULER

The report of Paul's death was a shock to my home last night. We were all looking forward to the day when we could see him, being so proud of his record in the service. My family suffer this loss with you and appreciate your grief to the fullest extent, having a good, dear boy ourselves whom we love just as you love Paul.

I trust the good Lord will comfort you with the thought that you have reared an honorable son whose record the world can refer to with pride.

DR. WILLIAM F. EPMEIER

With a sad heart, I extend my sympathy.

DR. AND MRS. JOHN E. FETZER

Please accept our sympathy in the death of your worthy son Paul. He gave his life for all; therefore, we desire you to know that we mourn with you.

MR. SAMUEL B. FISHER (CITY)

(From Central City, Ky.)

I see by this morning's Courier that Paul was killed in France.

I am very sorry, indeed, to learn of his death, and wish to extend my sincere sympathy to you.

MISS ELOISE GEUPEL

The news of your deep sorrow came as a dreadful shock and fills me with unbounded grief and dismay. What can I do or what can I say, my dear friends, to lighten your hearts?

There must be some consolation in knowing that Paul gave his life for such a wonderful cause and gave it bravely and willingly. Again, is there anything I can do?

With the assurance of my deepest sympathy and warm affection, believe me as ever your devoted friend.

MR. FRANK C. GORE

"Promoted to glory."

These beautifully significant words of the Salvation Army were the first which came to me when I heard the sad news of Paul.

And yet how much better that he should go as he did, fight-

ing his country's and humanity's battles than to have succumbed to some dread camp disease.

Great, big, honest, clean-souled boy that he was; my household loved him and mourns with you.

My heart is too full for more—may the glory of his promotion and the love of his high Commander comfort you all.

MR. LUTHER GOWAN

When I picked up this morning's Courier and read an account of your son's death I imagined my own feelings had it been my own boy who is now serving in the Navy.

My heart goes out to you and your family in this, your hour of sorrow, and I wish it were possible for me to do something to stay your grief.

I often wonder if the time will ever come when we will look upon the death of loved ones with the same complacency we do of their birth. Death is just as much a function of our nature as that of our birth; yet the joy of the latter is far from the sorrow of the former.

We must be brave to meet conditions as your son was brave and go where duty calls.

You have our sympathy and we share your sorrow.

THE GREATHOUSE FAMILY

We are at a loss for words to express our sympathy for you in the loss of your noble boy. We had so hoped that both boys would be spared to you safe and sound, but the Lord knows best, and we hope He will comfort you in His own good way for your great loss.

LIEUT. L. R. HALVERSON, I. S. M.

It was with a feeling of very great sorrow that I heard the report of the death of your son Paul who fell in line of duty. You are to be congratulated on having such a son. We who have no sons or brothers in service cannot feel so deeply as you what it means to hear such news.

My brother, you have my most sincere sympathy in this, your very great sorrow and bereavement. I have no words to adequately express my feelings at this time. May the thought of duty well and cheerfully done help in a measure to alleviate the sorrow you feel over your son's departure. In your sorrow you and Mrs. Funkhouser are entitled to the thanks of our country and the world for what your sons have done to make this world a safe place to live in. Know that this community grieves and is sad, and deeply sympathizes with you.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK H. HATFIELD

With no thought of being able to assuage the grief and sorrow which has just come to you, let us express our sympathy at this dark hour and also our congratulations for the fine recompense which must be yours in the years to come from the thought of your brave boy's brave death in so noble a cause. * * *

HON. AND MRS. GEO. D. HEILMAN

Mrs. Heilman joins me in extending to you our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of your dear boy.

There should be some consolation to both of you when you consider the cause for which he so bravely gave up his life. He was a young man who was beloved by his friends and acquaintances, and his memory will long be cherished by his many friends. * * *

MR. JOSEPH T. HILL, JR.

Please accept the deepest sympathy of myself and family in this, the saddest hour of your lives.

We have felt deeply the death of your noble son and I am free to confess that the tears welled to my eyes when I read the paper yesterday morning and realized all that the news meant to you and to Paul's friends.

To lay down one's life in the defense of his country is, indeed, a most noble sacrifice, but to give it so willingly for the future peace and security of those of other nations as well as our own makes that sacrifice superb.

But that supreme sacrifice wherein the mother and the father give that life so dear to them, for the good of fellowmen, creates for them an exalted position. May God reward you well; we mortals cannot.

It is surely some consolation to you to know that a clean son has made a gallant soldier and has had the privilege of dying on the Field of Honor.

It remains for me to hope that you will soon have some good news from Albert.

MR. RICHARD E. KEMPER

Mrs. Kemper, Ruth and I extend our deepest sympathy in the great loss you have sustained. We have not seen your sons a great deal during the last few years, but we remember them as boys and know you have every reason to be proud of them.

I am sure Paul was a fine soldier and splendid officer, and, of course, he could not have given up his life for a greater cause. "Our boys" saved the day for us and for humanity, including generations to come.

I am particularly impressed and grieved in the loss of one of your sons when I know how patriotic and loyal you have been from the beginning in the support of our magnificent government and the great issues involved. We trust your grief will, in a measure, be assuaged when you reflect upon the many blessings that have come to your family, that we must be governed by an Omnipotent Power over which we have no control.

Kindest regards and sympathy to all of the family.

MR. LOUIS H. KRAMER

This is sent in appreciation of the sacrifice made by Paul for me and mine, and in sympathy with his parents who love him.

I feel this loss as if it were one of my own family, and am only sorry I cannot express my feelings as I would like to.

You can feel proud of such a boy who willingly made such a sacrifice to the cause of humanity and the bettering of the world at large.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE LINDSAY AND DAUGHTER

We wish to express to you and your family our deepest sympathy in your recent bereavement. Although we are not intimately acquainted, our feelings go out to you at this time. We, like so many others, enjoyed reading your son's letters in the newspapers.

We know that you have learned to trust our Heavenly Father more and more during these months of anxiety and we pray that He may more abundantly bless and sustain you now.

COL. AND MRS. WILLIAM H. M'CURDY

I want you to know, though I have not hastily extended condolence, that I deeply sympathize with you in your great bereavement. I have hoped and prayed that your boys might both be spared. The news of Paul's death coming at this late hour, when your hopes of his safe return were at the pinnacle, makes the shock and sorrow doubly hard to bear, but the Lord will sustain you if you but lean upon him.

MISS BESSIE M'CUTCHEAN

Words so poorly express the comfort we long to give at a time like this, so won't you please accept the flowers as a token of my deepest sympathy, because I, too, loved Paul.

The same boyish charm and sweetness of personality that so endeared him to me must have clung to him in manhood, so wide does his circle of friends seem to be.

And though the burden is heavy it must be a great consolation to be the mother and father of such a boy.

JUDGE ORVILLE W. M'GINNIS

Permit me to extend to you and your family my sympathy in your bereavement at the death of your son Paul. It is with hesitation that I try to convey to you my grief and regret at your misfortune, considering that it may be somewhat of an intrusion upon the sanctity of your sorrow, and I appreciating that the most that can be said or done by friends cannot lessen your grief and loss. Still, from my experience, I have learned that were it not for the sympathy of our friends, such an ordeal as yours would be almost unbearable.

I have observed with pleasure the pride which you have taken in your son Paul's character and career and with what solicitude you have followed him and the love with which you have cherished him. I hoped that he might return to you unmaimed and with the honors he so richly deserved and so heroically earned.

As a father I can understand your plans and hopes for his future, and how you dreamed that he would live a full, rich, honorable life of service, affording to you all the joys and rewards of fatherhood; and I can, therefore, understand your despair at having all your hopes blasted by his untimely death. Yet, it has seemed to me as I have contemplated your son's death that if I, as a father, were afforded an opportunity to choose whether my own son made the supreme sacrifice, or to live his life to its natural end in the usual, ordinary ways of life, I would find the choice not altogether one-sided, for certainly there is a measure of compensation for the loss and sacrifice, in having a son with a character and spirit which is willing to make the sacrifice in the cause for which your boy gave his all.

While my heart goes out to you and Mrs. Funkhouser in deepest compassion, still I congratulate you in having such a hero for a son.

With my deepest sympathy in your bereavement and my heartiest congratulations that the honors and glories of the true

and the brave were given unto your son and through him unto you, and with hope that Divine consolation may be vouchsafed unto you, I beg to remain, sincerely yours.

MRS. N. CORNELIA MEADOWS

Accept my deep sympathy for you in this, your great sorrow. Your son gave his life that others may live. Can anything be more noble? He is in the care of our God, who is Love. We trust Him, yet we ever long to have our departed loved ones with us.

MR. GUS A. MILLER

It is with a sincere feeling of sympathy that I address this to you, realizing that only those who have passed through similar sorrows can appreciate and understand the heartache that comes through the loss of a dear one. Be assured that I want to be numbered among your many friends who sorrow with you.

Let this be your consolation, that your son gave his life in a cause that future generations will call holy and will bless the names of those who offered up their lives to gain.

MRS. MARGARET H. NEIMAN AND MISS MARY
E. NEIMAN

I cannot tell you how sorry I am, for I know words cannot comfort you at this time.

Time alone can help you bear this great sorrow. Paul gave his sweet, young life for his country and us, and we are very proud to know he was our friend.

Accept our deepest sympathy, and God help you to bear this great sorrow.

MRS. WILLIAM E. OSBORNE (CHICAGO, ILL.)

News came to me while visiting Hazel here in Chicago of your bereavement. It came to me as a great shock as it did to all the many friends and acquaintances of your boy.

Paul was a good boy and his loss will be felt keenly by those who knew and loved him, but his particular mission in life he accomplished early, even though he gave his life as a pawn for Freedom and peace.

His sacrifice was great and I know yours was doubly so, but I know how proud you must be of Paul.

I realize how little one can say to lessen grief like yours, but I am sending my heartfelt sympathy to yourself and family.

MR. AND MRS. MURPHY REDDIX

What can we do but weep with you! We can only guess what this sorrow is to you and Mrs. F. He looked so happy when last we saw him!

We are looking back this morning upon long memories of soul trials, years of groping and stumbling and longing, sinning and sorrowing of heart, weariness and faintness, temptation and failure; all these things which we suppose every one must pass through, more or less, at some stage or other on the road of life; but the first distinct thought which comes to us is that Paul was a hero and gave his life well and now he is taken home without any more of these roughnesses of the way and we hope he is with Him forever, and waiting for you to come home.

Paul's letters were such an inspiration to us and we simply feasted on them, and it was our great desire to shake his hand on return, and we made the remark Peace Day celebration we would be so happy for you both. I never read a letter from him in the paper I did not cry and had great fear of his return. We were talking of friends, Masons and death the morning of the 19th, and Murphy said: "When I die I want Albert Funkhouser, Netter Worthington, Ed Roach and I. T. Carr to be four to help carry my remains, for I do sincerely love those men," and here in the evening came the sad news of Paul's death.

I know we cannot comfort—only Jesus can. He must be specially "touched" in such a sorrow, for He knows by actual experience what human love is.

We have greatly admired and loved your friendship for seventeen years, and we rejoiced with you in gladness and we weep with you in sorrow. We send you this letter of condolence for we know when we take your hand words will fail us, as our hearts are, Oh! so tender and sad.

ADJT. CHARLES J. STAIGER, C. O. SALVATION ARMY

Permit me to extend to Mrs. Funkhouser and yourself my sincere sympathy in the loss you have suffered in the death of your son Paul on the battlefield in France. Your son gave his life for others and died in defense of the highest ideals of humanity.

Look up; God lives to comfort and strengthen. God bless you.

MRS. ALLENA STINSON

At a time such as this I know that it is useless to try to say anything to comfort you, for it cannot be done. But I

wanted you to know how our hearts ache for you, and if there is anything we could do for you how gladly we would do it. We are coming to see you soon, but I feel you would rather be alone for awhile. I will not say any more. Ed and Florence and my mother join me in love and deepest sympathy for you and your family. Believe me sincerely your friend.

MRS. HELEN STROUSE

I have thought of you and Mr. Funkhouser constantly ever since you received the sad news of Paul's death. Knowing him as I did, I can well appreciate your loss. Love and deepest sympathy.

MISS DEBBY TECKLENBURG

I wish to express my sympathy for you in the loss of your dear boy. Although my associations with you have only been in our Bible class, yet I need know you no more to know that such a good, sweet woman had a good and noble son, in whose loss the earth will be poorer, and we all share in the sorrow of the parents in their great loss. We are not at all prepared to lose the young; and the sorrow is keener, and it is harder to feel resigned than when the old pass away; although we miss the old as much as the young every day and wish them here again. The sorrow of parting is only relieved by the thought of the glorious meeting in the glad hereafter. These young heroes are now saints about the throne of God and on their heads He has placed a crown of immortal glory to take the place of the laurels gained here below by our dear boys.

May God help you, and comfort the parents and sisters and brother in the hour of their great need.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM J. TORRENCE

In this, the dark hour of sorrow, kindly remember that we mourn with you. I wrote my wife, who is in Indianapolis, this evening when I read of Paul's sacrifice in the greatest of all conquests. It shocked me as if it had been one of my own. She has often expressed how gratifying it was to her that she had been a teacher to the Funkhouser boys and the glorious records they were making as soldiers.

With the consolation that the Great Commander will not let go unrewarded the sacrifice of so noble a life in such a worthy and righteous cause, we recommend you to His mercy.

O. R. VAN DYKE (FROM LINCOLN, ILL.)

I have just received a letter from my wife stating that Paul was killed in action Oct. 20. This is a hard blow to you and your family. He was a boy I shall never forget and I cannot but extend my deepest sympathy and trust the blow will be softened by your knowledge of his fine character and manliness. He was such an appealing, likeable boy that I can never forget him, and I know his death will make others adhere more closely to the lines of duty. You can be doubly proud of him because he went as a volunteer. He gave up all he had.

A few days ago I was thinking of you and your two boys, and was so glad in the knowledge that you could have them back. Then I did not know.

I am certainly glad this war is practically ended. It has taken the lives of many of our finest young men. I wish I were home so I could pay more fitting respects to Paul's memory. The whole community is his debtor, and yours. It is such young men as Paul, Judson McGrew and Lige Worsham that make the rest of us ashamed of ourselves. They are heroes.

HON. ALBERT J. VENEMANN

My present enforced spell of leisure enables me to do a number of things which I had purposed doing for some days but which were crowded out. Just about the time the death of Paul was announced in the Courier I, one evening, picked up in my library Father Ryan's poem and chanced across the lines I have copied on the accompanying card. I read them a second time and then remarked to Mrs. Venemann, "I am going to send those lines to Mr. Funkhouser." There was and still remains something in the lines comforting to those like your family who have a dear one buried in France. Symbolizing the grave as the footstool of Liberty's throne is one of the most beautiful figures of speech I think I ever came across. I trust that the tardiness with which I perform this little office will not detract from the sincerity of my sympathy in your late bereavement. Be assured you always had it.

MRS. DAISY POTTER VIELE

Since I have suffered in my Gethsemane I can feel the touch of the deep anguish that is yours over the loss of your splendid son, Paul. So I am following the inclination of my heart and am writing to tell you of my sympathy. There is not one word in all the world to say in the face of the heart-breaking calamity which has befallen you. And while the lesson

in sorrow I have had to learn gives me a clear understanding of the crushing might of your grief, I am utterly unable to send a word of comfort.

It has not been my privilege to meet you, Mrs. Funkhouser, but we have been called upon to bear the same kind of loss, and this kind of suffering has given me the wish to write to you and say that my heart aches for you. Mr. Viele joins me in the deep sympathy we both feel.

MRS. EDITH G. WELBORN

We are so grieved to hear of your very great sorrow. I want you to know that you have our warmest sympathy and hope that you may have comfort given you.

You have given so greatly towards the victory which is won that you will surely find a spiritual reward that will help the grief.

MR. ED D. WEMYSS

We were greatly shocked this morning when we learned of the very serious loss in one of your fine boys, who was killed in the service of his country. I know there is nothing any of your friends can do or say that would make your burden any lighter; however, there must be some consolation in your hour of sorrow in knowing that he gave his life for the future welfare of mankind.

I assure you that we deeply sympathize with you and Mrs. Funkhouser.

MRS. DR. LUDSON WORSHAM AND FAMILY

Shocked and grieved, our hearts go out to you all on account of your great loss.

Words are empty. Only a bleeding heart can feel.

May our Heavenly Father strengthen you in your great bereavement.

MR. NETTER WORTHINGTON

Although I had no personal acquaintance with your son Paul, I felt a deep interest in the boy because of his splendid achievements and of the fact that he was the son of one whom I am happy to call friend; and when I picked up the Courier yesterday morning and saw that Paul had won a gold star my heart grew faint.

I am penning these few lines to tell you that your boys in France have been the source of much thought and conver-

sation on the part of Mrs. Worthington and myself, and we now write in expressing our deepest sympathy to both Mrs. Funkhouser and yourself.

In your sorrow you have the great consolation of knowing that your boy was a fine lad, brave and heroic, and that he died facing the enemy and in a most righteous cause. You and your good wife surely have made a supreme contribution to the cause of Christian humanity.

Our most heartfelt wish is that your remaining soldier boy may soon be restored to his loved ones.

VI.—From Relatives

MR. CRAIG T. ALLEN, BOWLING GREEN, KY.

We were terribly shocked and grieved upon receipt of paper telling of Paul's fate and you have our deepest sympathy during these sad days, and we are so glad grandma was with you at this time, as we know she will comfort you.

We have watched the casualty list daily and were just congratulating you, in that the boys had both escaped, and it is quite hard for us to believe different.

This sad news comes when our hopes were brightest and brings the war home to us. * * *

We know you hate to give him up but it is an honor to have given him in this cause, and Sadie and the children join me in extending our sincere sympathy.

MRS. DORA CRAIG ALLEN, LEAVENWORTH, IND.

We were so shocked and sad to hear of Paul's death. It does not seem that it can be true; still hope there is some mistake. I have been thinking for some days how you would plan for the boys' return home. * * * We had a letter from Bethel yesterday. He is at Camp Jackson, S. C. He thinks he will be discharged soon. He asks in every letter about Albert and Paul, and I know he will feel very sad when he hears of Paul's death. * * * I know how grieved and troubled you are, and I want you to know how much we grieve with you. I send you a sister's love and sympathy.

REV. AND MRS. JESSE A. BREEDEN, Worthington, Ind.

We just received the paper announcement of Paul's death. You certainly have our heartfelt sympathy. We had thought of your sons so often when reading the casualty list and always felt relieved when their names did not appear. Now that Paul

is gone, we know that you cannot help but feel the sting of sorrow, but you have reasons to be greatly comforted in the thought that he has fallen on the right side of a great cause. He is one of the number that the world is indebted to for what has been wrought through their sacrifice. May the good Father whose only Son gave his life for the welfare of others greatly comfort you in your present sorrow.

We hope that Albert will be spared to return to you. Dark as the hours may seem to you, remember that you have a great deal to be thankful for. May the blessings of the Lord be upon you all.

MRS. NELL E. BREEDEN, DECATUR, ILL.

There are hardly words to express our great sympathy for you all. My heart goes out to all parents in these days of great sorrow. This day of Thanksgiving, which is one of great rejoicing to some, is a day of sorrow to you, I know, but may the dear Lord help you to bear it, and look on the brighter side of these things, and as your son Albert has said, Paul was "every inch a hero." Oh, such a comfort in all your sorrow! He gave his dear young life for his country and for us. * * * I sincerely hope that your other dear boy may be returned to you safely. * * *

MRS. LUCILE CRAIG, FARMINGTON, MO.

I received the paper today with the account of dear Paul's death. You have my deepest sympathy. I am so sorry and grieved very much. It is, indeed, very sad. I know it is so hard on you.

I was just telling Robert the other day about the time I went through Evansville when he was a baby, and about Paul meeting us at the train. I thought so much of Paul.

SERGT. ROBERT M. CRAIG, JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MO.

Received the word of the great sorrow that has come upon you all, and it certainly grieves me more than I can say. I can't seem to realize the fact and I don't know why, but I still hold to the belief that there has been some mistake made and that Paul will turn out to be all right.

It never entered my mind that anything would happen to either of the boys, and I have always thought of the time when they would be home after the war. So I can't help but think that everything will be all right, and that some mistake has been made.

But if it should be true, in your sorrow you can have the consolation of the knowledge that he died like a man, for his country, and what could be a more glorious way of passing out into the great beyond? * * *

We have always been proud of Paul and his achievements in life, and the manner of his death makes us all the more proud of him. He has given his life for his country and freedom, and earned the thanks of the whole nation and undying glory for his name.

I know your grief and the grief of all is great, and I feel it more myself than mere words can tell.

And I want to assure you of my sincere and deepest sympathy in this time of sorrow to you.

MR. HUGH C. FUNKHOUSER, INDIANAPOLIS

(Telegram)

We have no words to express our deep sorrow. Paul fought like an American; died a hero. Our sympathy to all the family.

* * * * *

I took the clippings from our city papers and sent to Delbert and Ralph. Am enclosing Ralph's reply. He loved Paul very much. Edith and Tot loved him as a brother, and in our telegram to you we expressed our true feelings. It is well for you that time will assuage your grief. I am sure that you and your family will bear up bravely in view of what Paul did, and in common with the great multitude of others who died for Liberty. I say they will have a great reward. You have made a priceless sacrifice. May our good Father bless and keep you, and bring your other boy back in safety. We all send our best love.

REV. JAMES L. FUNKHOUSER, HARTSVILLE, IND.

I just got the notice of Paul's death in the line of duty. I need not tell you that you have our deepest and profound sympathy. Now, may I tell you what I have never said before: Paul was my favorite nephew. His heroic spirit and unselfish breast always appealed to me. Poor Paul! He paid the price for Liberty.

We had no boy to give, but we have paid to the utmost of our ability to help the boys that went away.

I cannot write. I am too deeply moved. Accept our sympathy.

MRS. LAURA FUNKHOUSER, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Would I could say just one word to comfort you in this the greatest sorrow of your life, but I well know that is not possible.

My heart is aching for and with you, and I know you feel that the sun will never shine so brightly nor the old world ever be the same and that nothing is worth while any more since your dear boy has gone.

This war has been a cruel, wicked thing and many fathers and mothers all over our land are grieving just as you are, and no one can help them.

Just when we were feeling so thankful that this war was ended and our loved ones would soon be with us, like a thunder clap come the awful news that caused our rejoicing to seem a farce. Maybe time will help us to know that our heroes have not died in vain; but at present we cannot help feeling that we have paid a terrible price.

Let us hope that no more of our boys will be left "over there" and no more homes made desolate.

Even in our grief we are proud to think of Paul as one of our first young men to willingly go forth to win the greatest battle of the world, and they won it, thank God.

We will not allow ourselves to think of him as sleeping in far away France. Such noble souls do not die. Somewhere he is waiting for you and glad to know he has given his life in so brave a cause.

We all send love, pity and sympathy, and pray that you may have strength to bear your great sorrow and that time will heal your bleeding hearts.

MRS. MAUDE B. FUNKHOUSER, BROWN'S VALLEY, IND.

I realize how irretrievable this loss is to Aunt Alta and you and to Ruth and Alta; for even the short time I've known Paul, it has affected me deeply and I cannot find words to express myself. I feel, too, that the community has suffered the loss of a very valuable man.

However, with all the feeling of grief and loss, I have a feeling of pride and reverence; and to you, his parents, it must feel a sacred privilege to have reared and given so splendid a character as Paul, whose memory will be revered in my heart and home.

I pray that my son will have some of the fine characteristics develop in him sometime that Paul T. showed and proved so early in life and death.

MR. WILLIAM E. FUNKHOUSER, MAUCKPORT, IND.

We have just received the news that your son Paul has been killed in action in France. You certainly have our sympathy in your greatest trouble. We can appreciate your sacrifice, for, we too, have two sons in France. One of our boys is a surgeon in a base hospital, organized at Indianapolis. The other boy is a dentist, but has seen service at the front for a long time. * * * They have not seen each other since they left Ft. Harrison in December, 1917. * * * So many of our finest young men have given up their lives on the battle fields of this great and horrible world war. * * * O, I am glad it is over, and hope those responsible for this crime may be suitably punished.

I send you a cousin's sympathy and love in this, your time of great grief.

DR. W. H. FUNKHOUSER, MADISON, IND.

The news of Paul's death makes my heart so sad I can hardly write to you. I can think of nothing else. He will never be forgotten by any of us. Death comes to all—sooner or later—Paul has but preceded us. He died gloriously, but I can never think of him again with any but a bleeding heart. * * * I hope Albert will return safely. They are both splendid boys, and their country owes them a debt of eternal gratitude. * * *

MRS. MARY HIGHFIL, TOLU, KY.

* * * Was so sorry to hear of dear Paul being killed. It was only a few days after we heard of his death that we received a telegram that our son, Guthrie, had been killed in action on the 12th day of October. * * * Please send us a picture of Paul. We thought so much of him. * * * I am sending lots of love and sympathy.

FRANK S. TYNER, WESTPORT, IND.

* * * Have been so overcome by the sad intelligence of what had befallen your dear boy that I felt I could not meet the task.

While we had not enjoyed so much of his companionship, yet I know him as a tot, as a boy in the "teens," and in his young manhood. I know of his ambition and his endeavor to do things, to be somebody, and to play his part well. I know of your hopes centered in him. I know they were being realized.

The fond hope of his safe return, which it looked like would be a reality, has been dashed to the ground. If it were possible the sad intelligence might have been less crushing had it occurred earlier.

I know you have heard much of his making the supreme sacrifice—he could not have done more. I know that in a way consolation will come to you due to that fact. His high aspirations, his unselfish and worthy ambition, his willingness to be of service are and will be sources of consolation and satisfaction. This will be true in greater degree as time lessens the intensity of your grief. What time will do is, indeed, a thing of mercy. Were it not so such sad happenings as has been yours would drive us mad.

This dear boy will live in our memories; in fact, he is only a memory now. Many acts and deeds of his are facts and his short life has not been without fruitage.

If I could say a word that would assuage your grief, how gladly would I do it. In passing through such dark hours, one's friends can go only so far. We want to go with you to the fullest extent in sympathy and to share with you the sadness and loneliness of the hour. We hope and pray for the safe and speedy return of Albert C. and that your two daughters and yourselves are well. * * *

MRS. ETTIE WOLFE, NORMAL, ILL.

* * * I was so shocked to read the large black headlines that told of Paul Funkhouser winning a gold star by giving his life in action in France. An ache went through my heart, and I shed tears of sympathy for you.

Words cannot express how sorry I am for you, because words are such empty things. What could I say to help you? How I wish I could see you. But I assure you we extend to you all our tenderest sympathy. I know this falls heavily on you. Yet what a hero you have given.

We all think his picture so fine looking. Perhaps it is but natural that we would think so, but all the family remarked, "What a fine looking soldier!"

I remember Paul more as a boy, but I can see a familiar look about him still. We had heard he was in France and had been in a great battle soon after his arrival overseas, but had not heard anything for a long time and I was just thinking about all of you just a few days ago. We did not know Albert was in France, too, and I sincerely hope he will soon return to you now that the fighting is over "over there." * * *

CHAPTER VI.

THE 7TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION AT CHATEAU-THIERRY.

I.

THE MIRACLE OF CHATEAU-THIERRY.

Chateau-Thierry was an emergency; it had no part whatever in the plans prepared by the general staff of the American Expeditionary Forces or in the original French scheme for the entry of the American forces upon the Western front.

The result of the German attack on the morning of May 27th was a rude and startling surprise to the Allied headquarters. In four days, or on the evening of May 30th, the leading elements of the German troops were at Chateau-Thierry, and on the following day the **Boche** stated in his communique, "We stand on the Marne". No greater measure of self-satisfaction was ever reflected in his pompous announcements than this. * * *

But on this same fourth day at Chateau-Thierry the German troops found a small American fighting unit, the 7th Machine-Gun Battalion of the 3d U. S. Division, which had come a distance of 110 miles in thirty hours by motor transport, and the Boche failed to cross the Marne.

For seventy-two hours the 7th Machine-Gun Battalion successfully contested the crossing, and by the second day of June the 3d U. S. Division was in position along the river from Chateau-Thierry to the east for a distance of twelve miles. * * * it signified the fact that the tide of military fortune had turned at that point, and that we had taken the measure of the Boche, and were no longer anxious as to the final result.—"The Miracle of Chateau-Thierry", by Col. R. H. C. Kelton, General Staff, U. S. A., Century Magazine, May, 1919, p. 99.

II.

HOW DOUGH-BOYS AND MARINES BEAT THE HUN IN AND NEAR CHATEAU-THIERRY.

I left the States in April (1918) as a member of the 7th Infantry, 3rd Division * * * and was with that organization * * * through the Marne campaign.

As a dough-boy, it appears to me that the marines have received glory at our expense. The whole Marne campaign has by many writers been credited to them. Unquestionably, the marines did exceptional work in France, and we dough-boys

are proud of them. * * * We feel that * * * they did not do it all. And I am sure the marines do not feel that way about it. * *

Marines is a word to conjure with, and the conjuring has gone far. So I have concluded that newspaper and magazine writers, and not the marines, are responsible for this one-sided applause * * *. Indeed I have read somewhere that * * * "marines" would pass the censor while "9th", "23d" or "38th Infantry" would not. But I have never read that the censors would line out or blot out "dough-boys".

I believe that it was on May 30th that the first battalion of the 7th Infantry (3rd Div.) entrained for the front. * * * Two days later we detrained late in the afternoon at Montmirail. That night began a fatiguing march to the front. About midnight we camped in a grove of a chateau at Conde Brie. Near by our own batteries were thundering, and now and then we would hear the whine and the roar of a position-searching Boche shell. Although this was our first introduction to enemy fire of any kind we were too dead tired and worn out to be even nervous. Early the next morning I was up and about. * * *

Before the chateau I found a dust-covered dispatch-rider. He had just come from near Chateau-Thierry. I imagine I conversed with him fully ten minutes and the summarized substance of what he told me was that the motorized Machine-Gun Battalion of the 3d was **holding the bridge-head against tremendous odds, with practically no infantry support**, and that the infantry units of the 3d were hourly expected to get into position east of Chateau-Thierry, those of the 2d Division on the west.

I am confident that I am correct in saying that for hours, and unassisted, that Machine-Gun Battalion of the 3d held the Boche at Chateau-Thierry. The 3d Infantry units were soon in position along the Marne, and the Boche drove no further on that sector.—A Dough-boy Corporal and Runner, in Literary Digest, May 17, 1919, page 68 (73).

III.

DOUGH-BOYS, AND NOT MARINES WON AT CHATEAU-THIERRY.

It was the dough-boys, and not the marines, it appears, who stopped the Hun at Chateau-Thierry, on his last and nearest advance towards Paris. Credit for that feat has heretofore usually been bestowed on the United States marines, although they have never claimed it and have plenty of glory without it. Now comes the machine-gun battalion of the Third Division and lays claim to the honor * * * in **the fight at Chateau-Thierry**,

which will probably go on record as the turning-point of the war, the marines were in the rear, and it was the doughty machine-gunners who turned the trick. * * *

In recognition of their exploits at Chateau-Thierry the colors of the 7th Machine-Gun Battalion have been decorated with the **Croix de Guerre**, and the battalion was cited by Marshal Petain, of France. * * *

The 7th Machine-Gun Battalion has, therefore, added a brilliant page to the history of an already famous and historic place in France, and the members of this battalion can be proud of the fact that they prevented the crossing over the Marne, defeating the enemy at a most critical time in the history of this great war. When we read of this, the second battle of the Marne, which took place in the middle of July, 1918, we record the valiant fighting by units of the Third Division. Only two divisions of the American Army ever fought on the Marne, namely: the Third Division and the Twenty-eighth Division, the latter unit attached to the Third Division and to the French during the third battle of the Marne.—Literary Digest, April 19, 1919, p. 83.

IV.

C. IN C. REVIEWS.

Yanks on Rhine.

MARNE DIVISION IN LINE.

* * * There was a cold rain falling when inspection started, but General Pershing didn't let it interfere with his work. Up and down the infantry he went, scrutinizing closely, commending here, criticising there * * * **He took a good look** at the machine gunners, the **battalion which alone of all the units** in the A. E. F. can declare that it fought the Germans in the streets of Chateau-Thierry.—Stars and Stripes, (Paris) March 28, 1919.

V.

A FRENCH APPRECIATION.

The 7th Machine-Gun Battalion, being motorized, traveled overland in small Ford trucks from its training area in the vicinity of Chateau Villain, and reached Chateau-Thierry late in the afternoon on May 31. Positions were immediately taken up in that historic city, part of which was already occupied by the enemy. After a thorough reconnaissance each company was given a mission. The general mission was to repulse any attempt of the enemy to advance on Chateau-Thierry by the bridges entering the city.

About one o'clock in the morning of June 2 a detachment

of this battalion was forced from its position on the north side of the river and fell back across the large bridge. In the meantime the enemy had formed in considerable strength on the north end of the bridge and attempted to enter into Chateau-Thierry. This bridge was then blown up and caused the immediate failure of the enemy attack.

General Marchand, commanding the 10th French Colonial Division made the following statement after the action:

"On May 31, the 7th Machine-Gun Battalion, U. S. A., had just arrived with its automobiles. It installed itself in a cantonment to the south of Chateau-Thierry.

"At 3:30 P. M. the enemy threatened to take Chateau-Thierry, attempting to flank the town on our left, where an opening had occurred.

"The unit was immediately thrown into Chateau-Thierry at the same time as a Colonial Infantry Battalion which was in the same cantonment with it.

"Immediately the American reenforced the entire bridge, especially at the approaches of the bridge. Their courage and skill as marksmen evoked the admiration of all.

"Crushed by our fire, the enemy hesitated and, as a result of counter attacks, vigorously supported by the American machine guns, they were thrown beyond the edges of the town.

"Chateau-Thierry remained entirely in our hands.

"The American machine guns held the south bank. They formed a protection for the withdrawal of the troops retiring from the northern section for the purpose of crossing the bridge prior to its destruction.

"Here again the courage of the Americans was beyond all praise. The Colonials themselves, though accustomed to acts of bravery, were struck by the wonderful morale in the face of fire, the impassibility and the extraordinary sang-froid of their allies.

"In a combat in the street and at night, where coolness is one of the principal military virtues, the Americans only could play the role. Their watchfulness never failed them and with their machine guns playing upon the roads of entrance and the destroyed bridges and foot-bridges, they prevented any repairs by the enemy.

"The losses of the 7th Machine-Gun Battalion, U. S. A. had been heavy, but not out of proportion to the great services they rendered nor to the bloody losses which they inflicted on the Boches.

"They will be relieved at the same time as the French troops, at the side of whom they fought (this evening). The French Command, knowing their just pride, feared they would

have humiliated these valiant troops if they had offered them rest sooner than their French companions in the fight.

"The episode of Chateau-Thierry will remain one of the very fine deeds of this war. It is a pleasure for all of us to certify that our valiant allies with us participated in this event—our bonds of affection and of confidence will be strengthened by the same pride which we share in common.

"At the present time the Germans, without doubt severely tested, dare not remain in the northern part of Chateau-Thierry, which, however, we no longer occupy. The bullets which the American guns are sending do not give the Boche any taste to take up a residence there."—"Watch on the Rhine", (Official paper of Army of Occupation, Coblenz, Germany.)

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1918

HOW VICTORY WAS WON

III.—Foch On The Defensive.

By Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, Chief of
Operations of the British Army.

* * * The weak and weary allied divisions were overwhelmed, and the German Crown Prince drove through to the Marne, where his further progress was just checked in time by the arrival at Chateau Thierry of a machine gun battalion (the 7th) of the 3rd American division, followed almost immediately by the remainder of the division.

This German drive brought the enemy within forty miles of Paris, and was a rude shock both to Foch and the French people. * * * *

McClure Newspaper Syndicate, July, 1919.

FATHER O'REILLY TELLS OF THE WORK OF THE THIRD IN FRANCE

The 3rd Division, a so-called Regular Army Division in spite of the fact that it was composed almost altogether of the same sort of material which made up the National Army Divisions, got back home the other day, bearing its honors thick upon it. One of its chaplains, the Rev. Father Frank M. O'Reilly, of the 76th Field Artillery, is now in a New York hospital recuperating from wounds and gassing received during the most strenuous days of the war. "The 3rd Division, which played a vital part in the great throw-back around Chateau Thierry, has received

all too little recognition here at home," said Chaplain O'Reilly, by way of welcoming his old comrades in arms. "The cause is simple, and in memorializing the veterans now returning to their native land with depleted ranks I do not desire to detract any of the hard-won glory from the 1st and 2nd Divisions." To a reporter from the New York Evening Sun, Father O'Reilly gave this account of the history of the 3rd Division in France:

The principal cause for so little information about the fighting of the 3rd Division was that strict censorship maintained by the Army over the naming of units in the cable dispatches home. It was known to all that the first men to get into action, "Pershing's Own," were the doughboys of the 1st Division. Thus, they were identified in a way from the start, first to land and first to fight. Of the 2nd Division little was heard during the fighting except the exploits of the marines, who could be mentioned collectively by name. Thus the story of its exploits passed the censor, and the "devil dogs" received their due credit.

But the battling 3rd Division had no press representatives with it; it was simply a combat division of the Regular Army, although the replacements from other branches of the Army brought National Guardsmen and National Army (drafted men) into it.

It was the 7th Machine Gun Battalion of the 3rd Division which rode 110 miles on motor trucks and with only 1,000 men held the bridgehead at Chateau Thierry for seventy-two hours, preventing the crossing of the Hun. On June 3, 1918, the 3rd Division was rushed into position along the Marne from Chateau Thierry eastward for a distance of twelve miles, with the 2nd Division—just back in America—holding the line westward from Chateau Thierry for eight miles. Meanwhile, the marines were in Belleau Wood, with the 23rd Infantry between them and the town—and the Germans were checked.

The 3rd Division was the only American division between Chateau Thierry and Reims to feel the shock of the German attack, made by three German divisions, the 10th and 36th Infantry and the 10th Landwehr, who made the assault at Jaulgonne, in a space held by a little more than half the 3rd Division. The Germans were almost annihilated. When the Germans attempted crossing in boats our doughboys came from No Man's Land to the river, and "playing baseball," hurled showers of hand grenades upon the enemy.

Captured maps and plans showed that the Germans had been certain of crossing the river by noon of the first day. The 3rd Division did not budge an inch, and that night no Germans, save dead ones, remained in front of the 3rd Division on the

south side of the River Marne. All three Hun divisions were captured or wiped out.

The French on our right fell back, leaving our flank exposed. Our telephone and telegraph wires had been cut by spies, as shown by the scraped insulation observed later, and our division was physically disorganized. The Germans mocked us by sending messages from airplanes, but the 3rd Division never turned back.

That was the occasion of General Alexander's famous message to the French command: "Unless totally annihilated, I shall not retreat—and then I can't." With rest and replacements the 3rd Division crossed the Marne on July 20, and on July 20 by 4 o'clock in the afternoon was in control of the headwaters of the Ourcq. On August 4 the Vesle was reached and the Chateau Thierry salient was history—and the burial place of hundreds of "never-say-die" Yankee boys.

That is the story of the 3rd Division's great contribution to the debacle. Newspaper men were with the National Army divisions and with the Old Guard units. Our battle gave premature birth to the 1st American Army and produced our great American commanders. General Dickman, later commander of the 3rd Army, or Army of Occupation, was placed in command of the 3rd Division shortly after this battle.

The "quick on the trigger" repulse given the Huns by the 3rd Division before the 1st and 2nd (temporarily in reserve) could come up, declares Father O'Reilly, "saved Paris and prevented the ending of the war right there—in July, 1918. Let the American people remember this about the gallant and unsung 3rd Division!" He continues:

In these after-war days, when each nation is claiming the credit of winning the war, it is well to consider the conditions of the Allies at the time of the 3rd Division's great stand. I was there and understand intimately the attitude of the various nationalities. A chaplain has more privilege of travel and conversation than either officer or enlisted man.

"The English—and I heard their own feelings expressed by men of all ranks—were, indeed, 'with their backs to the wall.' The shibboleth of the French, expressed on all sides and in my hearing was: 'The American are too late.' Instead of six months' training the men of the 3rd Division were thrown into combat after a few weeks, and, minus their artillery, which had been sent back to America because of an accident at sea, they showed to the surprised Germans, and still more astounded Allies, what 'green' troops could do.

"The 1st and 26th Divisions had six months' training; the 2nd had three months of it; while the 3rd, facing the first great

battle brunt, had a few weeks of infantry work at Chateau-Villain. The artillery had the use of unfamiliar ordnance for six weeks' practice.

"A captured German officer said: 'The American idiots—shoot at them and they charge you. Kill them—and they keep on coming.'"
—Literary Digest, Sept. 13, 1919 (page 93).

RECONSTRUCTING A FAMOUS BRIDGE

The old bridge that once spanned the Marne River at Chateau-Thierry, and but a bullet-scarred portion of which still remains standing, is to be reconstructed. The work, which is now under way, is to be done with funds contributed by citizens of this country. That such should be the case seems fitting, for not only was it either in or near the tiny war-torn French city that many of our soldiers immortalized themselves, but it was actually our own American troops who destroyed the fine old structure. Just a little more than one year ago—on the night of May 31-June 1, to be exact—the members of the motorized machine gun battalion of our Third Division, operating with their French Allies, in a last—and successful—endeavor to check the furious German attacks on Chateau-Thierry, blew up the bridge which they were defending. On Aug. 10, while many French and American notables looked on, Maj. Gen. Robert L. Howze laid the first stone of the new structure, the cost of which will be met by the American Society for the Relief of Devastated France.

—Leslie's Weekly, Sept. 6, 1919.

FLOWERS

Grateful acknowledgement is made to friends for the kind expression of sympathy by sending flowers when the news of Paul's death in France was received, and at Albert's funeral. When flowers were sent on both occasions it is indicated by (2) after the name.

American Legion, Funkhouser Post No. 8

Baldwin, Mrs. Callie P. and daughter

Bannan, Miss Mary Frances

Barnes, William E.

Battin, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. and family

Bayard Park (M. E.) Sunday School

Beard, Charles P.

Behme, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jr.

Bell, Capt. and Mrs. W. D. (2)

Benham, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W.

Biber, W. H.

Brill, Mr. and Mrs. John R.
 Burk, Miss Ruth Helen
 Butler, Miss Allie
 Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Howard S.
 Burns, Miss Margaret
 Cain, Dr. D. B. and family
 Campbell, Mrs. C. G. and Lieuts. Theodore and Harold
 Cashen, Clarence
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 Darby, Judge and Mrs. Phelps F.
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 Finke, Lawrence B.
 Finke, Charles E. and Ralph (2)
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 Flickner, Hayward
 Foster, Edward P.
 Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Guild C.
 Foster, Miss Louise
 Funkhouser, Dr. and Mrs. Albert T.
 Funkhouser, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F.
 Funkhouser, Lieut. and Mrs. Ralph M.
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 Gleichman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Will
 Goodge, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard
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 Greer, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence and Miss Lucy May

Gross, Miss Mildred
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 Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram and Family (2)
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 McGinness, Edward
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 McNeely, Capt. and Mrs. John H.
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 Markel, Robert D.
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Reed Lodge No. 264, F. & A. M.
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 Scholz, Lieut. Norman F. (2)
 Schwentker, Mr. W. F.
 Seiffer, Miss Dorothy
 Speck, Lieuts. Roy and "Cy" (2)
 Stilwell, Senator William E.
 Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. William E.
 Stockfleth, Elbert H.
 Strouse, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard R.
 Strouse, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac
 Thornburg, Miss Lillian
 Torrence, Mr. and Mrs. Will J.
 Vickery, Mr. and Mrs. George S.
 Vinson, Mrs. Clay Taylor
 Wagner, Mrs. Amelia
War Mothers, Evansville Chapter (2)
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 Williams, Robert T.
 Williams, Lieut. W. B.
 Wills, Aaron
 Woods, Miss Mildred
 Woolley, Miss Louise
 Worthington, Mr. and Mrs. Nettor





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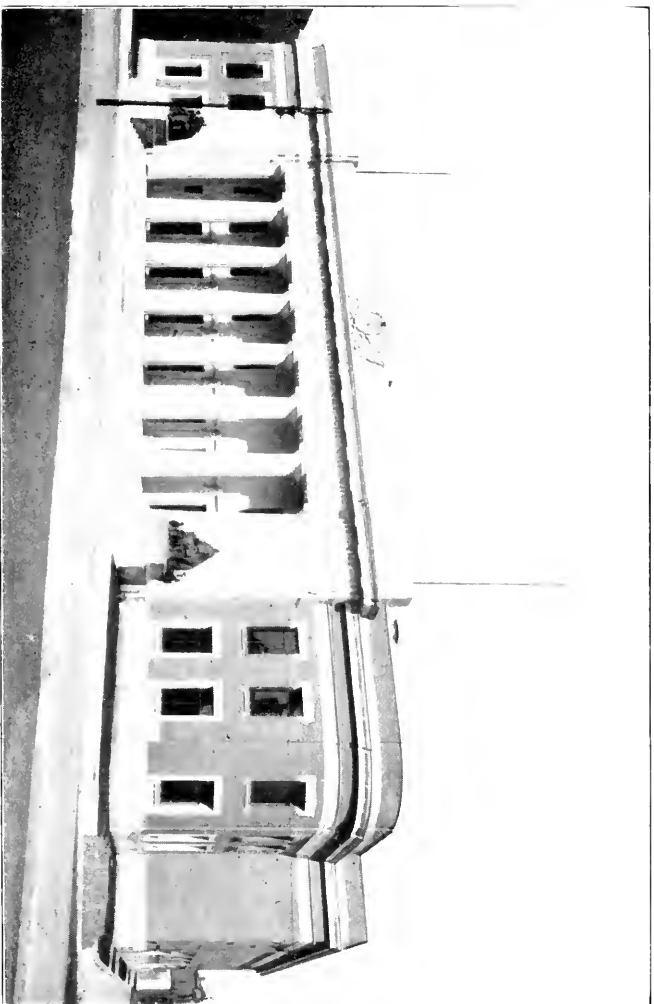
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